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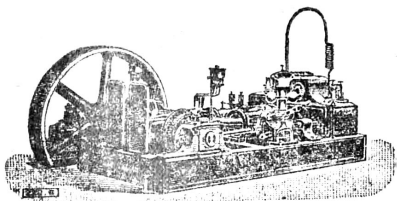
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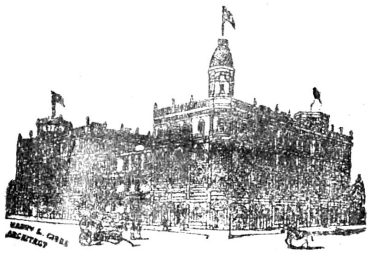


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THE RED PAGE.

Artists in Australia.

VI.—GIROLAMO NERLI.

TO admirers of good painting resident in southern Australia and Maoriland Signor Nerli's name is familiar. A native of Siena, near Florence, he was born in 1860, and came to Australia aged 25—to remain for fifteen years, and as many more as the Fates compel. For the artist stays in this country not as long as he may, but as little as he must. In a community where æsthetic intelligence is still rare, and opulent patrons do not exist, every man who strives to embody a lofty ideal groans beneath the Southern Cross as grievously as ever the Nazarene groaned beneath the cross of Calvary. Doubtless a painter of exceptional genius and energy could conquer fortune even here; but so far we have had to do with talents excellent indeed, yet in a world-comparison ordinary. So our painters will enter the Commonwealth vista through an arch of rampant pot-bollers supported by tired pupils couchant before their canvases.

Though a son of Marquis Nerli, and bearing the name of one of the oldest houses in Italy, family vicissitudes sent the young painter to study at an early age. In the Academy of Florence, and under Ciseri and Muzzioli, Nerli gained the foundation of his fine technique. The head of a negro, his first work exhibited by the Art Society of Florence, was honoured by finding a purchaser in Vienna, whose artistic fame was crowned in international rivalry at Berlin. But it is as hard in Italy as elsewhere to harmonise the past of a Marquis's son with the present of a professional painter. Nerli's mother was English—daughter of that Baroness Hamilton who married Captain Modwyn, friend of Shelley and Byron—and his thought turned to Australia. He came to aid in rearing the tender plant of Art in a new land. He has succeeded in selling, at Sydney auctions during the past month, pictures in many ways admirable for a price which did not repay the cost of frames and colours.

Reaching Melbourne in 1885, Nerli spent twelve months of hopeful struggle with Loureiro, still in Victoria, and Catani, who has escaped to England. Coming to Sydney in 1886, he was launched by the large-hearted Dr. Fiaschi, and remained during six years, establishing a reputation for skilful and vigorous work. In 1892 he went to Samoa and painted one of the best extant portraits of R. L. Stevenson, sold for 100gs.—the highest price Nerli ever received. From '93 to '98 he was in Maoriland, tripping to Fiji in '94 and returning. For some time he was teacher of the School of Arts classes in Dunedin. In '98 he went to Westralia, and in '99 returned to Sydney.

"I think in Maoriland the people are more polite, more intelligent, than in Australia," says Signor Nerli. "I mean in the South Island; so I think the artist finds them. Very quiet, you know; but more considerate, more time for good manners. I speak of the mass, of course, not of the exception. Yet in Maoriland they are peculiar, a little. I remember there was a picture-shop in Dunedin, and a lady came in. She said, 'I want to buy a picture by So-and-So'—never mind his name; he was painting in Dunedin. 'I am sorry,' the dealer said; 'I have not his work just at present; but I have some pictures by Tom Cousin, and Nerli, and another—we were all in Dunedin then.' 'Oh, no,' the lady says, 'I would not like their pictures; I think they spend a lot of time in hotels.' You see? Ha, ha!

"Another time Tom Cousin (he is dead now) he told me he had a commission for a portrait in Christchurch. He painted it; and the man came to see—he was a rich farmer. He looked, and he looked, and he says, 'What is that white spot on my nose?' 'That?' says Tom; 'oh, that is the high light.' 'The what?' says the man. 'The high light!' says Cousin. 'But I have not that,' says the man. 'Yes,' says Tom, 'you have; and so have I when we are painted.' 'No,' says the man; 'I never had that disease, and no more did any of my family. I am very sorry,' he says, 'but it is not a true portrait, and I must cancel the order.' Tom Cousin tell me that. You see? Ha, ha!

"Of the Australian artists I like best the work of Frank Fox in Melbourne—fine! Yes, Longstaff too; but I like better Fox. I want to see the portrait of Chief Justice, by Longstaff;—good, yes; but I would not know it for work of the same artist that painted 'The Lady in Black.' What has he lost?—the refinement, I think. But they say he could not get good sittings. Best, in a way, I like Streeton (but Fox best of all). Not 'Fire's On,' but 'Still Glides the Stream.' Mahony will make a good painter; Sid Long too—a pity he has not better technique. His colouring—yes; but the composition, the drawing—no, no! It seems so ridiculous to me that there should be so few artists, and two societies always quarrelling in Sydney. I do not understand why they should be so jealous—it is very narrow. But they are not good comrades, as in Italy. And some!—they are not genuine; say nice things to the face, and when you turn the back, the knife in! A pity!"

The only work of Nerli's in N.S.W. Gallery is a study of a head done at Florence, and bought from a picture-dealer. In the Dunedin Gallery are two of Nerli's pictures. No other Australian public gallery contains any. Among the most notable of Nerli's works are "The Morning Herald" and "Bacchanalian Orgies," owned in Sydney; and "The Barrister" and "Portrait of Dr. Stuart," owned in Dunedin. "A Bohemian," exhibited in Sydney some two years ago, was a good example of the artist's style.

Nerli's paintings are characterised by freedom, energy, vivacity, skilful brush-work and dashing colouring. His work at its best is gay and spontaneous, a sure hand aiding his lively temperament to reach spirited effects. He confines himself usually to figure-painting and to single figures; and it cannot be said that his subjects are always well chosen, either for the idea or for sale. But he never fails to leave a strong impression of skilful craftsmanship.

THE GREY COMPANY.

O the grey, grey company
Of the pallid dawn!
O the ghostly faces,
Ashen-like and drawn!
The Lord's lone sentinels
Dotted down the years,
The little grey company
Before the pioneers.

Dreaming of Utopias
Ere the time was ripe,
They awoke to scolding,
The jeering and the strife.

Dreaming of millenniums
In a world of wars,
They awoke to shudder
At a flaming Mars.

Never was a Luther
But a Huss was first—
A fountain unregarded
In the primal thirst.
Never was a Newton
Crowned and honored well,
But first alone, Galileo
Wasted in a cell.

In each other's faces
Looked the pioneers;
Drank the wine of courage
All their battle years.
For their weary sowing
Through the world wide
Green they saw the harvest
Ere the day they died.

But the grey, grey company
Stood every man alone
In the chilly dawnlight.
Scarcely had they known
Ere the day they perished,
That their beacon-star
Was not glint of marsh-light
In the shadows far.

The brave white witnesses
To the truth within
Took the dart of folly,
Took the jeer of sin;
Crying "Follow, follow,
Back to Eden-gate!"
They trod the Polar desert,
Met a desert fate.

Be laurel to the victor,
And roses to the fair,
And asphodel Elysian
Let the hero wear;
But lay the maiden lilies
Upon their narrow biers—
The lone grey company
Before the pioneers.

JESSIE MACKAY, in *The Otago Witness*.

SPRING FIRES.

The running rings of fire on the Canterbury hills,
Running, ringing, dying at the border of the snow.
Mad, young, seeking, as a young thing wills,
The ever, ever-living, ever-buried Long Ago!

The soft running fire on the Canterbury hills,
Swinging low the censor of a tender heathenness
To the dim Earth goddesses that quicken all the thrills,
When the heart's wine of August is dripping from the press!

The quiet bloom of haze on the Canterbury hills!
The fire, it is the moth that is swinging to the snow.
O, pure red moth, but the sweet white kills:
And we thrill again to watch you, but we know, we know!

The long yellow spurs on the Canterbury hills
To a moon of maiden promise waken once in all the year,
When the fires come again and the little tui trills,
And who who will name or think on a January sere?

The lone, large flower of the Canterbury hills
On the slender ti-tree will hang her honeyed head
When the moon of fire has called her to the spurs and the rills,
Dim and strong and typical of tintless riverbed.

The scent of burning tussock on the Canterbury hills,
The richness and the mystery that wakens like a lyre
With the dearness of a dreaming that never yet fulfils!
And we know it and we know it, but we love the moon of fire!

JESSIE MACKAY, in *The Otago Witness*.

Canterbury Bells.

THE editor of "The Jubilee Book of Canterbury Rhymes" (Whitcombe and Tombs, Limited) blunts criticism's edge by explaining, first, that his book was collated in hospital; second, that it "asks a welcome only on Canterbury soil and from Canterbury men and women." It is a book of local rhymes and better, collected to commemorate the fiftieth year from the foundation of Canterbury settlement, Maoriland. A previous book of "Canterbury Rhymes," of which W. P. Reeves edited a second edition in 1883, gave hint and model. The form of "The Jubilee Book" does credit to the publishers, though misprints abound.

The interest of the book is local and personal, rarely literary. There are not yet poetic swallows enough in Canterbury to make a summer. Three parts of the book are mere newspaper doggerel or thin sentiment hard-wrung from stony sources. The editor has been complaisant and uncritical. "The scholarly verse of Dean Jacobs or C. C. Bowen," he remarks, "satisfies the ear as fully as the mind." Here is a sample of Dean Jacobs, otherwise exhibited as a composer of stiff sonnets with an original rhyme-scheme for the octave (*known—along—song—down—alone—more—shore—unknown*):

Long live our gracious Queen! and may
The gifts that in past years were given
Be earnest of a glorious Day
That we with her may share in heaven!
So we with her through endless days
Thy holy Name will bless and praise.—AMEN.

This "scholarly verse" presumably satisfies the editor's ear—or his mind? And here is a sample of C. C. Bowen—

As it is with aging manhood,
So with nations in their prime;
For the weight of ages hallows
The brave deeds of younger time.

And 'tis well that it should be so:
What were life without a past,
With a future ever doubtful,
And a present fleeting fast!

For to us all human story,
All the centuries proclaim
That the world is ever changing,
But that man remains the same.

But to us remains the beauty
That inspired the men of old,
And the knowledge-piled on knowledge,
That the ages still unfold. . .

This "scholarly verse" presumably satisfies the editor's mind—or his ear?

Butter-women's rank to market—
All the centuries proclaim
Butter-women ever changing,
But the butter's much the same.

But the "local" plea will not justify that Canterbury butter: pass it on the "hospital" plea.

The exploded Bracken is counted as a Canterbury rhymist; and the over-rated Mary Colborne-Veel, whose verse is sentimentally palatable enough, but essentially uninspired and undistinguished. Domett and Adams are not in the Canterbury limit, but are dragged in by the ears and displayed discreditably. W. P. Reeves seems to be accounted the chief Canterbury poet; and his contributions are good literary verse hinting the poetic temperament and lacking the poetic fire. The single definite poetic pulse beating in the volume belongs to Jessie Mackay, whose recent work has the ring of the right metal. It is not yet very good; but it is good in its limits, good so far as it goes. Two examples are reprinted on this page. In "The Grey Company" the third verse would be better omitted; the references are too modern, too specific; and the last two verses of "Spring Fires" are less precise in phrase and weaker in poetic feeling than the first four. Still, the poems are pretty and promising.

Some of the best verse in the volume comes at the close, and one is glad to say that Canterbury makes progress with the years. Dora Wilcox, who has found a place in *The Bulletin*, gives distinct value; and A. E. Currie promises well for a lad of seventeen. The quaintest rhymist in the volume is the editor himself—Oscar Thorwald Johan Alpers—a young Dane settled in Maoriland to wave the British flag and write a British song with the refrain—

Rally, my lads, to the call give heed;
Arm ye, sons, in the Empire's need;
Rouse ye, cubs of the Lion-breed—
Fight for the flag!

Danish patriotic sentiment, it will be seen, has altered since 1801, or has suffered a sea-change in the voyage to Maoriland; anyway, Mr. Alpers has a right to adopt the flag he likes best. But it stirs one's comic sense to find a man from the country whose fleet Nelson destroyed at the beginning of the century adjuring "cubs of the lion-breed" to fight for the British flag at the end of it. Truly the times change, and we.

Nevertheless, Mr. Alpers is thanked for his volume. It supplies an interesting measure of the poetic tide in Maoriland; and the editor has taken pains not all unenlightened. Maoriland is a curiously "educated" country. There are "high schools" and "colleges" and "universities" galore; every bright young man is labelled B.A. or M.A., and likes it, and is asked to tea for it; and there is more "culture" to the M.L. maiden's square foot than trips with a dozen arched Australian insteps. And the M.L. Parliament is about the only place nowadays where it is comparatively safe to lard a speech with familiar tags from Virgil (they spell him Vergil) or Horace (they call him Horatius). The trouble at present is that the average Maorlander, like the Mugwump, is a person educated beyond his intellect. His University label means that he has plodded through so many books, and that he has so many nice plump sisters to play tennis with the examining professor (the M.L. "Professor" is a great joke in a seriously-minded community). (Everybody who reads this is an exception, of course; we are speaking of the others, the average.) And the M.L. climate gives the young men good bicycling calves, while the M.L. maidens wear "out sizes" in whatever cramps and confines; and they are all fine fellows, snattering recent literature with the best. But somehow, when they come to do things with their heads, the things are usually tame and uninspiring. They keep their life in themselves, do not transfer it to their work, have eminently sane minds in sound bodies. The day may indeed come when (as Froude, proudly quoted by Alpers, suggests) "in the unexhausted soil and spiritual capabilities of Maoriland the great English poets, artists, philosophers, statesmen, soldiers of the future will be born and nurtured." But it seems at present as if the order of Froude's clauses needed reversing.

Anyway, Tennyson's son's Commonwealth prayer is curiously feeble in a literary view. Old-time religion was a force which inflamed strong men to strong, undying speech. But the etiolated religionist of nowadays puts no marrow in his prayers. He is content to woo his fetish in hackneyed cant which wouldn't urge the least of Olympians from the path predestined. This mere satisfaction of a hereditary instinct is an ignoble process. One begins to think there is something wrong with Tennyson's son's father's formula. It is only on the stepping-stone of a live self that we can rise to higher things. Dead selves breed maggots.

Albert Dorrington writes—

Re Wilsin Dobbs' statement that sacramental wine is not given to the R.C. laity. Just so; and writer, who was once Roman Catholic, knows all about it. Father Lynch did not administer wine to Castro. Schloss said originally (*Bulletin* version) that Julia put the poison "on" the sacrament. In the book this inadvertently became "in"; but the "in" applies well enough to the vessel which contained the wine.

In Castro's case a priest would not necessarily "receive" at the bedside. He may have done that before starting. Eleven years ago, on the Teetulia diggings, a certain good Father administered the Holy Eucharist to a sick miner from a tea-cup—a circumstance to make the rigid ecclesiastic shudder; and this in defiance of the fact that a priest is supposed to carry a "pique" in his vest pocket (a metal casket shaped like a sovereign-purse and made to hold the round sacrament-wafer).

"Chalice" is certainly the wine-cup; but "giborium" would not have been understood by the general, and in its general significance of a consecrated vessel "chalice" may pass muster.

Although interesting, E.W.D. is somewhat hypercritical. The rules that bind the acolyte-hedged bishops on the altar steps are sometimes overridden by the hasty cleric officiating in a Gulf-shanty.

N.S.W. Govt. offers 50gs. for a "Federal ode," and 50gs. for setting said "ode" to music. That means that the "ode" will not be poetry; since our bards find it hard enough to soar without the

clogs, and will crawl with them. And what will the music be? The thin tinkle of some advertising piano-teacher? *Adieu amen.*

Move One: N.S.W. Art Society hurries its Spring show to get ahead of the hated rival. Said rival lies low and chuckles, preparing Move Two: Postponement of Spring show to January, when a "Commonwealth Exhibition" will be held by Soc. of Artists, with all Australia invited to contribute (including the Art Society; but with exhibited work carefully barred). Follows consternation of Art Society, which sees beastly rival collecting Federal kudos, and hasn't time to prepare a fresh show; but pulls itself together and answers nobly with Move Three: an Art Society exhibition in January. And "we are a comical crew, we are." O, we are!

The Commonwealth poem of George Essex Evans, the readable Q. verser with occasional sparks on his armature, is already in a "revised version." It is excellent commonplace, with a regular rhetorical progress from "Free-born of Nations" to the "Eternal Power, remote, Supreme." There is an exordial invocation of all-Australia, followed by minor invocations of each State, and an appeal to the dead pioneers, with the climax suitably disposed at the gates of Heaven. Nice familiar little flowers of phrase, each growing in its own neat little plot; and the whole trim and tame, and strictly suburban.

The Sydney writer, Ambrose Pratt's, third novel—"King of the Rocks"—was published in London, Oct. 12.

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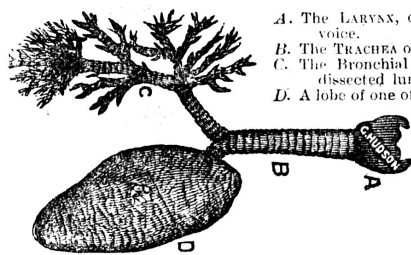
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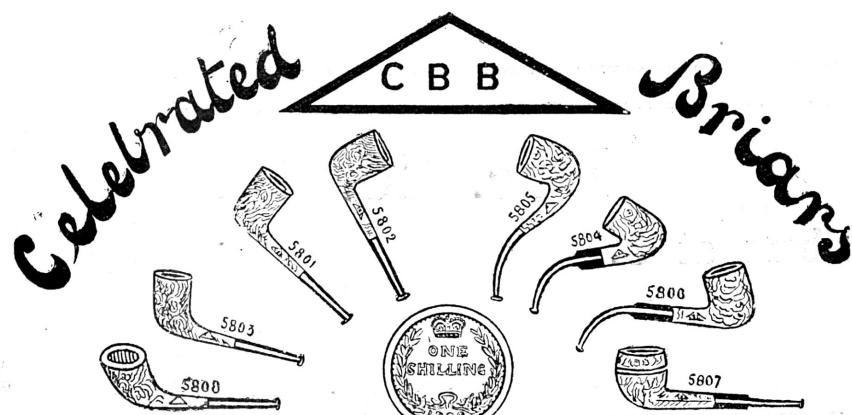
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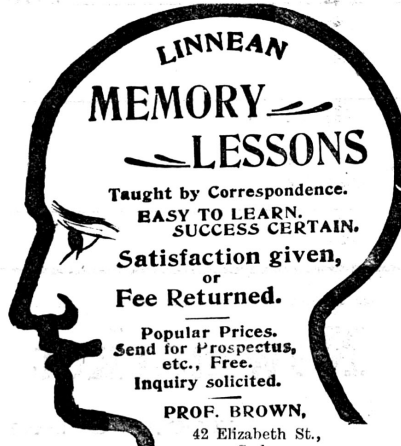
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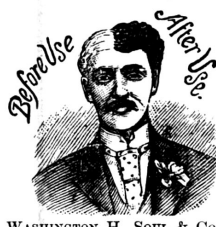
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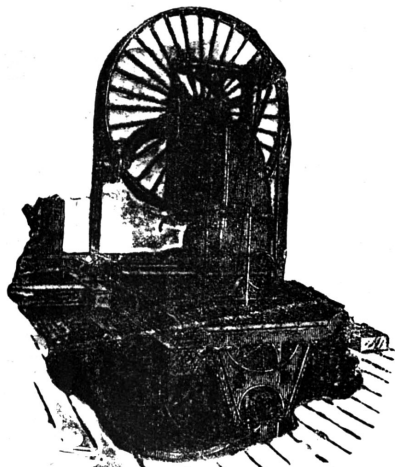
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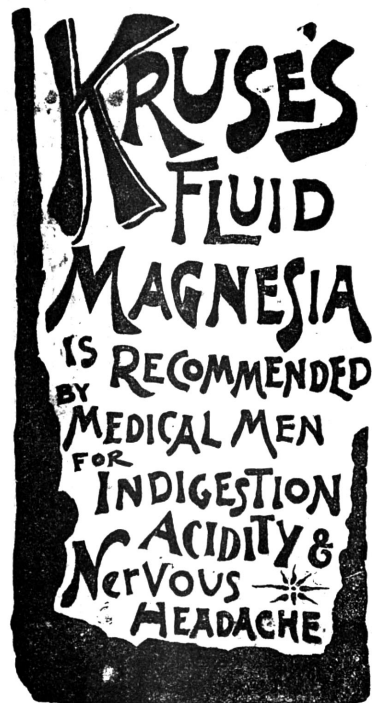
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All the roads are free to travel;
Matters not what'er the goal;
Grass beneath or spreading gravel,
None is there to ask for toll.

Rags or silk may be our raiment,
Light or leaden-weight our load,
None will bar the way for payment,
Shut the gates across the road.

All the roads are free to travel,
Save the sinuous leagues that roll
Over neither grass nor gravel,
Where alone one payeth toll.

On this rolling road there lieth
Room enough for foe and friend;
But the worm that never dieth
Sits in banquet at the end.

Air-tossed, like a truant feather,
Go we down these leagues at first,
Rain or sun; 'tis pleasant weather,
Pleasant is the world at worst.

Soon a shadow closes o'er us,
And our laughter fades away,
And a gate stands closed before us—
What is this that we must pay?

"Ye must neither cry nor cavil,"
Comes the answer, grim and cold;
"All must pay who hither travel,
But they cannot pay with gold."

Says the Tollman, "Gold is yellow,
Yellow, too, yon golden curl—
Sap-of-youth from you, young fellow,
Red-of-lip from you, young girl."

"Pay!"—'tis paid, the gate uncloses,
And with many thorns to pain,
And, to glad us, many roses,
We go gaily on again.

Then, perchance, a star of heaven
Stoops to fill our lives with charm,
And with one divinely given
We go onward, arm in arm.

So we dream of pleasure ever,
Heart to heart through all the years,
Saying nought shall mar or sever—
Hark! a voice is in our ears.

"Toll! all those who hither travel,"
Says the Tollman, grim and old,
"Way must pay in spite of cavil,
But they cannot pay in gold."

Says the Tollman, "'Tis my duty;
Wherefore pay!"—and so to him
Pay we toll in youth and beauty,
Light of eye and strength of limb.

Then the gate unbars before us,
And the way grows keen with frost,
And the darkness closes o'er us,
And we sob for something lost.

But the old-time, self-same story
Greet the ears of those who stray
Down that way of gloom or glory,
Till a final toll they pay.

N.S.W.

RODERIC QUINN.

The Fair Heretic.

(Song.)

With her voice like the voice of a fay,
And her eyes that might saints control,
She has stolen my heart away—
And I tremble for thee, my soul!

For the creed wherein she was born
Is the falsest of creeds, I know;
And I hold it in uttermost scorn—
Yet, alas, that it should be so!

To my old Saint in Heaven no pray'r
I might pray would now have worth:
My new Saint is a Heretic Fair—
And I pray to her here upon earth.

Orange-gold is her haloed head,
And she hires me to ways unwise
With her lips of the Sassenach red,
And her sweet black Protestant eyes.

N.S.W.

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Gen. French informs N.S.W. Military
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enough for two days' fighting. Gen. French says
he can get 10,000 men if he wants them—but
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much in armies, for the wolf careth not how many
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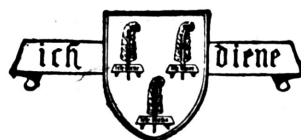
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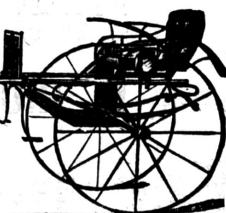
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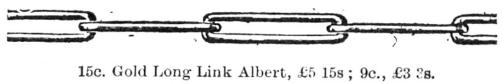
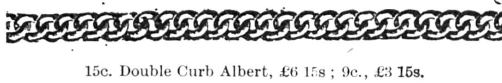
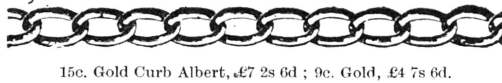
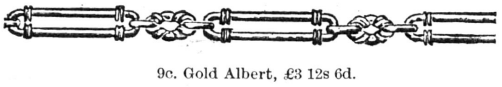
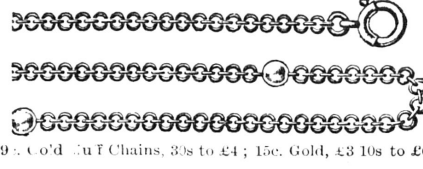
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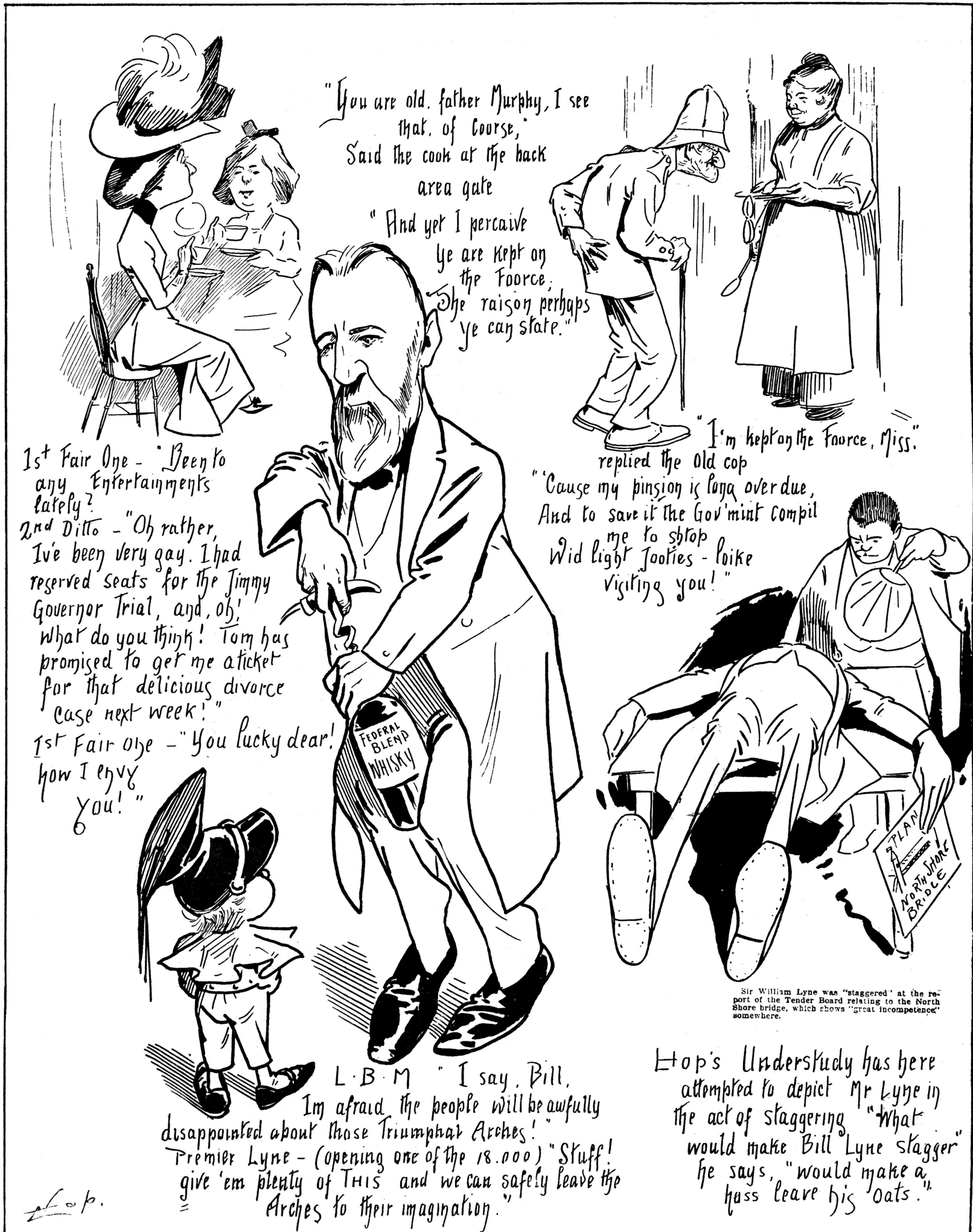
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Australian subjects, and not exceeding two columns in length,
or, say, 3000 words, are specially acceptable), Paragraphs,
Letters, or Newspaper clippings. All communications
will be regarded as strictly confidential.

THE BULLETIN will return all unsuitable M.S. when the
address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we
desire those sending M.S. to distinctly understand that we
are not responsible for its preservation or transmission.

To Amateurs in Black and White.

Anyone supplying to THE BULLETIN original humorous
or other topical drawings in line or wash, of sufficient
merit and interest and adapted for direct reproduction, or
any interesting photograph illustrative of a current event,
will be paid for same on acceptance. Any picture con-
taining a good idea, but unfitted for direct reproduction
—i.e., any picture which has to be re-drawn—will be paid
for as a suggestion only. The conditions under which
such artistic contributions will be received are those
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Notice to Subscribers in Victoria, S. Australia, Western Australia and Maoriland.

In consequence of the imposition of One Halfpenny
postage on Interprovincial Newspapers, the annual sub-
scription outside N.S. Wales (except Queensland) is now
£1, with 2s. 2d. added for postage.

No newspaper can be sent unless the subscription is
prepaid. There will be no exception to this rule.

To Subscribers in Queensland.

Owing to the imposition of 1½d. postage, the subscription
to THE BULLETIN to Queensland will be £1 6s. 6d. per
annum, payable in advance.

To ease off in some degree the burden of the unreasonable
postage—1½d. on a BULLETIN of ordinary weight—now
exact by the Queensland Post Office, a special Thynne-
paper edition of THE BULLETIN is now sent to Queensland.

The Bulletin.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1900.

A Policy for the Commonwealth: The Northern Territory.

The Parliament of a State may surrender any part of
the State to the Commonwealth; and upon such sur-
render, and the acceptance thereof by the Common-
wealth, such part of the State shall become subject to
the exclusive jurisdiction of the Commonwealth.—Common-
wealth Constitution, clause 111.

The Parliament may admit to the Commonwealth or
establish new States, and may, upon such admission or
establishment, make or impose such terms and conditions,
including the extent of representation in either House
of the Parliament, as it thinks fit.—Commonwealth
Constitution, clause 121.

The Parliament may make laws for the government of
any territory surrendered by any State to and accepted by
the Commonwealth, or of any territory placed by the
Queen under the authority of, and accepted by the Com-
monwealth, or otherwise acquired by the Commonwealth,
and may allow the representation of such territory in
either House of the Parliament to the extent and on the
terms which it thinks fit.—Commonwealth Constitution,
clause 122.

New South Wales casually dropped the North-
ern Territory some 40 years ago, and its status
has been vague and undefined ever since.
South Australia fortunately stepped into the
breach and took over the Lost Province, not
as owner but as administrator, sole unsecured
creditor and benevolent man-in-possession.
If it had not done so, the Territory would
probably, long ere this, have been jobbed
away to another South African Chartered
Co., and the co. would have imported swarms
of cheap, indented nigger laborers or semi-
slaves, and garrisoned its slave State with
an army of adventurers, and established over
one-sixth of Australia a joint-stock military
despotism of the most unspeakable descrip-
tion. Then the Territory would have been
another Rhodesia, and a huge nigger problem
would have been heaped on this country,
which has already more problems than
enough. And there would have been no
United Australia and no prospect of any.
South Australia deserves the gratitude of all
this continent for its services in holding the
fort against the tribe of RHODES and VINE
and BOTTOMLEY and their kind for all these
years, and thereby making an all-Australian
Commonwealth possible.

But S.A. held the fort under enormous
difficulties. The Territory could only be
made to pay by the introduction of white
population, and there were only three ways
by which white population was likely to get
there. It might spread round the coast from
North Queensland when that country was
itself populated; but then that end of North
Queensland is only now beginning to have
an inhabitant or two, and another 20 years
will probably elapse before the Territory
fills up appreciably from that source. It
might fill up by the overflow of population
from Northern Westralia, but it is likely to
be another 50 years before that begins to
seriously happen. And it might fill up from
South Australia itself if the interven-
ing desert was bridged by a railway.
The S.A. Government started building
this stupendous continental line from
both ends—and failed utterly, because it
was beyond the power of S.A.'s handful of
people, and beyond the resources of that
rather poor and barren State, to find the
necessary money. So the situation stands
thus: The Northern Territory contains over
500,000 square miles and about 5000 people.
It has a railway and public works debt of
somewhere between one and two millions;
this was raised by S.A. on its own security.
It owes S.A. nearly another million for un-
paid interest. Its railway, which might be
a profitable affair if it was carried across
Australia to Adelaide, doesn't pay working
expenses as a mere isolated fragment; it
gives access to no market, and opens up
hardly any land, and promotes no settlement
worth mentioning; hence the constant de-
ficit. The Territory comes into the Com-
monwealth as an appanage of S.A., and it is
understood that S.A. is willing to hand it
over to the Commonwealth to be adminis-
tered as provided in clause 122, if only the
Commonwealth will assume its liabilities.
A province nearly twice the size of N.S.W.,
with many patches of really rich soil, some
good rivers, a respectable average rainfall,
one town and an apology for another, several
good harbors, and millions and millions of
acres of unsold land, is going for a song.
S.A. can't make it pay because it is unable
to build that essential railway which will
give access to it. The Commonwealth
Government can make the essential railway
and branches, and with them there is every
reason to believe that the Territory will
become a splendidly-profitable asset. And
if it does it will add a seventh State to the
Commonwealth, and open up a new Aus-
tralia for the Commonwealth's landless
people.

The principal reasons why the Common-
wealth should take over the Northern Terri-
tory as a sort of Crown Colony, to be ad-
ministered directly by the Federal Parlia-
ment until it has sufficient population to
support a State Government of its own, are
these:—

- (1) It is not good to have that great extent of northern
coast-line practically tenantless, undefended, and cut off
from the rest of the continent. It makes a huge weak
spot in Australia's general scheme of defence.
- (2) It is not good to have a comparatively rich province
of over 500,000 square miles lying practically idle and
deserted merely for want of communication over the
intervening desert, when the demand for good land is
almost unlimited.
- (3) It is not good to leave S.A. to carry the burden of
the great annual loss—a loss which arises wholly from the
want of communication, S.A. being too poor to supply
the communication. The avoidable loss of one State is
the impoverishment of Australia in general.
- (4) It is not good to let the Territory's debt—already
about £500 per inhabitant—keep piling up hopelessly per
medium of its annual railway deficit when by finishing
the line the deficit could almost certainly be turned into
a profit. The deficit of one part of Australia is the im-
poorishment of all Australia.
- (5) It isn't good to leave things as they are, for S.A., in
despair of otherwise turning its hopelessly isolated pro-
vince to profit, has already begun to job it away in large
areas to absentee English syndicates. And it is not to
Australia's benefit that huge estates should be owned by
absentee syndicates, which don't promote settlement, or
improve the country to any extent, or contribute any-
thing worth mentioning to the revenue.
- (6) It is not good for Australia to lose the great revenue
which must accrue in course of time from the Territory,
when it is in the hands of a Government which can find
the money with which to open it up, and which will run
it in the best interests of the Australian people.
- (7) And it would be sheer folly for the Federal Govern-
ment to lose the chance of building up a new State on
wise and liberal principles, to be an object-lesson to the
other Australias. The Territory is the last great vacant
area on this continent. It is the last place where a new
State can be built up. In spite of sundry foolishnesses on
the part of the S.A. Government in the way of land-
grants it is still mostly a clean sheet. And there is a
chance, if the Federal Government likes to take hold of
the Lost Province and to rule it wisely and well, to make
it the model State of Australia. It has no convict tradi-
tions, no dismal record of mismanagement under the old
Crown colony system; practically no past to live down,
and few serious past blunders to undo.

Everything depends on whether the first
Federal Ministry consists of the right kind
of men. If they are strong, far-seeing,
enterprising men who love to deal with great
questions, and to make great successes, and
to face great difficulties for the mere sake of
conquering them, they will propose that the
Commonwealth takes over the Lost Province
at once. If they are small, mediocre men
they will either avoid the responsibility, or
enter on the work feebly and do it badly.
The taking over of the Northern Territory
is a matter of urgency because every day the
deficit grows, and every day there is a dan-
ger of some spineless S.A. Premier like
SOLOMON, jobbing away more leagues of
good land for a song to some BOTTOMLEY
syndicate, and thus grievously depreciating
the value of the asset. One of the first acts
of the Federal Government—before even
the Federal Parliament is elected—should
be to exact a promise from the S.A. Govern-
ment that, pending the necessary arrange-
ments for the transfer, not another acre of
the Northern Territory should be granted,
sold, or leased, to any absentee person,
company, or syndicate on any terms what-
ever.

When the transfer is effected THE BULLETIN
desires to offer, with all due respect, these
proposals for the better government of the
new possession:—

- (1) That it should first of all be furnished with a name
(one name—not three like New South Wales, nor two like
South Australia or New Guinea). No place can lumber
along to any fair or hopeful destination under the burden
of a fearful cognomen like Northern Territory.
- (2) That the Federal Government takes over all the
State assets (railway, wharves, telegraphs, public lands,
&c.) and all the liabilities of the province. The liabilities
are all owing to South Australia. They shouldn't be paid
in cash lest S.A. drinks the money, but a corresponding
amount of the S.A. debt should be assumed by the Com-
monwealth.
- (3) The Territory (population about 5000 at present and
a very large proportion of them Chinamen) should be ad-
mitted as a State with, say, one member in each House
of the Federal Parliament (as provided for in clauses 121
and 122 of the Constitution), it being understood that its
representation will be increased as its white population
increases, until its white population equals that of Tas-
mania, when it will have full representation.
- (4) The whole Chinese and Asiatic population should be
disfranchised.
- (5) The Territory should have no elaborate State Govern-
ment until its white population rises to, say 100,000 or
even 150,000. It starts with an incredible debt for such
a very small handful of people—by far the biggest debt
per head on record—and it can't stand the cost of a State
Government as well until its population has very greatly
increased, and its affairs are put in some kind of order.
In the meantime, its affairs should be administered by
the Federal Parliament with the aid of a Government
Resident as heretofore, and the best available man should
be Minister for the Territory in the Federal Cabinet.
- (6) Its debt should be converted at the earliest oppor-
tunity into a low-priced Federal stock, and other existing
burdens reduced to a minimum.
- (7) A very heavy poll-tax should be levied on Chinese
and Asiatics (these at present form about half the popu-
lation), in order to preserve the Territory as a White
Man's State. This is essential, for Port Darwin is Aus-
tralia's back door, and Asia is just over the doorstep.
- (8) The transcontinental line should be completed as
cheaply and expeditiously as possible. This will give
direct communication with Adelaide. There is very little
apparent hope for the Lost Province until it is rescued
from its present isolation. A railway to Adelaide will
give some kind of a value to much land that is at present
valueless, and open the way for settlement. The neces-
sity for connecting the transcontinental line with Queens-
land on the east and Westralia on the west must be con-
sidered later.
- (9) Regular and frequent steamboat communication
should be supplied with Westralia and Queensland.
- (10) A good mining law, as nearly akin to that of Victo-
ria (probably the best all-round mining law in Aus-
tralia) as circumstances will admit, should be fixed up.
- (11) The lands should be disposed of by lease only, and
to residents only. Residence should be a fixed condition.
A State with such financial burdens can't afford to export
its wealth for the maintenance of absentees—even absentees
in other States of the Commonwealth. Agricul-
tural land might be leased in lots varying up to, say,
10,000 acres according to quality, though in the richer
districts the maximum area should be less. Pastoral
lands, as a matter of necessity, would be subdivided in
much larger areas.
- (12) The leases should be for, say, 25 years. If neces-
sary during the first few years they could be free
of rent. After that the rent should be on a very
humble scale until the 25 years expired, when there
would be a re-appraisal, the tenant in possession
having the right of renewal for another term of years, if
ready to pay the rent demanded. Failing that, he
should have a claim on the incoming tenant for the value
of his improvements. The great object would be to
attract population, in order to create customs, excise,
railway and income-tax revenue. Land revenue, for a
number of years, would probably, in such a remote spot,
have to be a secondary consideration.
- (13) All new town-sites, especially on the coast and
along the railway, should be reserved as State property,
and let on lease only.
- (14) An absentee-tax should be levied for the discour-
agement of existing outside land-holders and syndicates.
Existing absentee-leaseholders and concessionaires should
be compelled to rigidly observe the terms of their agree-
ments as to improvements; and labour conditions as
regards the mines of dreadful outsiders like BOTTOMLEY
ought to be enforced to the letter, the penalty being
prompt and remorseless forfeiture. A new State, as
already mentioned, needs population and hard work and
vigorous development. It can't live on looking at the
pegs which mark unused land grants and unworked mining
claims.
- (15) Every aid that the Federal Government can safely
give in the way of low railway freights, export bounties,
public batteries, artesian bores, &c., should be given in
order to get the youngest brother of the Commonwealth
fairly on his feet.
- (16) A careful account should be kept of the Terri-
tory's finances, and all surplus revenue used in reduc-
tion of the Territory's liabilities, or for the Territory's
further development.
- (17) And when the Territory has a sufficient population
(say 150,000 white inhabitants) to bear the cost of a State
Government of its own, it should be furnished with the
most democratic State Constitution that the Federal Par-
liament can devise, and turned loose, with the blessing of
Australia in general, to be the full-fledged seventh mem-
ber of the Federal brotherhood.

The Northern Territory, as already men-
tioned, has a debt of about £500 per in-
habitant—the boss debt of the globe. As
far as can be seen, it will have to get
enormously further into debt before it begins
to get out of it. Experience has shown that
there is no visible hope for it until it is
rescued from its present isolation. At pre-
sent, it is weeks of travel from any Aus-
tralian capital, and that is its one chronic
blight. It is in the position of Southern
Siberia before it got railway com-
munication—a valuable country that
is worth nothing. It may contain
another Charters Towers and another Kal-
goorlie and another Bendigo—owing to its
isolation it has never been adequately pros-
pected. If, by doubling its debt in order to
provide means of bringing it in touch with the
outer world, its population is raised to even
25,000, and if the transcontinental line just
pays working expenses, and all the interest
on its cost has to be found from other
sources, even then the Territory's finances
will be more than twice as solvent as they
are now. If no transcontinental line is
built and things are left as they are, the
present very heavy debt will double itself
automatically in not very many years by the
mere accumulation of the annual deficit.
(The shortage is equal to the whole revenue
—in fact, the income, as a rule, doesn't half
cover outgoings, the deficit of about £70,000
a year being over £12 per inhabitant—the
same as if N.S.W. had an annual deficit of
sixteen million pounds.) And if the debt is
left to double itself by the mere passage of
time there will be no corresponding increase
of population to carry the burden. The
Territory is not a rich land as the term is
understood in Europe, but there seems every
reason to believe it is quite equal to the
average richness of Queensland, N.S.W.,
and Victoria, and they are not the sort of
assets that any sane Government would
throw away. Probably, under good manage-
ment—such management as it has never yet

possessed—the Lost Province will prove the
most valuable asset of the Federal Govern-
ment. Everything depends on what kind of
Federal Government that Federal Govern-
ment is.

The Federal Capital Lie.

Southern Monaro is entitled to first place, and Canobias
and Yass may be bracketed as about equally suitable.—
Federal Capital Commissioner's report, published in
Sydney TELEGRAPH, 10th October, 1900 (page 8).
HERE is a thrilling lie from Sydney TEL-
GRAPH of 23rd November, 1900:

HOW TO BUILD THE CAPITAL.

The London SPECTATOR of November 13 writes:—
"The Sydney correspondent of the DAILY MAIL, tele-
graphing to that paper of November 10, gives some in-
teresting particulars as to the recommendations made by
the Commissioner appointed by the Government of New
South Wales to report as to the best site for the Common-
wealth capital. His first selection is Orange, and it would
certainly seem as if that town would be hard to beat. It
stands nearly 3000ft. above the sea, and is, therefore, ex-
tremely healthy."

Now it is quite possible that the London SPEC-
TATOR and the DAILY MAIL, being afar off,
might be beguiled by an error in cable-
transmission, or by some unreliable person at
this end, or some other end, into believing that
the N.S.W. Federal Capital Commissioner did
recommend Orange as the best site for the Common-
wealth capital, and were thus innocently drawn
into the Sydney importers' conspiracy to grab all
the trade for their city, to the detriment of the rest
of N.S.W. But the Sydney TELEGRAPH knows be-
yond question that by printing the above without
explanation or contradiction it is circulating a lie.
The N.S.W. Government appointed what it said
was a thoroughly competent man to examine and
report on suitable sites for a Federal capital. He
chose an area on the Monaro table-land, some-
where about Bombala, as the best, and he
bracketed Orange and Yass as about equal in the
running for second place, with an apparent pre-
ference for Yass. It might almost be said that he
put Orange down as the worst of the three sites.
All the sites he recommended were, as provided
in the Commonwealth Constitution, situated in
N.S.W., and more than 100 miles from Sydney.
Also they were all nearer to Sydney than to any
other capital, though that is not a condition laid
down in the Constitution. As regards them all,
Sydney would have an advantage over every other
Australian capital in the way of annexing the
trade of the capital city—which is to be the prop-
erty of all the States, and towards the building
of which the other five States must supply nearly
two-thirds of the money. Bombala—recom-
mended by N.S.W.'s own Commissioner as
the best site—gives Sydney the smallest
advantage as compared with Melbourne,
but it gives Sydney an advantage all the same.
Orange, which he didn't recommend as the best
site, gives Sydney the biggest advantage—an
absolutely overwhelming advantage, in fact.

And thereupon the Sydney importers and
their special newspaper organ have started
the astonishingly cheeky lie that the N.S.W.
Federal Commissioner declared Orange and
the surrounding district to be the best
place whereon to build a Federal city, and
by telling this mean, shabby falsehood over
and over again they have contrived to gain for it
a certain amount of credence. The grab is so
impudent and clumsy and shameless that it may
easily end in a general resolve on the part of the
other States to put the Orange-Canobias site out
of court altogether. N.S.W. appointed its own
officer to select a Federal centre, and did so on
its own sole responsibility, to begin with, thereby
endeavoring, at the very outset, to jump the pre-
rogative of the Federal Parliament. It didn't
even ask the other two-thirds, or thereabouts, of
the Australian people to join in appointing a com-
mission to report on a suitable site for their own
capital—the capital of all Australia. The Com-
missioner started by refusing to even look at Nor-
thern N.S.W. at all, which was a gross insult to
Queensland, and therefore a bad mistake as well.
So long as there is a suitable place to be found in
the end of N.S.W. which is adjacent to Brisbane,
and that place has the two legal qualifications of
being in N.S.W. and over 100 miles from Sydney,
Queensland has a right to demand that it shall be
considered just as much as any other place. As
far as central and southern N.S.W. were con-
cerned, however, the strictly N.S.W. Commis-
sioner, as already mentioned, decided that the
best locality of all was in the neighborhood of
Bombala. But though the Bombala location
would give Sydney a slight commercial advan-
tage over Melbourne, and a great advantage
over Brisbane and Adelaide, it is not by
any means so suitable for the Sydney importing
interest as Orange, where Sydney could grab for
itself the entire commerce of the political
centre of all Australia. So the report has been
persistently falsified by the importers and their
press barrackers, and N.S.W. is informed day
after day that Orange was officially and definitely
recommended as the best site. A glance at the
Commissioner's report, which can be obtained
very cheaply at the Government Printing Office,
Sydney, would show anyone the grossness of the
falsehood—but then a large section of the public
takes things that it sees in the daily paper for
granted, and never investigates for itself.

Last of all the DAILY TELEGRAPH, and other
papers which appear to be in the same importers'
conspiracy, urge the people of N.S.W. to claim
for N.S.W. the sole right of selecting the
capital of Australia—the interest of the other
provinces being confined to paying the bulk of the
cost of construction. They have gone so far as to
assure N.S.W. that it can get this sole right if it
only reaches out for it hard enough, and so the
blind leader, in his insensate greed, hustles
the blind follower along the road to disaster. The
2,400,000 people of the other federated States can
outvote N.S.W. hopelessly in the selection of the
Commonwealth's headquarters. And if N.S.W.
refuses to hand over the site selected by the
Federal Parliamentary majority, that majority
can simply let the Federal Parliament remain in
Melbourne till N.S.W. thinks better of it, even if
N.S.W. takes a century or two to do so. Under
these circumstances, the clumsy, shabby, and
insanely arrogant lie-and-steal of the Sydney im-
porting crowd is practically a challenge to the
Federal majority to reject all N.S.W.'s proposals.
It is a systematic aggravating of the majority
to the point of regarding N.S.W. as the general
enemy, whose proposals must all be viewed with
suspicion, as conceived for the exclusive purpose
of enriching N.S.W. at the expense of its part-
ners, and to the detriment of Australia in general.
If N.S.W. won't stand by the recommendations
of its own commissioner it certainly can't
expect the other States to do so. If N.S.W. puts
its own officer's report in the waste paper
basket it can't expect the other States to fish it
out again. The N.S.W. Government, and its
Commissioner, and the Sydney importers and
their clumsy newspaper allies have, among them,
declared war on Queensland by refusing to con-

sider the possibility of any place as suitable where Queensland can possibly get a share of the Federal city's trade. They have declared war specifically on Victoria and Tasmania by declaring that the site selected by N.S.W.'s own Commissioner as the best of all must be disqualified as being too near these infected spots. And they have declared war against all the States by advancing the theory that the other States are quite too degraded to have any voice in the selection of their own political centre—though they must pay most of the bill. If this goes on much further the Federal Parliament may meet with an overwhelming desire on the part of the other five States to kick N.S.W. hard, on general principles, as the common enemy. As a ridiculous and futile way of accumulating hatreds the policy of Sydney's importers and parochial politicians should be an enormous success.

PLAIN ENGLISH.

Lyne's Excise Bill.

At the present time, when all the States of Australia are just about going into partnership, it is most essential to avoid any appearance of double-dealing or any obvious and clumsy stacking of the cards for any one State's advantage. And the Excise Bill now being urged through N.S.W. Parliament by Premier LYNE looks painfully like a clumsy stacking of the cards. To start at the beginning, the causes which led up to the Excise Bill are these:—

The duty on locally-manufactured spirits is 9s. 4d. per gallon in S.A., about 10s. per gallon in Victoria, 12s. per gallon in Queensland, and 14s. in N.S.W.

The beer excise is 4d. per gallon in Tasmania, 3d. per gallon in N.S.W., Queensland and Western Australia, and 2d. in Victoria, 2d. in S.A.

The tobacco excise is 1s. to 2s. per lb. in Queensland, 9d. to 1s. 6d. in Victoria, 1s. 3d. to 2s. 6d. in N.S.W.

After 1st January, 1901, these duties can't be altered except by the Federal Parliament, and till there is a Federal Parliament, and till it has time to attend to the business of making a uniform customs and excise tariff, things must remain as they are.

When the uniform Federal tariff is constructed, border duties will be abolished. Then each State will be able to send its own beer, tobacco, spirits, &c. into any other State without hindrance. And the State which has then on hand a stock of goods, manufactured under a 1½ excise tariff before the uniform Federal rates came into force, would be able, while that stock lasted, to undersell the State whose stock had paid a high excise rate. Thus Tasmania would come off worst on beer and N.S.W. on tobacco. N.S.W. would also come off worst on spirits if it had any distilleries, but it hasn't.

The grievance, even if things were left alone, probably wouldn't matter much. A few weeks would exhaust any stocks on hand when the uniform tariff came into force—and beer and spirits at all events are heavy substances on which freight would about swallow up any profit to be made out of the small difference in excise rates. At all events, Tasmania hasn't yet become scared at the prospect of being undersold by N.S.W., or Victoria at the prospect of being undersold by S.A. But the LYNE Government is pushing a Bill through by which it is empowered, at any time before 1st January, 1901, to reduce the N.S.W. excise duties to any extent it pleases—by mere proclamation. It refuses, at the same time, to say what reductions it contemplates. Therefore it asks for power to reduce the N.S.W. excise rates practically to nothing, and thereby get ahead of the other States; it doesn't ask for power to cut down its excise rates to any fixed amount, or to the level of the lowest excise-taxed State, but to cut them down to any extent. And by reserving the power to spring the new excise rates on the public on the last day of the year it provides itself with a chance to cut under the other States when it is too late for them to reduce their rates in return. Of course there is no evidence that anything shady is intended. The misfortune is that such extraordinary steps are taken to give the Government power to steal a march on its Federal partners that the thing looks shady.

Touching Battle, Murder, and Sudden Death.

MELBOURNE of late is the Stoussher's Paradise. A mere murderous street assault, if it doesn't happen to end in a funeral, passes as a matter for 10s. or £2 or £5 fine and a mild rebuke from the magistrates who try the case. "Justice" is administered with the tenderest possible regard for the liberty of the "push." The "push" deals it out to stray citizens in divers dark places on the understanding that these unarmed strangers are either Boers defying the Flag or British troops walking into an ambush—it doesn't matter which. At Yarra Bend Lunatic Asylum three patients have been done to death by violence since June last. In two cases the tragedy was not made public, nor would ever have come to light but for the third case, which was such an awful murder that it got into print—a fortnight after the event. Presumably, there will be an inquiry into the cause of this strange silence on the part of the Asylum people and the police, but meanwhile it is only fair to suppose that the authorities have thought of the slaughtered lunatics as war-casualties, and have mentally committed them to the oblivion of a nameless grave. The death of JANE KEAST at Melbourne Hospital last week is an even more startling case in point. JANE was not a lunatic. She was a young woman who lived with a miner as his wife. Two men, it seems, forced their way into her house on Cup night and knocked her about. Also she fell over a step and hurt her head in endeavoring to get away from her assailants. Two days later she was feeling so ill that her nominal husband took her to Melbourne Hospital, where she died on the ninth day. She bore marks of violence on her face and body; she told the facts to the hospital people, but it was not until she died in the institution that the police got word of her having been assaulted. It only remains for a coroner's jury to find that the fatal stoussing of JANE KEAST was a misfortune of war.

The Benefit of the Act.

WESTRALIA also has a Conciliation and Arbitration Bill on hand, and on the same day when the Cornstalk Upper House threw out the N.S.W. Conciliation measure, the Western Australian one was meeting its Waterloo. The Perth Assembly passed the Bill and handed it to a shocked Legislative Council, and the shocked Legislative Council laid it shudderingly with a pair of tongs before a Select Committee. And the committee reports as follows:—

(1) That the idea is new, in which respect it resembles locomotives, steam-boats, telegraphs, Christianity, the habit of wearing clothes, stone houses, roads, wharves, gold-mines, the abolition of torture, Parliamentary government, &c. They were all new once.

(2) That the Bill as sent up by the Assembly resembles the Maoriland Act, and the Committee is so dazed ignorant that it doesn't know how the Maoriland Act is working.

(3) That the measure should be limited by making it apply only to workers whose service can be terminated on a week's notice or less. This shuts out probably half the

working classes to begin with, and the employer can shut out the rest by a form of agreement specifying that he (the employer) can sack the worker at any time, but that the worker can't legally sack himself on less than a month's notice. The agreement needn't be enforced; it would be a very awkward agreement to enforce, and wouldn't look well in court. Its mere existence would put the workman out of court.

(4) That the Arbitration law shouldn't apply to any one under the age of 21.

(5) That it should only apply in the case of unions of at least 25 members.

(6) That it shouldn't apply to any workmen outside unions.

(7) That lawyers should be employed in Arbitration Court proceedings, and that legal costs should be allowed. This will make arbitration expensive and consequently unpopular.

(8) That no union should be recognised (and a union must be formally recognised before it can get the benefit of the Act) unless it keeps £50 or £100 or £200, according to the number of members, deposited with a public official as security for any award that may be given against it. The employer, though he may be a mere man of straw—a petty sub-contractor without capital, or something of the kind—isn't to give any security.

When the benefit of the Act is restricted to workers over 21 years of age whose employers haven't put them out of court by engaging them on the understanding that they must give more than a week's notice before leaving, to cases where there are enough of these rare workmen to form a union of at least 25 members, and to unions which are able to deposit £50 or £100 or more with the proper official—when all this is done there won't be any Arbitration Act worth mentioning. And then there is the chance to be reckoned with that the W.A. Leg. Council will further restrict the benefit of the Act to men with red hair, or men who have got indigestion very badly, or men who drink. Upper Houses are painfully alike in Australia. Thank Heaven, the Federal one is going to be an exception.

"Not Guilty."

THE case of Mrs. FRASER, the golden-haired lady who took a revolver from her pocket, lodged a bullet in her husband's brain, bemoaned her hasty conduct and was ultimately acquitted by a Melbourne jury on the ground that her little gun "went off" by accident, has been put into the shade by the case of Mrs. WRIGHT, also of Melbourne. Mrs. WRIGHT's husband was shot in the spine by his angry helpmate, and he didn't live on, like Dr. FRASER, to be vilified by counsel for the defence. He died, and told no tale worth mentioning. His wife told a tale to the effect that she fired two shots "over the head" of the old man (he was many years older than Mrs. W.) with a view to frightening him because he was dangerous, and one of the shots happened to penetrate his back when it was turned towards her in a threatening attitude. Also counsel GAUNSON told a tale on behalf of the alleged murderess. "He put it that WRIGHT, when he found his wife lying on the sofa in a state of intoxication, became greatly indignant and began to rate her. The woman then seized a handy bell and rang it to drown the noise of his voice. He snatched the bell from her hands and struck her with it, he kicked her and called her a vile name. Then she seized the revolver (which was lying on a whatnot in the corner) to protect herself by threatening him. In the ensuing struggle the weapon went off accidentally, and the husband was fatally shot." Then (another part of the tale, told by someone else): "Inclining towards the bed of the dying man that he might the better hear her, Mrs. WRIGHT added in deliberate tones, 'I am not sorry for you; you have earned it.' The wounded man's only answer was a deep sigh. He was too weak now for speech, but it could be seen that he was sorely affected by the callousness of the woman, for whom he had stood vindicator in his dying statement." Judge HODGES instructed the jury to find Mrs. WRIGHT guilty of murder, manslaughter, or nothing, according as their consciences dictated, and they found her guilty of nothing, so Mrs. WRIGHT went forth to claim her late husband's property which she inherits by his affectionate will. It is worth remembering that Mrs. WRIGHT's accidental firing of a pistol in self-defence occurred at Carlton, the place where citizens live in particular terror of being violently assaulted by local "pushes." Let the happy ending of the WRIGHT incident nerve every timid Carltonite to adopt the safest possible means of self-protection, and fire away.

A House that Doesn't Want to Hear from its Constituents.

MELBOURNE ARGUS started shouting, the other day, before it was out of the wood. The TURNER Govt. is pledged to do its utmost to secure the passing of a law whereby the Victorian people will elect a Convention to draft a new State Constitution—whatever kind of Constitution the popular majority approves of; said Constitution to be afterwards accepted or rejected by a popular vote. When four members of the House of 48 Rich Landlords joined TURNER's Ministry, the ARGUS enthusiastically pointed out that this proved TURNER never meant to attempt his proposed Convention; the stodgy paper took it for granted that no member of the House of Landlords could possibly join a Ministry which proposed to let the majority decide what kind of Constitution it would have. And when it proved that TURNER was still solid on the Convention idea, the ARGUS grew purple with rage and denounced the four Upper House members of TURNER's Government as men who had shamefully betrayed their constituents. This is almost the most foolish thing that even the most foolishly-conducted paper in Australia has said up to date. The electors of the Vic. Leg. Council represent more than half the electors in Victoria. It isn't for want of a reasonably wide franchise that the House of 48 Rich Landlords is the gathering of fools and bigots that it is, but because the electors are only allowed to select their representatives from a handful of great property-owners, and are almost all disqualified from sitting in their own special House. Supposing TURNER's plan is adopted the Council electors, if they are satisfied with their awful House of Landlords, will elect members to the Convention who are pledged not to alter the existing system—the system whereby the great bulk of Council electors are declared to be political outcasts unfit to sit in the House which is said to represent them. When the popularly-elected Convention has drafted a new State Constitution the Council electors will reject it—they are quite strong enough to do so—at the Referendum if it interferes with their House of Landlords, and if they don't want their House of Landlords interfered with. The treason of the four M.S.L.C. who have joined TURNER is that they have assented to a scheme whereby the Council electors are to decide whether the Council fairly and satisfactorily represents them or not. And the rage and foaming-at-the-mouth of the ARGUS is because the Council knows its own electors utterly loathe and despise it—that they regard it as mean, imbecile, cowardly, selfish, corrupt and a disgrace to any intelligent community; and it dare not let them say by a straight-out vote whether they want it amended or not.

MELBOURNE ARGUS, moved to tears by the proposal to hold a popular Convention to draft a new Vic. State Constitution, pleads for "the peaceful reform of the Constitution from within," and the abandonment of the Convention idea. Well, there is not the least difficulty. If the Leg. Council will originate and pass a Bill making all the existing Council electors eligible for seats in the House which they create, and which is supposed to represent them, and making the whole Council expire like the Assembly every three years, so that its electors can express their continued confidence in it, it is safe to say that the Convention will be abandoned. Everybody wants to peacefully reform the Constitution from within, if the Council would allow it. Same ARGUS says that "the community is not yet ripe for any change" and "no one can say the Leg. Council has received the shadow of a direction from its constituents to stand aside. . . . and calmly betray the trust the Constitution has committed to its keeping." In other words, so long as the Council's constituents elect only Tories there isn't the shadow of a direction that they are dissatisfied with the Tory order of things, and as they are allowed to return only men who have a very large property qualification—men who belong to a strictly Tory class—they naturally do return Tories. And the dull old mouldered cowards of the House of Landlords take every kind of care not to allow their constituents to say straight out whether they want to be confined to electing propertied Tories or not. As for the community not being ripe—will the Vic. Council allow its constituents to say openly, by Referendum or otherwise, whether they are ripe or not? THE BULLETIN bets that it dare not. Even its huge selfishness isn't a patch on its utter lack of the manly quality of grit.

THREE of the provisos contained in the N.S.W. Government's scheme for the resumption of large estates for closer settlement deserve to be written up on some conspicuous place in letters of gold, and two more would have merited the same honor if they had been in the Bill—but they aren't there. The three that are in the Bill are these:—

(1) The State is to have power of compulsory resumption. No Closer Settlement Bill is worth much without this.

(2) Payment for resumed properties may be made in Government securities instead of in cash, which would probably be borrowed in England. The more of this there is the more it tends to make N.S.W. the holder of its own State securities and its own sole creditor.

(3) All receipts from the sale or lease of resumed land shall go, after interest and working expenses have been paid, to pay off the debt incurred in the purchase of the property.

And the two other provisos which should be there are these:—

(1) Any surplus receipts from sale or lease of land acquired under this Act, after the debt incurred in the purchase of the land has been wiped off, shall not go into the Treasury, but shall be used to reduce the public debt generally.

(2) When the State buys an estate worth (say) £100,000 from (say) SMITH, and gives him £100,000 worth of State securities in payment, the profits derived from the land shall not necessarily go to pay off the £100,000 of Government securities held by SMITH. That is a local liability, and doesn't matter so much, as the interest doesn't go out of the country. In preference the money shall be used to pay off £100,000 of the first English loan that falls due, in order to reduce the country's foreign liabilities and extinguish the absentee creditor.

THE emphatic throwing-out by N.S.W. Leg. Council of the Industrial Arbitration Bill, which struck its head against every step of the legislative stair last week in its sudden exit, is an interesting reminder that ex-Premier REID twice "went to the country" asking for authority to reform that body, and got it each time, and left the blessed Council just as it was. What N.S.W. wants is an Upper House paid on the same scale as the Assembly, but by the whole State as one constituency—a democratic Council that will represent all N.S.W. as fully as the democratic Assembly represents the separate parts of N.S.W. And the N.S.W. Upper House is the easiest incubus in the world to reform if any Government really wanted to reform it. It isn't like the Leg. Councils of Victoria, Tasmania, S.A., or Western Australia—a body resting on a property franchise, which can't be swamped or in any way controlled by the Assembly. All that is necessary is for some strong Government to pass the Council Reform Bill through the Assembly, send it upstairs to be rejected, and then demand from the Governor next session the appointment of sufficient new M.L.C. to carry the measure on its second appearance. It is as simple as falling out of a public-house at 11 p.m., if any Government wants to reform the N.S.W. Council. But then, does any Government really want to reform the N.S.W. Council?

WRITES "Itan" to THE BULLETIN:—

Judge HEYDORF lately told Kenney (N.S.W.) Council that "in future, when over one year's municipal rates were sued for, he would insist on proof of all technical points, otherwise he would nonsuit. Also, that he would watch such cases as if he were defendant's counsel." Or, in other words, he would go out of his way to defeat justice by running the municipal body into a corner so that the delinquent ratepayer might elude his just obligations. But should a Council be so threatened by a servant of the State? If anything needed raising against it is the law and not the Council. The majority of aldermen composing the various Councils are traders, and for Councils to keep up the game of suing every year would mean the ruin of the members' respective businesses. It is admitted at once that Councils are too lax in the matter of gathering in arrears. That is the fault of the system, however. Judge HEYDORF's remarks will probably be used by people to try and escape their obligations to Councils. What has Parliament to say concerning this threat, which amounts to intimidation?

The Sugar Works Guarantee Act, passed some seven years ago, is landing the Queensland Treasury in a pretty mess. Originally there was voted for the purposes of this Act a sum of half-a-million, and some 12 mills were erected therewith. Every mill is in arrears. One mill only has paid off any of the redemption money, and one mill has paid nothing at all in any way. On July 31st the 12 mills were in arrears of payment to the tune of £126,152, or one-fourth of the whole loan. To make matters worse many of the mills have also borrowed from the banks, thus increasing their indebtedness to the tune of about £20,000. The Philpocracy has considered the situation carefully and come to the conclusion that the only thing to be done under the circumstances is to have recourse to Bananaland's only stratagem in troublous times, viz., "Borrow more money!" Wherefore Premier PHILP is to the fore with a little scheme for advancing another £150,000 to the distressed institutions and trusting to Providence to engineer things right somehow.

THE judgment of N.S.W. Full Court in CAMPBELL v. the Railway Commissioners, brought under notice of N.S.W. Assembly last week by ARTHUR GRIFFITH, M.L.A., is to the effect that men who know they have dangerous billets can't get the benefit of the Act. In giving judgment, Mr. Justice OWEN said (S.M. HERALD report):—

He was of opinion that there was ample evidence of negligence, and no evidence whatsoever of contributory negligence on the part of plaintiff; but there was also

abundant evidence that he voluntarily incurred the risk of the employment with full knowledge of that risk. That being so, the finding of the jury could not be disturbed. Mr. Justice COHEN said: . . . Here was evidence upon which they could reasonably find that plaintiff undertook the employment with full knowledge of the risk it involved. As far as negligence was concerned, he was of opinion that the case was one of negligence on the part of defendants, or one of their servants, and that there was no evidence of contributory negligence.

This decision, of course, shuts out the whole of the running, shunting, and fitting staffs of the Railways, besides all the workmen who have dangerous billets. Practically, until the law is altered, the Employers Liability Act only gives its protection to those who don't want it. Mr. GRIFFITH's demand that the Act should be amended right away is one that the Govt. must not be allowed to ignore.

CONCERNING a fishy-looking N.S.W. military matter which appears to demand Parliamentary attention:—

Ed. BULLETIN.—In the frenzy which marked the departure of the N.S.W. contingents, volunteers had a public promise from a member of the Government that no man would lose his position through enlisting for the war; yet, in the 2nd Regt., an interesting situation has recently eventuated. Lieut. A. C. MUHS, after 10 years' commissioned service, has gone to Africa as an officer of Col. MAXWELL's contingent, and, in his absence, has had the joyous experience of being "seconded," and of finding supernumerary 2nd Lieut. R. ATKINSON PRICE, M.L.A., appointed to the strength in his place. Lieut. MUHS on his return will find his place filled—will find himself a subordinate of the awful member for Gloucester. His years of soldiering and months of active service will go for nothing, he will be junior to his former subordinate with the political "pull." This is the only case in writer's knowledge in which an officer of the N.S.W. forces in S. Africa has been seconded. These questions suggest themselves:—Is it advisable that a commanding officer, who aspires to Parliament, should have for a very junior subordinate a Member of the House who, in his political capacity, has supported his commanding officer's candidature? What might possibly be the effect on discipline if, by the aid of his junior, the C.O. stepped into Parliament? It would be interesting to find out whether the rapidly-rising warrior who has been appointed in Lieut. MUHS' place has passed his qualifying examination; and if not, why not? (It is laid down in regulations that an officer must pass his qualifying examination within 6 months of appointment to a commission.) In England, an officer entering the House of Commons has to go on half-pay, and can exercise no command while he is on half-pay.—ULADULLA.

Now that the idea of appointing the Australian Chief Justices as Governors of their respective States has been taken up by London TIMES, it is more than probable that the proposal is past the speculative stage. That the C.J.'s are to have the position just because they happen to be the C.J.'s—that WAY (S.A.) and perhaps one other are to have the most coveted and highly-paid billet under the Constitution which they secretly and treacherously do their utmost to subvert in their own interest solely—is enough to make every fair-minded and clean-fighting Australian curse the whole thing from stem to stern. But, aside from this part of the question, what is to be the length of their tenure of office? Is the position to be a life one, and if so it is to be the prerogative of the Chief Justiceship—he of the time being to take the post as soon as the then Governor dies of old age? It is a good thing that local Governors should be appointed; but why should we suffer the revolting indignity of seeing a slimy, self-seeking enemy of the Constitution elevated to the highest place in his particular State, to greasily patronise the stalwarts who have honestly fought for an Australia united under democratic conditions?

SOME further recent revelations about the state of N.S.W. Police Superannuation Fund cast further darkness on the reasons why Premier LYNE didn't include this awful deficit in his recent cleaning-up. The Police Superannuation Fund was established 50 years ago. The police are required to contribute a certain proportion of their very scanty wage to the fund, and in return they are promised a pension from it when they are past further service. But though there was an understanding that the State would make up any deficiencies (which, considering the miserable wage it pays to its police, was not a great thing to undertake), it failed to do so. Aged and infirm and hopelessly dilapidated "cops" who can't get the pensions they paid for still toil on the weary beat, and wrestle feebly with the young and vigorous drunk. Bobbies too aged to keep on their feet on the highways are allowed to draw their salaries, because to put them on the fund as pensioners would make it absolutely necessary to face the long-shirked difficulty; and soured and embittered young constables who should be promoted to their places and their emoluments, do their work for them without promotion or extra pay, and see their chance of getting on in the service hopelessly blocked by the derelicts. There was no visible reason save the N.S.W. political tradition that nothing should ever be completely finished in one act and the grand old doctrine of half-measures and loose ends and compromises, why Premier LYNE shouldn't have included this deficit and the Civil Service Superannuation Fund shortage in his great cleaning-up, and have put them both on a solvent basis, and told N.S.W. what its entire deficit really amounts to. Parliament is now beginning to ask if a venerable and grandfatherly policeman who has been done out of the pension he paid for is the kind of guardian N.S.W. has reason to expect, and the best satisfaction it can get is that "inquiries are to be made."

GEORGE REID's wearisome iteration about how a legal engagement forced him to Wentworth at a time when the LYNE Govt. was driving N.S.W. to ruin, so that he was unable to save it, suggests that it would be a good thing for a people to pay its representatives a sufficient salary and demand their presence in Parliament while Parliament sits. If REID's absence from Parliament be really the loss to the nation he tries to make it appear, then his professional engagement is a national evil, and if he cannot be bought off from such engagements in the future, he should be rejected when he next appeals to the polls. If a Labor-member, a cooper by trade, lugubriously lamented that a large order for hooping casks would keep him away from Parliament through a critical period, when the country's and his party's interests were at stake, GEORGE would be the first man to cry, "Drop the casks or else throw up your seat." Why should a lawyer be considered any more than a cooper?

A FEATURE of Vic. elections was the number of voters' certificates used. Victoria now permits any qualified man to take out a right after a month's residence in any electorate, and then up to a week before an election, to apply to Petty Sessions for a certificate entitling him to vote forthwith. Thousands of these were granted and used. The ARGUS, realising that most of these votes were given to Labor and Liberal candidates, rises to remark that this is an innovation of doubtful benefit, and that it is tampering with the Constitution, and is the result of hasty legislation, and so forth. Fat Man's organ knows quite well that most of its supporters are Right-thinking

persons and men of Thrift, who have their names on three or four different ratepayers' rolls, and can always vote somewhere; it is only the disreputable person who is always moving about or getting ejected who has to apply for a certificate because he shifted across the street some eight or nine months ago.

SUNDRY SHOWS.

SYDNEY SHOWS FOR COMING WEEK.

HER MAJESTY'S..... "Macbeth."
CRITERION..... "The Three Musketeers."
THEATRE ROYAL..... Grand Opera Season.
TIVOLI..... Rickards' Co.
LYCEUM..... "Fun on the Bristol."

MELBOURNE SHOWS FOR COMING WEEK.

PRINCESS'S..... "The Scarlet Feather."
HER MAJESTY'S..... "The Old Guard."
THEATRE ROYAL..... "The Absent-Minded Beggar."
BIJOU..... Rickards' Variety Co.

The strange story of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," written by the hermit of Samoa and dramatised by Alfred Dampier, is keeping the pot boiling with a cold sort of boil at Sydney Criterion this week. Jekyll was the man who got into the habit of being Hyde, and died of it. He conceived the idea that as every man is partly good and partly bad, it would be economy to split the man into two, and let one of him be wholly good while the other was wholly bad. Therefore he established Hyde, who was a short and grumpy edition of himself with a lame leg and a bear-like voice. At first Jekyll turned into Hyde by taking his own Green Pills for Good People, and turned back into Jekyll by the use of his infallible Brown Beans for Bad Characters. But gradually Jekyll began to develop a horrible tendency to turn into Hyde without requiring any medicine, and Hyde only turned back into Jekyll by a dead lift—a sort of defunct elevation as it might be called. He was in the position of the patent wooden chest of drawers which at first develops into a brass bedstead or a dinner-table or an old family legend on pressing a spring, but after a while the spring gets worn, and the article takes to changing its shape violently without provocation at all hours of the day, and thereby throws your best clothes into the middle of next week about a dozen times every month. Jekyll not only became unable to go into decent society for fear of turning into Hyde, but Hyde took to murdering Jekyll's friends with Jekyll's walking-stick. Also his terrible cursing on Jekyll's doorstep as he blew the dust out of Jekyll's latch-key led to local ill-feeling. People wondered why the respectable Dr. Jekyll kept such a man on his premises, and tried to point Hyde out to Jekyll in order to draw the latter's attention to his villainous aspect, but as Jekyll was Hyde their well-meant efforts to bring the two men together naturally failed. They got firm hold of Jekyll by the coat-tail and tried to hold him till Hyde came round the corner in order that they might ask the former what sort of beast the latter was to live in any decent doctor's house, but Hyde never came round the corner. Sometimes, to their great surprise, Jekyll changed into Hyde while they were holding him. They mostly set this down to drink. Then they tried to hold Hyde by the coat-tail till Jekyll came round the corner, but Jekyll never came round the corner either. Besides, Hyde was the sort of man who would bite anybody who held his coat-tail too long.

Finally, Hyde murdered the father of Jekyll's intended wife on Jekyll's doorstep, and had barely time to get upstairs and turn into Jekyll before the police broke in. Not finding Hyde, and being sure he hadn't gone out, they besieged the house, while upstairs Jekyll set to work to swallow enough medicine to keep him Jekyll till he could decide what to do next. Sometimes, despite all his efforts, he exploded and became Hyde for a minute or two, and as Hyde couldn't avoid cursing at the window he attracted the attention of the besiegers. And at last the medicine ran short, and Jekyll, finding he was going to become permanently Hyde, took poison and died. Even then he became Hyde in his last moments and perished that way, and as Jekyll couldn't be found the only possible conclusion was that Hyde had eaten him while the police were rushing up the stair.

There are great possibilities in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," but the Criterion drama loses most of them. There is little action in it, and great masses of heavy-going, pious, moral reflections by Jekyll. Jekyll's Christian musings are dimly commonplace. Hyde, who is an original, breezy, cursing person, makes only four appearances which don't cover 15 minutes in all, while Jekyll preaches something tremendous. Dampier fills the double character, and his Hyde is a strong and effective person at times. It is especially so where Hyde batters in the skull of Jekyll's best girl's father in front of Jekyll's house, and then, having nobody else to kill, indignantly throws the deceased's hat right across the street. It is the action of a man who wishes the hat were alive so that he could kill it also. Dampier's Jekyll, on the other hand, is a woefully dull individual who never arouses the slightest interest. John Forde, as a cheerful though irrelevant policeman, is a bright spot in the drama, and Miss Lily Dampier does some good work as the girl who would have married Jekyll if he hadn't been Hyde so often. George Buller, who is a tower of strength to the Dampier co., is convalescent after a severe illness, but not sufficiently so to resume duty, more's the pity.

The great prospective theatrical happening of the week is the arrival of Musgrove's Grand Opera Co., which is to open at Sydney Royal on Saturday in "Trovatore." That old favourite is to be presented with a chorus of 50 voices and an

orchestra of 40 instruments, and will hold the fort for two consecutive nights. On Tuesday the other company will appear in "Faust," but Verdi's opera will probably take another turn later on. "Lohengrin" and "Tannhauser" are also in stock, likewise those good old stand-bys—"Carmen," "Maritana," and "Bohemian Girl."

THE BULLETIN has given another week's solid consideration to the Nance O'Neil and M'Kee Rankin version of "Macbeth," now nearing its end at Her Majesty's, Sydney, and its opinion is even more favorable than it was seven days ago. If the real Macbeth was not like M'Kee Rankin, he was probably like Charles Brown, and, in the absence of any evidence either way, this paper decides to accept Rankin. No actor would think of playing Louis XI. as a tall, straight, handsome, kindly man, with a sunny smile, because we know he didn't look like that. But not knowing how Macbeth looked, and it being a perfectly fair rectangular toss-up whether he looked like John F. Sheridan or M'Kee Rankin, or Charles Holloway or Harry Rickards, this paper is willing to give them all a fair trial. In fact, considering that the shape, voice, elocution, accent, manner, and even clothes of that ancient were a mystery, and he might look like anything, and talk and dress anyhow, this paper would like to see everybody as Macbeth. Meanwhile, it desires again to express its profound admiration for the great castle of Inverness, and the blasted heath, and the three witches who look into the future by boiling toud-soup thereon, and for the fittings and get-up of the play generally.

John F. Sheridan will give up playing Johanna Murphy (who is really the Widow O'Brien) at Sydney Royal after Friday night. By way of wild novelty, he re-opens on Saturday night at the Lyceum, where he will play the Widow O'Brien (who is really Johanna Murphy). Johanna O'Brien is called the "Trip to Chicago," and the Widow O'Brien is described as "Fun on the Bristol," but otherwise one of them might be the other, and either of them might be both of them, and the difference isn't worth talking about in any case.

The Cineograph and Stereopticon are progressing together favourably at Sydney Lyceum. Writer knows not which is which, as only one arrangement seems to appear, but whether that arrangement is the Cineograph or the Stereopticon, it is the least flickersome thing of its kind up to date. On the other hand, the pictures show rather white and vague of outline. Writer and friend excepted, the small audience was altogether masculine, some part of it planting its hind feet on the plush rails of the d.c. while Jeffries was planting his front ones on Corbett's pompadour, or landing on the various departments of him that are alluded to in the programme as his kitchen, or his chops, or other poetical terms. As the programme goes on with its description of the rounds it gets more and more wildly poetic, till Corbett became the panther of the wilderness, and Jeff the bear who, shaking the blood from his eyes, plants his shaggy but soundless paw on Jim's ear. The Corbett-Jeffries fight lasts 23 rounds, during part of which time the piano plays soft music, beginning with "Behold an Honest Coon." Corbett is a tall, graceful performer, like the hero who wins the fight in the sensational play, while Jeffries is the square, large-jawed personage who invariably loses it; nevertheless, for all Corbett's pretty ways, his step-dancing, his seemingly numerous successful attacks, and his beautiful back hair, it is he who is finally carted from the ring looking like a fallen statue out of the Botanical Gardens. The Cin. manager, after giving Sydney the benefit of this exhibition, intends taking it on a tour through this great but imperfectly-developed country.

At Sydney Tivoli an Asiatic-looking individual, with a brown skin and an engaging smile, performs some wonderful tricks, his apparatus being principally a globe, a hat, a dagger, some plates and a lighted lamp. His best feat is that in which he holds a plate in his teeth, balances a needle-like piece of metal on the edge of the plate, balances the dagger-point on the end of the needle, balances another plate on the dagger, then balances the lot on another plate and the whole lot on his front tooth, and makes them revolve rapidly. The audience feels dead sure that the dagger will fall in his eye, but it doesn't. This world is full of disappointments. The "Black Melba" sings a pleasant song about cows. Lottie Collins is a waning star. "Little Tich" has taken the place in the Tivolian heart erstwhile occupied by the Girl on the Ran-dan. Lottie is getting old, she is moderately pretty, and her singing is merely a species of recitation, and it is only her exuberant vitality, the polished finish to her work, and the mastery way in which she handles her skirts that make her what she is. This scribe noticed that the bald-headed men enjoy the gyrations of the young Australian, Jessie Williams, better than those of the expensive importation from London, and the bald-headed man is the god of such as seek the bubble reputation by whirling their nether limbs.

Much talk in Melbourne and Sydney these times about Signora Cuttica, Sisco, Signorina Guidotti, Travaglini, and others whom the Simonsons imported here from the land of big top notes. Lazzarini, the little tenor, stiff-kneed Pimazzoni, Signora Tagliavia, Buzzi, Signorina Cavalleri—the warblers of 1886-'87—they are remembered with enthusiasm now that Musgrove is running grand opera, and Williamson promises to put "the finest voices in Italy" on his track. This belated appreciation of the Cuttica crowd in particular is enough to make poor old Martin Simonson turn in his grave. The Signora sang thrillingly to empty benches as long as the Simonson season lasted, and even later,

when Williamson and Garner took up the stony-broke strangers and produced her in "Faust" at the Princess's with bright smart surroundings, the Melb. public didn't rise to the occasion. Signora Cuttica was a fine actress, as well as a glorious singer, and some of the men of that co. were giants by comparison with the artists we are now content to make the best of. Yet the fact remains that Melbourne was mostly ignorant of their names and capabilities until they resorted to popular-concert singing at the Exhibition-building and the Town Hall. To judge from the history of Italian opera in Melbourne and Sydney since '91 one would say that Williamson stood a poor chance of scoring heavily with the co. he has instructed Hazon and George Allan to engage. But the demand for fine voices is more keen than when the supply was greater. We are waiting to be delighted, excited and shaken-up by another roar of Italian melody.

"The Old Guard" revival at Her Majesty's looks likely to carry Williamson's opera co. over a good stretch of the rocky ground that lies this side of Xmas. Melbourne had seen nothing of its friend Polydore Poupart for five years previous to Saturday last, and Polydore is a mayor whose reputation retains much of its early vigor. Also, the Fin-de-Siècle Ballet, which helped to make the fortune of the original "Old Guard" show, has not yet ceased to be the brightest little leg-tale that Australia knows of. Besides, the revival doesn't severely tax the girl-resources of Williamson's co., and the fact that the lady principals are somewhat weak is not an important consideration in the present case.

George Lauri, as of yore, is much the same Mayor that Elton created. Perhaps not quite such a droll little Polydore as Elton was, but funny enough. His head is of an oblong character, and his village pub. keeps up an average trade of 16 barrels a week, apart from a steady output of mysterious "what not" which lurks in the green bottle at the back of the bar. His song and dance in the last act seem none the worse for wear, and, take him altogether, Polydore partially explains why a nice girl should want to marry him for the sake of his business. He's about the happiest old lunatic in French comic opera. Miss Lily Everett plays the damsel aforesaid. Dainty Carrie Moore is the Marquis's wrong daughter, whose top-note gets caught by Lauri; Miss Fyvie Dench is the right daughter, who formerly cleaned plates and dishes with the assistance of the dog, Brownlow and Kenningham being the two soldiers concerned in the marriages of those mixed spinsters. Pat Bathurst makes an imposing envoy from Napoleon, and Hugh Ward plays the Marquis for all that aged parent is worth. Also the ballet, chorus, orchestra, and fittings are fully up to the J.C.W. mark.

On Monday night Melbourne rushed the Princess Theatre to sample Musgrove's other opera co.—the co. that has Nellie Stewart in its midst. "The Scarlet Feather," formerly of London, turns out to be a thin, flavorless suggestion of a story which was broad and spicy in the original French. Complications that ought to bring blushes to this country's youthful cheek have been purified of all their joyous wickedness, and the result is merely a highly respectable triumph for our Nellie. The plot of "Scarlet Feather" reminds one of the twelve Melb. curates who swore an oath of celibacy, and were subsequently convicted of marriage. Joe Tapley and his fragile baritone friend, the Prince of Monaco, are supposed to be the two last members of a once-flourishing bachelor brotherhood. When they go the way of their departed comrades, they try to conceal their matrimonies from one another. The prince's bride is compelled to travel as confidential page to the small potentate, whereas Tapley's bride joins the court in the character of wife to the low comedian, who is a pill-and-plaster merchant of doubtful antecedents. The prince shows a mild tendency to go astray, and his wife suffers pangs of jealousy. At 10.30 p.m. the attenuated joke terminates in a chorus.

There are many tall girls, short men, and smart costumes in "Scarlet Feather," the clothes being prettier than the wearers as a rule. The music, by half-a-dozen different composers, is catchy in some places, and peculiarly dull in others. As for the performance, there are only nine names on the bill, and Nellie Stewart is the one conspicuous success. Tapley sings with rather more strength than of old, but his acting is heavy in spirit. Miss Emmie Owen is a plump little soprano, who will probably improve on acquaintance, and Mrs. Calhaem is an elderly comic lady, very like Widow O'Brien, who seems unlikely to improve on acquaintance, though her appearance is a valuable recommendation. Charles Seguin, the low comedian, has no individuality and only just enough voice to pull him through among the minor people. Miss Maud Thornton is a noticeably pretty ornament of the show. Nothing too nice can be said of Nellie Stewart in youthful disguise as the Prince's page. She looks charming, and in the spangled skirts of the Prince's wife she is a picture. She sings two ballads with all the old charm. On Monday night a voice from the amphitheatre yelled "Bravo, Nellie!" during her second ballad, and the yell of that honest enthusiast was the verdict of the house.

Last time THE BULLETIN visited the Boer War at Melbourne Royal it found Walter Baker getting off a horse to bind up his wounds. Walter had just inflicted an awful defeat on six Boers, three killed and the others wounded in the rear,

and when he told his tale of British heroism Miss Ross gave him some whisky, after which he rescued General Boom from the enemy with great slaughter. "The Absent-minded Beggar" promises to keep the Flag flying for another week, anyhow. Nothing unusual has happened to Bland Holt's campaign since the gee-gees bolted down Little Bourke-street, but this journal lives in hopes of hearing Her Gracious Majesty sing a patriotic song to the troops at Hyde Park one of these nights. Up to now the Sovereign has remained in the background, but the dress-circle would esteem it a favor if she were to order her royal barouche to the fore and give them "Rule Britannia" with variations.

Albert Whelan's imitations of various other artists, plain and colored, are the most interesting items on the Bijou bill just now. Whelan's versatility, which extends to a double-whistle—a sweeter whistle than Brown's, by the way—is now more remarkable than ever. The obvious duty of Rickards is to send his Whelan to Sydney next month with instructions to catch the true tone of Lord Hopetoun's nasal twang that he may be able to reproduce Hoep's proclamation of the Australian Commonwealth. Dook o' York, likewise, will be a fitting subject for Whelan to work upon. Clive's conjuring—Clive promises to surpass Dante's nearest legerdemain—is a pleasant "turn," and on Wednesday this week the Georgia Magnet will come along and give a further touch of novelty to the Bijou show.

At the Town Hall to other evening, the Philharmonic Society treated a large, dowdy audience to Dvorak's "Stabat Mater," and did it not too badly. The Phil. chorus suffers from enthusiastic female numerosness, i.e., a lot of inferior voices ought to be asked to retire from it for the sake of Art, whereas the orchestra needs more power, as well as polish. But the discipline is good, and the combined attack of the sexes on Dvorak's heavy work, concluding with a spirited "Amen" rally, was a credit to conductor Peake. After the gloomy first part came some popular selections from "Judas Maccabæus" (in honor of the returning contingents, if you please) which sent one home in a cheerful mood at 10.15 p.m. Why wasn't Col. Tom Price back from Africa in time to be a Conquering Hero, of whom the Israelitish woman saith "In his acts he was like a lion, and like a lion's whelp roaring for his prey?" Col. Tom, in the organ-loft with a limelight in his war-stained uniform, would have helped the show considerably. (By the way, the men who returned with the colonel in the Harlech Castle enthusiastically boo-hoed him because he was cautious enough not to let them ashore to be "entertained" at Albany.)

Of the four Philharmonic principals, basso Barker was admirable, as usual, and Gregor Wood, whose streaky tenor is slowly recovering from his trip to England, had some happy moments in "Sound an Alarm." Madame Slap-offski, the star of the evening, looked smart in her old-rose satin, but didn't stagger the expectant Philharmonicians with her warble; and as for Miss Fanny Lyndhurst—well, she has a weirdly genuine contralto, a fair knowledge of singing—and that's all. If she could borrow a new platform appearance and a little of Mr. G. Wood's self-satisfaction, poor Miss Fanny might get along nicely, but alas! her awkward diffidence grows worse instead of better. Among the audience, Rev. Bevan made himself the most conspicuous personage by arriving very late.

The grand opera season in Melbourne owed a good deal of its success to Marshall Hall and his idolators who "put up with" the Italian operas and "Carmen" for the sake of the one Wagnerian production, and were bawling for Madame Slapoffski all the time. But the Wagnerites drew the line at "Bohemian Girl." They left that to the vulgar multitude. The v.m., for whom even the Italian operas had been almost too advanced, came in their thousands to hear "Bohemian Girl," and the last two performances of Balfe's funny old work—matinee and evening—turned away money from the pay-boxes.

Miss Graham, the barmaid, who recently entered the tiger's cage at Wirth's, in Melbourne, and drank a glass of champagne to "Phil," while the keeper kept the animals at bay, is a lady typical of the class—fleshy, fair, and fascinating. When the advt. of her intention to enter the cage first appeared she received the following letter from a Semitic wag who hangs on to the skirts of the legal profession:—

"Cemetery Lane, off Tombstone-st., Kew, 12th November, 1900. Miss Graham, Ballarat Star Hotel.—Madam,—Referring to enclosed advt. we take the liberty of informing you that we can provide you (if required) with a first-class funeral—glass hearse, and plumes, and three mourning coaches—for £7 10s. We are prepared to embalm you in the real ancient Egyptian style, including keeping the body on ice for six days, to be viewed by friends and relations for £1 12s., or can do the modern cheap style, merely stuffed with straw and guaranteed to keep fresh for three days if under 90 degrees in the shade, for 16s. 6d. Kindly mention this letter to your friends, as should our services be required of course you will not be attending to matters of business personally. Should you be assimilated by one of the tigers, of course, it will be difficult to separate you, in that case we will bury the animal at reduced rates. It is possible that you may survive the experiment, but in the interests of our trade we can only hope for the best.—We have the honor to be, Madam, yours admirably, W. E. PLANTUM and Co., Expert Funeral Directors and Ancient Embalming Artists. P.S.—Pardon the absence of our professional black-edge stationery, its use at present would be premature.—W. E. P. and Co., E.F.D. and A.E.A."

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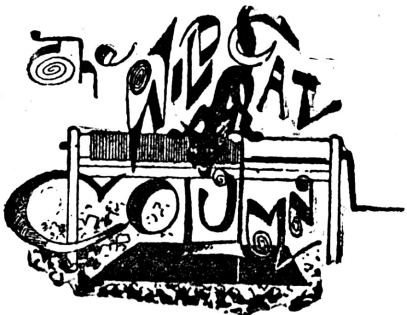
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THE BULLETIN Christmas Number will be as big, well-illustrated, and interesting as usual. It will be represented a legion of well-known writers and artists. It will be published on December 6th, and a single copy will be posted from THE BULLETIN office to any N.S.W. address for 6d. in stamps of any Australian State. To other States 7d., except Queensland, to which a copy is 8d. post free. To England, the U.S., or the Continent of Europe, 9d.



The old, old story. For the financial year to 30th June, 1900, Treas. Holder of S.A. declared that he had a surplus of £151, while the Auditor-General replied that he really had a deficit of about £36,866, and that his figures are straight-out fake. He charges Holder with having reckoned £13,800 of trust funds as revenue and with having omitted to charge himself with £24,607 of expenditure. And yet Holder was a parson at one time.

Westralia is offering in London a 3½ per cent. loan of £880,000 at par. This is at least many miles more honest than if it sold another 3 per cent. loan at £92 7s. net. That was about what the last Westralian loan of £1,000,000 fetched, so in reality some £76,500 of the interest was paid out of the loan itself and called discount. Even in the present case it isn't likely that the loan will realise quite £97, allowing for flotation expenses, stamp duty, accrued interest and cost of underwriting, at which rate the interest will be really about £3 12s. 6d. per cent. It is quite possible that Westralia would have got the money rather more cheaply than this in Adelaide, Melbourne, and Sydney, but it seems impossible for Westralian politicians to get out of their old British rut. S.A. is even more heavily in debt in proportion to population than Westralia, and when Westralia was glad to sell its 3 per cent. in London for about £92 7s., S.A. got £94 19s. 10d. locally for its 3 per cent. Moreover, Westralia has already borrowed £1,000,000 in London this year, which doesn't improve the prospects; and it isn't popular there just now, and, besides, things are so bad even in London at present that the British Government has itself been borrowing in New York.

It is sincerely to be hoped that, when the Commonwealth Parliament makes a uniform Life Assurance law for all Australia, it will cancel the measure which Minister Drake is now pushing through Queensland Parliament (assuming that measure becomes law), and obliterate all other assurance laws of the same kind. Drake's Bill provides that every life assurance company doing business in Queensland shall deposit £10,000 with the Treasury as security for its policy-holders. In the case of even a moderate-sized co. this would only make it certain that the insurers would get about 3d. in the £ of their claims, and a law which takes care to protect 3d. in the £ and takes no care or heed of the other 19s. 9d. is so miserably inefficient as to be a mockery. What is wanted first of all is a legal standard of solvency; and when a co. shows by its balance-sheet that it has enough assets to be solvent according to the legal standard, it is also necessary to have a State audit to make sure that the assets are worth their alleged value. There are only two companies doing new assurance business in Australia which are so small that a £10,000 deposit would be appreciable security to anybody, and they are both growing. Their liabilities will presently attain to dimensions that will make the £10,000 deposit a mockery in their case also. And while the £10,000 deposit doesn't in any way prevent the starting of little, dubious proprietary assurance co.s, which begin with a paid-up capital out of which they can provide the £10,000, it absolutely prevents the establishment of mutual societies, which necessarily start with no funds at all to deposit. This sort of law would allow the Provident and Industrial Co., or any other weak little private enterprise, to start, but if it had existed throughout Australia 50 years or so ago there would never have been any A.M.P. Society. It is not a law to protect insurers: only a law to prevent the creation of mutual life assurance institutions, and to reserve the profits of the business solely for private companies.

Some recent returns of the Bank of New South Wales up to 30th September, 1900:

	Profits.	Dividends.	Total Reserves at each date.
Sept., 1897			£1,216,565
March, 1898	£88,128	9 p. c. = £87,750	1,216,943
Sept., 1898	88,042	9 " = 87,750	1,217,235
March, 1899	88,738	9 " = 87,750	1,218,223
Sept., 1899	89,514	9 " = 87,750	1,220,017
March, 1900	99,858	9 " = 90,000	1,276,280
New share premiums	46,405		
Sept., 1900	100,463	10 " = 100,000	1,276,743

The profit is the largest realised in any half-year since March, 1893, and is at the rate of £6 3s. 8d. per cent. per annum on the capital of £2,000,000, and reserve fund of £1,250,000. As compared with last March there is a decline of £25,339 on note circulation; a decline of £285,096 in deposits, and a drop of £1,206,984 in cash and liquid securities. Yet deposits are close on £21,000,000, and the reserve of cash and liquid securities (£7,942,942) is equal to somewhere between 30 and 25 per cent. of all liabilities to the public. The Bank of New South Wales easily keeps its place as the boss financial institution of Australasia, and no rival is yet visible on the far horizon.

According to the just-issued return of Queensland's Chief Inspector of Stock, there were 15,226,479 cattle in the State at the end of 1899 as against 17,552,608 a year previously—decrease 2,326,129; and 5,053,836 sheep as against 5,571,292 a year previously—decline 517,456.

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Tasmanian Permanent Executors and Trustees Association (Launceston, Tasmania):

	Profits.	Dividend and Dividend Tax.	Total Reserves at each date.
March, 1893	£457	7 per cent. = £363	£820
Sept., 1893	144	6 " = 111	361
March, 1894	285	6 " = 228	326
Sept., 1894	356	6 " = 285	382
March, 1895	297	6 " = 237	379
Sept., 1895	494	6 " = 395	573
March, 1896	117	6 " = 94	428
Sept., 1896	237	6 " = 189	403
March, 1897	204	6 " = 163	405
Sept., 1897	337	6 " = 269	530
March, 1898	405	6 " = 324	673
Sept., 1898	317	6 " = 253	727
March, 1899	376	6 " = 301	840
Sept., 1899	454	6 " = 363	1,032
March, 1900	398	6 " = 318	1,167

In a small and rather gradual way this institution may be said to have begun to look up. It has now £500 reserve fund and £667 undivided profit.

The Independent Order of Foresters (Canada) breaks out in a new phase. This is the case, as the professed to have found a specially cheap method of life assurance, and which, at date of last available issue of the INSURANCE BLUE BOOK, had over £32,000,000 of insurances in force and only about £518,000 assets towards meeting this liability—the A.M.P. Society, at same date, being returned as having not quite twice as much insurance in force and nearly thirty times the funds to pay with. The Independent Order of Foresters has been advertising to this effect in Sydney TELEGRAPH.

(1) The I.O.F. being a Fraternal Association formed for the purpose of giving substantial assurance at cost price, was not called upon to follow the scale of premiums set down by old-line companies, all of which exist primarily to make a profit out of insurances.

(2) Assurance will always be cheaper in a fraternal society than in an old-line company. These companies must charge higher premiums because of their higher cost of management.

(3) The elimination of the ordinary bonus which is directly charged for in advance by an excess payment in the premium, and the non-collection of other "loading" from which to pay a surrender value, are also cheapening inventions of the I.O.F.

(4) The surplus is increasing more rapidly to-day than ever before in our history.

These are four principal points from the latest I.O.F. advertisement which has come under THE BULLETIN'S notice, and for the good of the Australian public this paper points out the following facts in reply:—

(1) Such offices as the A.M.P., Marlborough Government Department, National Mutual, Colonial Mutual, Australian Widows' Fund, Mutual Life Association, City Mutual, and Temperance and General don't exist to make profit out of the insurances any more than the I.O.F. does. They are mutual institutions where all the profit goes to the insured.

(2) All these institutions are just as fraternal as the I.O.F. They don't howl so much about their fraternity, but the principle is all there.

(3) The I.O.F.'s costs of management in 1898 (balance-sheet for 1899 isn't yet to hand), according to balance-sheet published in the REVIEW for July, page 393, were £9 12s. per cent. on total income. This includes "costs of management" and "contingencies." Further, the insured has to pay "court dues" in addition to his premium, and when these are reckoned in with the expenses it really looks as if the I.O.F.'s expense rate varied from £11 12s. per cent. up to £40 per cent., according to the size of policy and age of member. And it charges entrance-fees in addition. The A.M.P.'s expense rate, at latest advices, was less than £9 10s. per cent. And this covers everything.

(4) The I.O.F. claims as one of its virtues "the elimination of the ordinary bonus." Yet the writer has before him documents in which it claims as one of its virtues that it hasn't eliminated the bonus. Yet it certainly hasn't paid any bonuses.

(5) The fact, so much bragged about, that it doesn't pay surrender values is one of the strongest possible objections to the I.O.F. How many thousands of people have fallen into poverty after maintaining their policies for many years and been quite unable to keep up their premiums, and but for the fact that the policies were kept alive out of the surrender value would not have had a copper to leave to their widows and orphans after all. The concern which boasts that its policies have no such reserve to keep them alive when the insurer falls on evil days has strange ideas of what constitutes excellence.

(6) And as regards the rapid increase of the I.O.F.'s "surplus," that office apparently, according to all the recognised rules of life assurance, has no surplus, but a stupendous deficit. But it seems to call all its funds surplus—just as the Bank of New South Wales might, if it pleased, call all its assets surplus, and say nothing of the millions of deposits owing by it to the public.

Some results in the matter of the Intercolonial Investment Land and Building Co. (Sydney), which closed its fifteenth year on 31st October, 1900:—

	Profits.	Dividends, &c.	Reserves at Each Date.
1891	£1,006		£6,287
1892	831	Written off .. £500	7,293
1893	1,822	Written off .. 1,000	8,446
1894	2,652	Written off .. 3,000	8,998
1895	6,085	Written off .. 1,000	10,983
1896	6,123	10 per cent. = 3,295	12,811
1897	4,916	8½ per cent. = 2,786	14,941
1898	4,235	7 per cent. = 2,325	16,851
1899	4,392	7 per cent. = 2,339	18,904

The reserves consist of reserve fund, £12,500; reserve for equalisation of dividends, £3500; and undivided profit balance, £2904; total, £18,940. Among them they equal more than half the capital. One of them, the equalisation of dividends reserve, should be abolished and lumped in with the general reserve fund. The Intercolonial Investment, Land and Building Co. can't require to draw on that reserve in order to keep up its present dividend unless profits drop about one-half, and by that time it is probable that something so bad will have happened to the co. that it will be advisable to keep all the reserves in hand to meet possible losses. The equalisation of dividends reserve is objectionable in every case, for this same reason. During the last nine years the Intercolonial has provided £5590 to cover depreciation, and added £12,617 to reserve fund, so it has £23,763 of assets, and its liabilities to depositors and all other creditors are only £17,417, so it trades almost entirely on its own funds, and occupies a very strong position.

N.S.W. Mining Laws: Warnford Lock, formerly manager of the Wentworth mines, is going to manage a mine at Johannesburg when the way is clear. He left N.S.W. with a sour taste in his mouth in re its mining laws. And no wonder, for they are bad enough. Lock describes them as a tangled mass of ambiguity and contradictions, admirably designed to encourage litigation. The labor conditions he sets down as the invention of Labor Parliaments to create an artificial demand for workmen. A N.S.W. mining tie, he says, is a mere legal fiction—a tenancy dependent upon unforeseen circumstances, and the goodwill or otherwise of an official whose ruling is final cannot by any stretch of fancy be deemed a title. The employer is at the mercy of his employees as the law doubtless intended he should be. They may quit work at any moment, denounce him for breach of the Labor Covenants of his lease and lay claim to the forfeited ground. But this is a somewhat extravagant view of the position. Most fine flute-players are fond of "variations."

Grassy Gully, N.S.W.: "The interim report is

satisfactory reading." All Grassy Gully literature is, but it doesn't pay dividends. Take the last as a sample. "Battery and concentrating plant ran 553 hours, crushing in four weeks 223 tons from the old dump, producing 6902 oz. of gold, realising £177 13s., besides 340wt. concentrates valued at £50 nett. Total mine-cost for the four weeks, £151 10s., giving a profit of £76 2s. 10d." Is nothing allowed for mining the 223 tons? If the 340wt. concentrates are worth £50 nett they should contain 100z. to the ton, which the writer doesn't believe—concentrates from 50wt. rock are not usually worth 100z. But that is not all. "The tailings average 5dwts. 14 grs. fine gold per ton, and the slimes 16dwts. per ton, containing a total estimate value of £260 16s. Out of the profits complete assay and cyanide plants have been purchased: the latter is to do 100 tons a week. Why, a plant like that might almost be sent by post. "Poppet-heads have been constructed in readiness for a winding plant, and the cost of these and all other mine works have been included in working expenses." The Grassy Gully mine looks very like a bad failure, but it is wonderful how hard little mining concerns die in N.S.W. They generally live for some time on newspaper suction alone. Accepting the return as correct, it confesses that the gold is only worth £3 per oz. and that the extraction is much less than 50 per cent.

Young Australia and Great Western Mines, Cobarr, N.S.W., have been placed under a working bond for £30,000 each. Some two years ago the Tharsis Co., working one of the world's few great permanent copper mines (in Spain), set aside a large sum of money with the object of acquiring a copper property elsewhere. So far they have not succeeded in getting one, but it is nevertheless a compliment to Cobarr that they should have taken a working bond on these two mines. Some time ago the Tharsis representative examined the Cobarr-Chesney, the price thereof being £200,000 cash with liabilities amounting to £10,000 at least. This was "tew" much. The Tharsis Co. has now the opportunity of securing two mines next to the Cobarr-Chesney on one side, and the Occidental on the other, for much less than a third of the money asked for the same, with an area of nearly 3000ft. on the line of reef, and in a gold and copper camp the like of which doesn't exist in any other part of N.S.W. If the continuation of the copper zone proved in the Chesney is equally established in the others there is no doubt the option will be exercised and the chances are altogether in favor of it. With such a consummation the era of working a gigantic "mother" lode with baby batteries and baby management will be over.

"O.B." on recent letter to THE BULLETIN re wages paid at Robinson and Rice's mine, Gundagai: "Rice (practical miner) manages property and pays wages according to the ability of miners, viz., 8s., 8s. 4d., and 9s. per day, but some useless men, calling themselves miners, have offered to work for less, pleading 'hard-up,' &c., and have got round the good-natured Rice to the extent of getting a couple of weeks' work to line their ribs; these have been paid-off at lower rates than above. Unless a miner is capable, he is not kept employed by Rice, who recognises the good man by paying more than the ruling rate of wages." By the way, the rich specimens lately found at the R. and R. mine have not yet been treated, but are still in the bank in Gundagai.

The underground movements in the B.H. Junction reported on Nov. 3 continue; and one of the two main shafts has since been thrown out of use. This interferes a good deal with haulage; but it does not seem at present as though the move will result in much, if any, loss of ore. Some time in the future, though, it looks as if this crippled co. will have to go to the very heavy expense of sinking another shaft.

B.H. Block 10 Co. issues first-rate reports, so ample and precise that one can sum up Broken Hill prospects better from them than from perhaps any others that are sent out. The co. has just had one of its best half-years since the famous kaolin pipe or "chimney" was exhausted. From £5740, made in the March-Sept. half of 1899, when the co. was first thrown wholly on its sulphide resources, profits have now climbed up to £51,747. The rise in the value of metals has put thousands into the co.'s bag. Lead, for instance, has gone from £12 to £17 6s. 9d. (the latter was last half-year's average—it is a trifle more now). So, as the mine turns out about 7000 tons of lead each half-year, the rise in the value of the metal alone means close upon £37,000 a half-year. The rest of the increased profit comes from the treatment of more ores; the better treatment of the ores has more or less counterbalanced a decline in the metallic value thereof. In the first half of '98 the mill treated 53,566 tons (before that a good deal of the stuff was sold crude); the profit was £20,546. Last half, 72,246 tons ore was treated for a profit of £51,747. In the beginning of '98 the profit was 7s. 7d. per ton of ore; last half it was 14s. 5d. per ton. But whereas the average value of the ore in the beginning of '98 was 16s. 8d. silver, 19.73 per cent. lead and 25.53 zinc, in last half-year it was 14s. 5d. silver, 14.23 per cent. lead and 18.55 per cent. zinc.

Block 10 sells most of its products delivered on the mine, and so it is impossible to tell from the co.'s figures precisely what a movement of £1 a ton for lead means to it. As nearly as can be ascertained, though, about 10 per cent. of lead is saved (= three-fourths of the total quantity); the ore, and at that rate every £1 rise means a gain of 2s., and the £5 rise which has taken place means 10s. gain per ton of ore. If lead were back at the figure at which it stood when sulphide treatment began—say, £12 a ton—there would still be an average profit of about 5s. per ton of ore; but that, as shown above, is about half-a-crown less than the profit that actually was made a few years back. It comes, then, to this: That the improvements in the process of treatment have not, in spite of a thousand vague statements to the contrary, fully counterbalanced the deterioration in the quality of the ore. In other words, the ore has become worse faster than the treating process has become better; and for its fat profits, compared with the lean ones made when sulphide treatment commenced, Block 10 has to thank the rise in the price of metals, coupled with an increase of about 50 per cent. in the output of ore. And what is the case at Block 10 is almost certainly the case all along the lode. It is a less rosy view of Broken Hill and of the work done there by the mechanical engineers during the past five years than is commonly presented; but it seems to be the right one.

So long as the prices of metals keep steady, Broken Hill profits are all right; for, judging by the value of the ore disclosed at the deep exploring levels, the quality is not likely to taper off very rapidly during the next few years. It is quite likely, in fact most likely, that improvements will fully counterbalance the deterioration. Everything, in that case, depends on prices. What they are likely to be the writer doesn't pretend to know. But a few things about the problem are knowable. The first is that the £12 basis of four or five years ago (of course it went even lower than that in the early "nineties") was not a fair basis. American silver legislation had boomed silver production, lead production had boomed with it. There wasn't anything to artificially prop lead as there was in connection with silver (though even the silver prop was a poor one), and with a supply a long way ahead of the demand down of course the price of lead toppled, and stayed there till stocks were reduced. It is quite likely, though, that the very low price artificially stimulated consumption; and in that case the chances are that, with the consumption slowly reduced through the high prices of the last year or two, these prices will presently weaken a trifle—and of course the increased production will work in the same direction. Also, most likely, both silver and lead have participated in the general temporary war-rise. But as against this latter put the fact that freights, coal, coke, stores, &c., are also higher from the same cause; considerably increasing working expenses for the time. It does not look as though profits were going to be any higher, but that, on the contrary, a reduction is possible. Of course,

when somebody comes along to tell the co.'s how to make profitable use of the 20 per cent. of zinc in the ore all the conjectures will have to be revised. But that somebody has not sent in his card yet.

The proposal before the N.S.W. Public Works Committee to build a line from Broken Hill to the S.A. border to compete with the Silverton Tramway Co. has been flattened out. All but two of the mining co.s refused to say a word in its favor; and the Broken Hill business people said they were satisfied. Probably they are; they no doubt pass on the extra expense (the co. pays about 50 per cent. annually on the first cost of building the line) to their customers. In fact, when, some time ago, the co. reduced the freight on certain lines, some of the merchants protested that the reduction was too big to be announced all at once—if it had been split up, they would have been able to escape sharing it with their customers! Besides, the mining co.s are tied to the co. till 1904; and they supply three-fourths of the business.

All work stopped again at Lake George Mines. So that it apparently doesn't pay to cyanide the gossan. But then the L.G.M. is such a liar of a concern.

"Moses Moss" (London TRUTH): "Were it not for the weakness of Hannan's Brownhill shares the W.A. market would doubtless have displayed greater strength during the past week. There is no particular reason why the experience of Hannan's Brownhill should regulate the prices of other high-class mines, as the former mine is in quite an exceptional position, and has nothing in common with the Lake View Consols, Ivanhoe, Great Boulder, Perseverance, etc., and yet only a few weeks previously this boomster topped Hannan's Brownhill shares, which were then over £8, to go to over £12; and now that they are about half their then value, instead of apologising for his ignorance or lying, he says they have nothing in common with the other mines—a gentle insinuation that the mine is outside of the Golden Mile.

Brownhill: "The recent collapse of several of the slopes in this mine has led to the discharge of many hands. The management has also determined on a policy of strict economy until the results of the prospecting work now being carried on in the lower levels are known. This has induced them to dispense with the services of nearly all the surface hands and to close down the mill for some time." By-the-way, does anybody remember what the writer said of this mine months ago—not that he cares much whether they do or not. Nobody else said anything anyhow.

Mr. F. W. Payne, consulting engineer to the Kia Ora Gold Dredging Co., Ltd., N.Z., has placed an order with the Austral Otis Engineering Co., South Melbourne, for all the dredging and gold saving and tailings-elevating machinery for a complete bucket gold dredging plant. This is one of a large number of plants in course of construction by the Otis Co.*

THE AUSTRALASIAN INSURANCE AND BANKING RECORD of 19th October, 1900, writes regarding the Colonial Mutual Life Assurance Society, Limited: "The Society can justifiably point to the adequacy of its resources, which are of a magnitude and a character to command the fullest confidence."

Ward off influenza by taking ROW'S QUININE BITTERS. Sold by all Hotels and Chemists.

If you want to borrow money, go to N.S.W. Mont de Piete Co., Ltd., 74 Castlereagh-street, 74, Eustace Bennett, Manager.*

Cyanide, caustic soda, chloride of lime, and all mining and assay chemicals and apparatus, can be obtained of Felton, Grimwade and Co., Melbourne, who have issued a very handsome illustrated catalogue of all mining requisites, price 1s. 3d. post free.

Messrs. Plummer Love and Co., 249 George-street, Sydney, are large suppliers of all mining requisites. They are sole agents here for the following: "British" brand of explosives, detonators and fuse; also for the Taylor Horsfield Improved National Rock Drills, Air Compressors, etc., etc.*

Since the start of the Broken Hill Proprietary's new 5000-ton mill, most of the Barrier mines have been engaged in remodelling their concentrating plants on up-to-date lines, and wisely show a preference for machines which have proved most successful on the difficult fines and slimes. The machines that can claim this distinction are the "Luhrig" Vanners, as supplied by Messrs. W. & J. Lempiere, of Melbourne. The South's new mill will include a dozen or so, and the Junction Co. has also decided to erect a number of Luhrig Vanners as an important adjunct to its large plant. Other mines would do well to follow this good example.*

A representative of the firm of Gilfillan and McCreery, Mining Engineers, Stock Exchange Buildings, Melbourne, will shortly leave for London to attend to the flotation of several important mining properties. Mine owners who desire flotation are requested to furnish particulars at once.*

Norman Godkin, of 31 Queen-street, Melbourne, is prepared to purchase or develop, with option of purchase, "big prospecting shows" (either gold or mineral) in any part of Australia. Properties offered must be subject to inspection. Cable address: "Option," Melbourne.*

Mr. Melphan Ferguson, Engineer, Ironfounder, &c., of Melbourne, Adelaide, and Perth, reports that the great demand for spiral riveted pipes has necessitated the increase of manufacturing facilities at his Footscray works, and he is now in a position to supply orders at very short notice, for all sizes of pipes from six to twenty inches in diameter, with either patent cast-iron bolted joints, flanged joints or the ordinary spigot and faucet lead joints. Mr. Ferguson also manufactures boilers, pumps, fluming, patent Nellyanbo earth-scoops or tank-cleaners, rabbit exterminators, refrigerators, ice-making machinery, bolts, nuts, forgings, and all sorts of iron-work.*

Urinary troubles speedily relieved By taking ROW'S BICRET BITTERS. To be obtained at Hotels and Chemists.

Paringa Consolidated, Kalgoorlie. "The vertical bore operating from the surface of the lease, close to the Northern Associated boundary, is 1100ft., and is to be withdrawn, nothing of value having been intersected." The shares, too, have dropped 25 per cent., and they can afford to drop another 25 per cent., and then be 25 per cent. more than they are worth. It is a side-on block in the vicinity of other side-on blocks, all of which have been prospected to an extent unwarranted by their position and more than would have been done by any other part of Australasia. It was only done out here because the owners of those side-on blocks had more money than brains.

(Continued on page 25.)

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To avoid accidents, whatever mercy is to be extended by N.S.W. Govt. to prisoners in celebration of the inauguration of the Commonwealth, should be doled out when the festivities are well over. All the spicers and magsmen of Australia, with a few cargoes from elsewhere, will be in Sydney early in January for the great spree; and as Sydney has plenty of "guns" of her own it would be just as well if instead of convicts being released on an extreme scale, the police looked up as many "undesirable" characters as possible.

Gov. Tennyson's prayer for Federated Australia (wired all over Australia to the daily press) is a mere topical production. "We glorify Thee that Thou hast been pleased in Thy Providence to unite Australia in the bonds of brotherly love, and in one Commonwealth under our Most Gracious Sovereign Lady Queen Victoria" reads as though the prayer-maker wanted to share the glorification equally between God and the lady whose name happens somehow or other to be associated with Australian unity. Also, it would have been pretty cheeky for the Governor to jump the local Bishop's claim as boss prayer-maker to his church were it not an accepted fact that a supplication composed by a real hereditary lord always finds more favor at the Throne of Eternal Grace than any petition formulated by a mere jumped-up prelate.

The proposal to land the Governor-General at Sydney in a state barge has been set aside. What is to become of that barge?

Absurdity could hardly go much further than the proposal that the Duke of York, after practically voyaging to Australia in a liner, should, upon nearing Sydney, transfer himself to a war-ship, put on a uniform, assume command of the accompanying squadron, and dawn upon dazzled Australian eyes in full naval set-out. Royalty doubtless exists upon shams, but surely there would be about such a grotesque arrangement a little too much of the limelight and trap-door business for even those foolish folk who are preparing to read something romantic and heroic between the commonplace lines of poor harmless little York.

What a Colossal Goat N.S.W. Premier Lyne will make of himself if he allows the sludgy aldermanic soul to get its vulgar aspirations embodied in the Commonwealth celebrations! But, when Botany Alderman Dacey re-

tain Cook and his companions, while the front lorry carried the shore scene of the blacks in an attitude of hostility—even Long Bill was staggered, and faltered forth the word "burlesque!" Whereupon Dacey complacently assured him that he (Dacey) was "altogether opposed to anything of a grotesque nature." But, as Dacey and his like obviously don't know the grotesque when they see it, the smaller finger they have in the pie the less will the celebration proceedings partake of the "fantastic tricks before high heaven" that constitute the aldermanic notion of what is due to a great occasion.

Sydney society, unfortunately backed up by prominent politicians who should know better, is developing the idea that Gov.-General Hopetoun will hold the rank of Viceroy. The same class of people frequently tried to persuade themselves that ordinary Governors were Viceroy, and almost persuaded one or two Governors that they were so. But there is nothing more certain than that Hopetoun will no more be a Viceroy than any of the Governors of the States. He will have no Sovereign power. He will not even represent the Sovereign generally. His power will be limited by the terms of his commission, and it will be within the power of the courts to determine whether an act of power done by him is within the limits of his authority. Gov. Denison, and other local Governors, laughed at Sydney society leaders for persisting in treating them as Viceroy, but some Governors liked it.

The admission by ticket to see Jimmy Governor tried at Darlinghurst last week proves that the ghoulish strain still lives. As far back as records go Sydney courts have been too small to accommodate the crowds anxious to gaze on atrocious scoundrels at their last appearance before Judge and jury. The more atrocious the scoundrel, the fiercer the crush. Several took a double lunch with them to Jimmy's entertainment, thinking it possible the Judge might sit on into the night, as N.S.W. Judges have done in murder cases before. John Knatchbull was the first person tried in the then new court in which Jimmy Governor appeared the other day, and Jimmy's crowd looked something the same as Knatchbull's. The females, now munching sweets, now whispering and nudging comments, were especially like those that watched the trial of nobleman Knatchbull, the murderer of Mrs. Jamieson, in 1844.

"THE ETERNAL SMILE."

This is a woman's fate, to be for ever smiling,
To hide grief's cruel sign in that sweet line
Of cheek and lip, so dimpling and beguiling.

Ah, few have learned to hear 'mid silver laughter
The strangled sobs that rise; when glow bright
Eyes.

Few guess the storm of tears that follows after.

But he who knows our heart, its tender mystery,
Sees in its strife the subtlest tragedy of life,
And in a woman's smile can read her history.

AIRLIE.

"Been There" to THE BULLETIN:—

With regard to the drink-cure nostrum now being somewhat boomed in Melbourne, the hopelessly erroneous view generally taken of the matter is well exemplified in the AGE's recent assertion that some of the treated persons have now "not only got over their liking for drink, but have even acquired a revulsion for the smell or even the thought of alcoholic liquor."

Now, in many of the worst cases of alcoholism—so far from there being any "liking" for alcohol in itself—there exists precisely the intense revulsion referred to. Speaking—unfortunately—from an extended personal experience, I can say that I have often (for the sake of the nerve stimulant) forced alcohol down in spite of the most soul-sickening systemic repugnance—the stomach at times having rejected several slowly successive "whiskies" before one would make good its ground and I would begin to feel like a human being again. It makes the thousands of similarly-tortured alcoholists smile pitifully when they hear their weakness referred to as a "love of liquor," or even as a "brutal appetite"—in itself a brutal misapprehension of the facts.



SAVING HIM TROUBLE.

"Well, I never thought he'd make his mind up to marry her."

"He didn't. She made her mind up to marry him!"

cently proposed that a feature of the big procession should be a representation of the landing of Captain Cook at Botany "by means of two lorries drawn by one team of horses, the back lorry to carry the boat containing men representing Cap-

tain Cook and his companions, while the front lorry carried the shore scene of the blacks in an attitude of hostility—even Long Bill was staggered, and faltered forth the word "burlesque!" Whereupon Dacey complacently assured him that he (Dacey) was "altogether opposed to anything of a grotesque nature." But, as Dacey and his like obviously don't know the grotesque when they see it, the smaller finger they have in the pie the less will the celebration proceedings partake of the "fantastic tricks before high heaven" that constitute the aldermanic notion of what is due to a great occasion.



HIS EXCUSE.

"Milkman, you're no less than an hour late this morning. What's happened?"

"Well, mum, I went and got married yesterday."

N.S.W. State Governor's official residence has been appropriately fixed in the Colonial Secretary's establishment in Macquarie-street. That has been practically the official residence of N.S.W. Premiers for years back. Parkes slept there most nights of his Premiership, Alexander Stuart was nursed there by Dalley, and Dibbs, Jennings, and Reid patronised its bedsteads. Dalley used to allege that the huge bedstead bought at State expense by the luxurious Parkes for his room cost £400.

The council of N.S.W. Public Service Association has disappointed most of its members through its lack of success in agitating for large reforms in the interests of public servants. At last meeting of the council a long and earnest discussion was held as to whether it was more advisable to sweep out the Govt. offices with tea-leaves or with sawdust. After a close fight the sawdust men carried the day, and a communication is to be respectfully made in the proper way through the proper channel, requesting that this important reform be at once instituted.

Last Victorian general election brought out some curious candidates. One big man, standing for a very important constituency, paid a newspaper for a big space in which to set forth his views, and accordingly a reporter was sent along to his office for an interview. After waiting the best part of an hour, the scribe was ushered into the presence of the great man, and made known his business. "Hum," said the candidate, "you want my views for the article. Well, I think you had better see Mr. Blank." A touch on a bell-push brought a mild clerk into the office. "Mr. Blank," said the prospective M.L.A., "this gentleman wants my views on politics—kindly give them to him. I am too busy just now."

A married woman giving evidence last week at a Melbourne police court calmly deposed that she was a mother before she was 13—several years before her proud hubby led her to the altar. The journal which chronicled the fact devoted half-a-column to sympathetic flapdoodle about the Chinese Inland Mission.

Cockburn, the S.A. terminal station on the Broken Hill line, formed the usual rifle-club a few months back, and got the usual reply from Govt. that the latter had not got the weapons for it to play soldiers with.

Thereupon Cockburn snorted and the new rifle-club held a meeting. Somebody proposed that as S.A. was so desperately hard-up as to be unable to hand out rifles all round, poor old Roberts in S' Africa be worried for a dozen or two captured Mausers. An amendment that the compliments of Cockburn be sent to Botha with the request for a dozen captured British rifles was moved and seconded, but the president ruled it out with scorn, and "Bobs" alone got the commission. Apparently, too, he has been struck by Cockburn's cheek; for he has replied that if he can manage it the Mausers shall be sent along.

Dear BULLETIN.—I am employed in a wood-and-coal-yard in a Sydney suburb and the following are my working hours—5 a.m. to 7 a.m., 7.30 to 12.30, 1 to 6.30, then 3 or 4 hours over the books. I get neither weekly half, nor a y other, holiday; and, as I live on the premises, the boss generally contrives to find me also a few hours' work on Sunday. All for 9s. a week and "found" (in food and bed). Now where does the early-closing racket come in here? Also what about sweating?—F.C.S.

Cabled last week that Louis Botha had founded a new Boer Republic at Roosenka, within 200 miles of Pretoria, and that a force of 1000 Boers under De la Rey were "displaying activity" 47 miles north of Kimberley. Also that a British convoy had been attacked at Vryheid, near Natal frontier. And yet we have people proposing another Australian Drunk in celebration of Peace in S' Africa.

The old fig-tree in the Corso is one of the charms of Manly. It doesn't hurt anybody; yet some vandals propose to cut it down, although it would come in handy some of these days to hang the aldermen on. It would accommodate the lot at once—in fact, to quote Alfred Stephen's first father-in-law, quite a large number of male-factors could die comfortably at the same time of that tree.



WOMEN DON'T REASON.

SHE: "There! I told you you'd get a cold sitting out on that damp lawn."

HE: "But, my dear, the cold's id me 'ead."

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Name of nearest agent post free on application to M. RUTRY & CO., Sydney.

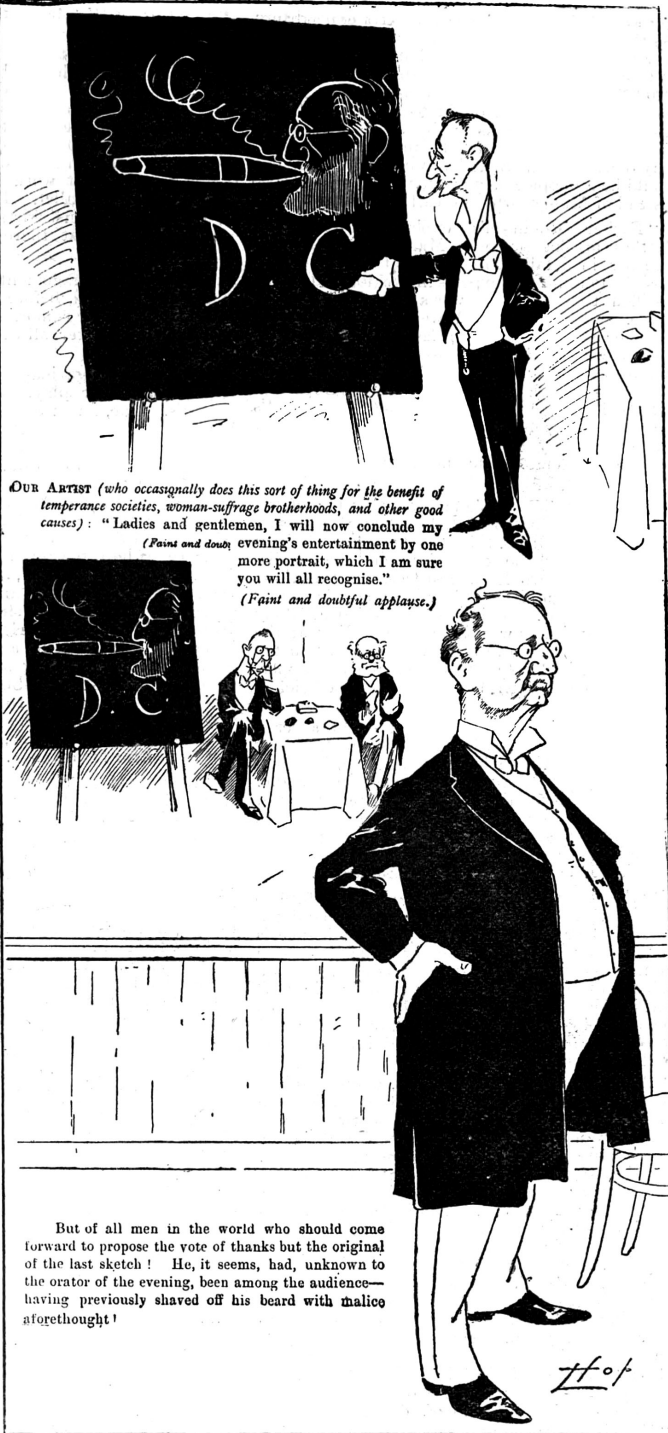
"Diogenes" to THE BULLETIN on "tipping" :—

In several Sydney restaurants, mainly those where foreign waiters are employed, the European custom of "tipping" is gradually being introduced. The waiter hovers round you, smiles sweetly, consults you with impressive fust, and makes believe that he is conferring a great favor on you. Then he gives you a bill and faws on you while you pay—or splits up half-a-crown into sixpences—and scowls when you don't take notice of his hints. In Europe tipping has led to the most abject sweating. In London some waiters get no wages—they have to pay considerable sums per week for the privilege of levying this blackmail upon the customer. At GATTI'S, or any big London restaurant, or DUVAL'S in Paris, the waiter will ask you for his tip if you should forget to give it. If you don't tip there is a complete ostracism by the servants. They take your order with punctilious politeness and then forget to execute it. You complain to the manager, but you get no satisfaction—and eventually you cave in. The Paris cabman asks for his fare first and then demands his "pourboire." If you don't give it there is a row, and sympathy is against you. In N.S.W. the railway porters regularly look for tips; also sleeping-car attendants, guards, &c. Ditto in Victoria. This will lead eventually to reduction of wages—as it has in Europe—a competition for places where tips are given, and premiums afterwards paid as a matter of course by servants who want to put themselves in the way of tips. Australians should sit down heavily on the introduction of this wretched European custom. A tip is twice cursed. It curseth him who gives and him who receives. Here, indeed, the receiver is worse than the thief. The Railway Commissioners should instantly dismiss any man caught taking a tip; and the "Johnnies" who show their travelled ways by giving tips to railway men should be fined heavily. The London County Council is the first public body in Europe that has made a stand against tipping, and has dismissed employees found accepting tips—or rather, to give them their true names, "bribes," "blackmail," or "charity." Here our Railway Commissioners should do the same.

Three Richmond (Melb.) J's.P. last week sent to gaol for six months a young woman, *en-vinte*, for stealing two pairs of shoes. This is the same awful bench which fines the push-leader 10s. and the brutal assaulter 20s. or 3 days. Of course the sacred rights of Property must be protected, even at the expense of criminally branding an unborn baby. All the J's.P. are councillors and in business.

The Victorian beak—who habitually lets off cowardly assaulters and ruffianly wife-beaters with a nominal fine—evens-up matters by falling with great tonnage upon occasional delinquents. A youth, whose love-letters showed his mind to be temporarily unhinged, was before Ballarat bench last week for presenting a revolver at his lady-love's head, and though a medico deposed that, while not actually insane, he was a fit subject for detention and observation, a discerning bench sentenced him to two years' hard labor!

You mustn't even whisper "Bonfires" in S.A. just now. During the Mafeking Drunk, when day by day the cable-liar was sweeping the last disorderly remnants of the Boer army off the earth, and when Barnum Powell was still a hero and Mafeking no wretched fake, S.A. decided to have a further great and glorious time on the Declaration of Peace. It did not strike the hysterical State that if it believed in what it screeched there would be no more need to declare peace than there is for a cat to declare peace with the mouse after it has swallowed the last of its little victim's tail; nothing, in fact, struck the State—it was simply in the mood to get drunk on hop-beer, and bash its neighbor's hat, and hug its neighbor's daughter, and make a hideous row. For a start, it formed a "national committee," upon which the Govt. smiled approvingly, and built bonfires in the most conspicuous places, and prepared medals for a few thousand children, and laid in large stocks of crackers, and constructed numerous effigies of 80-year-old Kruger to dance round. And now, having for the most part recovered its sanity, it looks and feels as foolish as a grown man reasonably might who is discovered with a cracker-squib in one hand and



A "LIGHTNING SKETCH."

the effigy of an old man—old enough to be his grandfather—in the other. The crackers he can throw away, and the effigies he can use up in his garden; it's the bonfires that he is at his wits' ends to know what to do with.

Henry Styche, of Christchurch (M.L.) was found guilty last week and sentenced to seven years' gaol, though an appeal is under way. Styche was the gentleman accused of persistently offering a doctor £200 by anonymous letter if he would murder Mrs. Styche. The doctor, if he felt inclined to murder anybody for £200, was to signify by advertising for a dog-cart, and in order to "string on" the anonymous one he expressed his craving accordingly. Mrs. Styche's name wasn't mentioned directly in any of the letters, and Styche didn't personally offer to sell a dog-cart to the doctor, and he never opened any direct communication about the necessity for taking-off Mrs. Styche. So far as the preliminary investigation went the Styches seemed to be a happy pair with no other woman on the horizon. It was a shadowy case all through, with a crippled type-writing machine as chief witness, and it was further complicated by the fact that Mrs. Styche went temporarily mad after her husband's arrest. Direct evidence was nil, and the circumstantial evidence was even more foggy and circumlocutory than usual—something like a mental sea-serpent by moonlight, so to speak.

A BULLETIN correspondent sends this remarkable story :—

On Sunday morning, 11th instant, a man (whose name is said to be Deagan) was shot in the store of a Mrs. Wardrobe at Pictou, N.S.W. The story goes that the man was taken to be a burglar, and as he would not come out of the place when challenged by a couple of constables he was fired at—by some one else—and hit. Some peculiar features about this bombardment make still more curious what happened later. About three days later Deagan was taken from the gaol hospital, Paramatta, to the Paramatta District Hospital, and there his arm was removed in the presence of five or six doctors. Gangrene had spread upwards to the shoulder, which had to be cut through; and the lower part of the unfortunate man's arm was *alive*. The forearm was being eaten away, the wound having been "blown"; and for a couple of inches from the elbow upwards the flesh was black; from there on to the shoulder, green. Who is responsible for this? Will the head of the proper dept. have a report made, and the above statements contradicted (if possible)!

The murder of Hugh Lavery at Beulah (Vic.), presumably by Charles Gluck, promises to be about the most difficult case met with this year, unless an off-hand jury gets out of the scientific difficulty by hanging Gluck in a general sort of way. Lavery hired Gluck—apparently almost a stranger—to work on his farm, and 24 hours after the commencement of the engagement Gluck apparently butchered Lavery in the dead of night with an axe and a razor—Gluck's own axe and razor. The accused gave himself up. His story is simply that he woke up to find himself lying on the floor in Lavery's room, beside the bed on which lay Lavery's dead body, with the blood-stained axe and razor near him. Presumably he was walking in his sleep when he did the crime. There was no visible motive and no attempt at plunder. Nobody can prove that Gluck wasn't walking in his sleep when he killed Lavery—if he did kill Lavery, though nobody can prove that either, and Gluck's confession doesn't cover that point. A drama could be written about the wholly-unsuspected third person—man or woman—who sneaked into the house, or who lived on the premises and simply sneaked about the house, and killed Lavery with Gluck's property! Then the somnambulist, troubled by the noise, wandered around in his dreams till he settled down to sleep again on the floor of the other man's bedroom and found himself in gruesome company in the morning! Gluck is to be tried at Ballarat on 10th Dec. If some dramatic co. went to Ballarat and played the "Silver King" persistently before all the possible jurymen it might save his life; in that drama Wilfred Denver also wakes up to find himself beside a dead body, and reckons that Geoffrey Ware's remains are on his head. If nobody plays "Silver King" at Ballarat between this and the 10th, Gluck's chances probably don't amount to much.

The cable-board outside S.M. HERALD office in King-st., Sydney, read as follows on 22nd Nov. :—

THE WAR.

LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY ALL-NIGHT SITTING.

The Leg. Assembly sat all night, discussing the Women's Franchise Bill. The second reading agreed to by 52 to 20. The Bill passed through committee. Many a true word printed by mistake.

There are now nearly a dozen persons in Victoria awaiting trial for murder or manslaughter, and within the last month over a score of such have come before the local courts. The Contingent blood-drunk.

Coroner Candler remarked, in Melbourne's other day, that the police should receive instructions in midwifery.

This *apropos* a confinement that took place in the University Gardens. There were a married woman, a constable, and several men and boys about, but nobody seems to have paid any attention to the usual outcome of such an occurrence, which promptly died. If Melbourne ladies continue as sudden and casual as heretofore there will presently be an accouchement in the middle of the Block or on Parliament House steps.

At a meeting of Grafton (N.S. Wales) branch of the W.C.T.U., a Bellingham River clergyman, in dealing with the attitude of the churches to the temperance movement, named a certain ecclesiastic who, after the offertory was received at a Sunday night service, came out of the church, and addressing a few of his friends said, "Well, boys, let us go and stoush this." And away they went to a pub. near by and liquidated the collection—as an antidote, doubtless, to the dry sermon. And not content with giving the name of the thirsty sky-pilot, the speaker added his address—so that he can be called on and his nose inspected in search of corroborations.

Ingratitude, thy name is Jingo! Cabled that a lot of the Australian "Empire-builders" are snorting at the prospect of being sent home steered from S.Africa. And "one Callaghan, of N.S.W., a man of much language, sends from Machadodorp to Sydney D.T. a blithering yowl of disgust over the brutal fact that he and the 300 or 400 other warriors of his particular crowd are not *all* to be invited to England for a holiday at the expense of the British public.

Concerning various suggestions and complaints as to the treatment of the Australians who volunteered for S.Africa, THE BULLETIN is of opinion that every Australian warrior who helped to "save the Empire" should be treated liberally. As thus :—

(1) A free first-class mail-boat passage to England and back, and have his board-bill paid for at least one year at the Hotel Cecil or Savoy; wine-money to be allowed each man at not over £5 daily, cab-bills not to exceed £2 daily. Also, tailors' accounts up to £250 each to be paid by Government.

(2) Each man on his return to Australia to be given the deeds of 600 acres agricultural land, chosen by himself; when any warrior selects land which is already private property, same to be resumed and paid for by the State.

(3) Every such returned hero to be given for life a Treasury pension of £300 a year, continuable to his widow; at death to be given a public funeral and a statue.

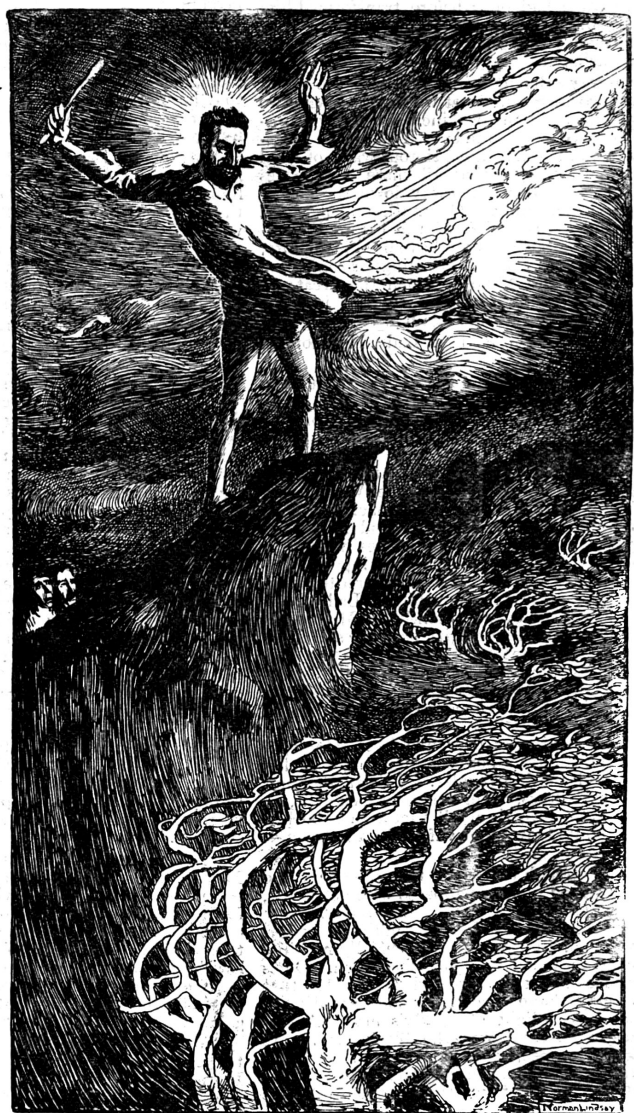
(4) The city footpaths to be kept for the exclusive use of returned swaddies, the rest of the population to walk in the gutter.

The above would be about a fair thing, especially considering that so many of the battlers for J. Chamberlain, Rhodes, and Co. gave up good positions at the stern call of Duty. Many of them—perhaps the best of the real Bushmen—were enjoying as much as 15s. to 20s. per week, with a bit of stag mutton, a pinch or two of tea, some black sugar, and quite a lot of flour thrown in. And yet they gave it *all* up to fight for the Empire at 5s. a day, free tucker, free passages, medals, the prospects of African police-billetts, Boer farms, glory, loot, and trimmings. Let us be grateful.

In this connection it is interesting to note that the political Labor brigade is beginning to kick against the official instructions that returned soldiers are to have preference over civilians in applications for Govt. work. And no wonder.

According to a M.L. contingent officer, who evidently thinks the matter a huge joke, one of the "heroes on the field and gentlemen everywhere" commandeered some goods from an old Dutch woman who could not read English, and gave her this receipt :—

Give this old Dutch woman 100 of the best lashes, in payment for goods received, approved of, and consumed. (Signed) Beelzebub, Officer Commanding Satan's Light Horse.



A conspicuous Melbourne musician and several small literary and artistic familiars went up into the mountains once for rest and change, and to commune with nature, à la Thoreau. On the second night a tremendous storm struck the ridge, and it thundered and lightninged as if all trechna had split. Then the conspicuous musician arose from his bunk, where he had been prozing rapturously about Wagner, and strode forth into the darkness and the racket of dismembered Nature, and when his friends followed they found him standing out on a jutting rock, dressed in nothing much, with a nimbus round his head, and a stick in his hand, conducting the thunderstorm!—Recent BULLETIN paragraph.

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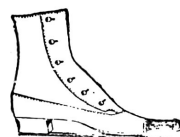
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A WOMAN'S LETTER.

Sydney, November 27, 1900.

MY DEAR MYER.—

It seems that our Acting-Governor is one of the few people who are not going to sell their immortal souls for seats at the Commonwealth shows. Ill-health is taking Lady Darley, accompanied by flaxen-haired Miss Kitty, away to England on December 1st, in the midst of the festive preparations, by the India. Janet Lady Clarke and her three daughters travel with them. Invitations are out for a garden-party at Government House to-day, Tuesday, by way of farewell to the feminine part of the Darley household. Miss Sylvia, you will remember, left with Lady Susan Gilmour some months ago.

Re the same garden-party. Potts Point begins to feel itself again, for Lady Darley's invitations have gone out in the time-honored old white-and-gold fashion, with never a suspicion of presenting anything at any gate whatsoever.

By the way, I am told that our coming Admiral—Lewis Beaumont—is endowed with a highly-popular wife. At Vancouver, where the Beaumonts were lately stationed, they were much liked. Mrs. Beaumont is said to be a particularly charming woman, young, smart, energetic, and a favorite with all classes over there in Victoria. Our last Admiral was too heavily weighted with hubby's precedence to make any popularity in Sydney.

Appropos of the celebration, magnified stories are floating round. A balcony in Macquarie-street is "known" to have fetched £400. Personally, I have not discovered anyone who will own up to paying more than a guinea per seat. The £400 story is evidently a ruse to send up prices.

A Sydney woman, however, is running a highly successful spec. Even business men are watching enviously. She bought up a big city corner for six hundred pounds some time ago. She erects a stand, and sells her seats at a guinea. Already her outlay is back in her pocket, and the seats are selling away merrily. I believe she intends to run a cool-drink booth under the stand, whereas she reckons to coin money in glittering heaps when the crush begins to warm-up.

But what a blow to all this gaud and glitter if our ailing Governor-General has to be carried in on a shutter, and put to bed before the eyes of the Four Hundred Thousand, not counting us, ourselves, if there is any "us" after Federation.

You can imagine how carefully everyone is watching the news of poor Hopley's health. In fact, already, a dissonant whisper is making itself heard that he wouldn't have taken the appointment but that his health wanted patching, and that Australia had once before transformed him so successfully from a nervous youth, fainting after one afternoon's pump-handling, into a hardened-looking bushman.

By the way, the first instalment of the G.G. suite arrived in Sydney last week—15 horses, two ponies, and some fine dogs, including Lady Hopley's beloved dachshunds. You may, legitimately, think it reads like a riotous waste of good relics, when I tell you that all those horse-boxes and dog-fittings were taken way down the harbor and burned to nothing. Quarantine regulations! All the same, just think of the inspired jewel-cases those dog-boxes might have been made into, and sold to country people yearning for something to take home and "show" when the great red burst is over, and life begins to turn into the average drab material once again.

And now comes news that Lady Hopley is suffering from fever.

Annie Swan's magazine has an article on Lady Hopley in last issue. It says: "The Hopleys were juvenile enough whilst in Victoria to be always up to pranks, but their pranks were always innocent ones." Mark the saving clause, "innocent." If it were not for that, the fiercely-perceptive British readers of the WOMAN AT HOME would leapfrog to the conclusion that Hersey and Adrian Louis went round Melbourne by night playing Cheerful Cherokees, wrenching off knockers, shifting gate-posts, hiring hansom and slipping out unknown to the driver after lighting a bundle of straw in the vehicle. Lady Hopley never played even a pranklet in Melbourne. I doubt if, even as a schoolgirl, she ever slid down a banister. She was most reserved to the Victorians, and sustained her aloofness to the end of her term. But Mrs. Over-The-Teacups Swan is right in saying that her face is very attractive and her carriage commanding. Lady Hopley must be eight or nine inches over five feet. Her eyes are fine and dark, her complexion good, her features and teeth irregular. I hear she now knows how to dress. Her taste, or lack of it, in clothes was the despair of all Victorian suburbia, that wanted its Governor's wife to be a finger-post to fashion.

Painfully enough there was, to quote one of the papers, "a good house," peppered with petticoats, at Jimmy Governor's trial. As black Jimmy moistened his lips with a pannikin of water, various women in Court were cheerfully nibbling the lunches they had brought with them. One's only excuse for this diseased interest is that women may have been considering Jimmy Governor in the light of a lady's man. A too-enthusiastic husband was the black man. He began knocking people down for alluding to his wife as a baggage, married to a blackfellow, and, as civilisation so soon takes that out of the male animal, the lunch-eaters may be forgiven for taking such long looks at the sort of hero they understood but rarely, rarely met.

At a Sydney police-court, the other day, according to a story told without comment in the daily

press, a young German was charged with the theft of a watch-chain which his Sydney sweetheart had—she alleged—only lent to him. The object of the charge, however, was obviously merely to press the accused into marrying the prosecutrix; and, though there was no evidence of felonious intent, it was put to the accused, through the Government interpreter, that he'd have to choose between the "knot" and the "jug." He naturally enough chose the former, and the pair were duly hitched up within the precincts of the court. Now, if the young man was not guilty, the court lent itself to a conspiracy to bluff him into a marriage against his will, while, if he was guilty, the court was simply condoning a felony. And, in any case, what are the chances of happiness from such a union?

Florence Schmidt's success in London is delighting many Sydney friends, who have been anxiously anticipating news like this ever since the warm-haired soprano, with the bright, round face, went home with the Stefanis two years ago. Her very successful debut is described by London critics as "the most interesting vocal event of the evening," although she was singing on a concert platform alongside Pato, the Spanish tenor who drove London wild with delight quite lately. The songstress was frocked in rose-pink. That's the only color anyone with auriculous tresses and an artist eye can clothe herself in nowadays. She wore it—the color, not the raiment—at her last concert in Sydney, and declared her intention of making a London debut in that shade.

An Australian Art Union worth following is being run by the Society of Artists. Subscriptions, half-a-guinea. All the prizes are Australian artists' work, and include the Presentation Plates from typically Australian pictures, Longstaff's portrait of the Chief Justice, a new picture by Sid. Long called "A Frosty Sunrise," and Lambert's Gallery success, "Across the Black Soil Plains," a truly Horsetrailian picture that ought to delight hundreds of way-back homes.

Do you notice that artists are working up a fashion of taking their pictures into other provinces and holding exhibitions out of sight of too familiar faces? Mr. Tom Roberts ran a one-man show in Melbourne lately. And now Mr. C. Phillips Fox, a Melbourne artist well-known to us by his charming portraits of children, has issued dark-brown cards to a private view in the Society of Artists' rooms, beginning next Saturday and running into three days next week. This will be the public's last chance of seeing and acquiring Mr. Fox's work before he leaves for England.

Another artist who is about to seek fresh fields is little Alfred Coffey, of the Art Society. A farewell dinner was given him last week with Mr. John Hughes, M.L.C., in the chair and members of every profession round the table to wish him good luck.

Marie Corelli's press-abusers are all male, yet her staunchest admirers are men—many men. Premier Lyne doesn't consider her an unmitigated atom, and a few years ago ex-Premier Dibbs said that he would rather meet Marie than any other famous woman. He considered her the foremost living writer. Which only shows you!

A catalogue issued by the Modern Art Jewellery Company, of Pitt-street, has a tinted moonlight-blue cover, with indigo lettering, and within the 50 pages you'll find illustrations of all you value, from a tiny gold pig-charm or jewelled collar-stud to Baden-Powell and Roberts highly decorated. All new things in the way of rings, bracelets and walking-sticks are here; also, a fine supply of Shakespearean texts.

Writes my Melbourne correspondent:—

"People are wondering whether the new Government will turn nasty concerning the Shiny Knight's refusal to budge from Govt. House. When the order was given for a gorgeous re-decoration, &c., of the big barn on the hill the late Govt. called upon the Crown figurehead (in a polite whisper) to vacate the premises, whereat 'Pa' let them know he intended to stand on his rights and remain in possession until Govt.-General Hopley came along. Up to now the Maddens have refused to retire before the invading white-washers, despite official protests. They occupy one portion of the rent-free domicile whilst the other rooms are being "done-up," and they intend, seemingly, to spread themselves over the refurbished part of Pa's residence when the paint-pots are dumped down in their present apartments. To Premier M'Lean's remonstrances his Waxellency replied that he couldn't conveniently move from the place of vice-regal residence, even if he hadn't decided to stop there as long as possible. He has sold his house at Frankston, and let his house at St. Kilda for some months. He didn't ask the Govt. to beautify his lawful home on Yarra bank, but seeing that the workmen have been put in, he intends to put up with them, and will accept the smell of varnish as an odour of sanctity.

"Lawyer Sam Gillott has started his career as Mayor of Melbourne without much flourish of trumpets. Samuel is reserving his cash strength for the Federal Parliament outbreak, when he will endeavor to outshine predecessor M'Eacharn for the edification of the Dook o' York. Meanwhile the lavish Mac. holds several records in civic extravaganzas. For one thing there was the £500, or so, expended on menu-cards at the big banquet he gave to the Federal Conference delegates.

"We now know what a title is considered to be worth, in actual cash, to a wealthy man. It was proposed in Melbourne City Council that Mayor Gillott's allowance be increased from £1500 to £3000 on account of the exceptional amount of entertaining he would have to do during the year. He declined the increase. One of his brother-councillors thereupon unblushingly blurted out that Gillott looked upon the honors he expected to

get as sufficient to balance the extra expenditure. So that a knighthood is worth in the market to-day £1500. Disraeli once laid it down, cynically, that every man with an established income of £20,000 a year ought to have a peerage. Every one who wants a title ought to have one. If any man is so childish as to be made happier by putting 'Sir' instead of 'Mr.' in front of his name, why deny him this little happiness? If one's dog would be a happier mongrel for being called Carlo instead of Mungo, why not call him Carlo?

"Father Robinson's explanation of Amy Castle's breakaway from Marchesi is decidedly wanting in detail. He says that 'some of the most famous musical experts in London and Paris' testified that her voice was a pure dramatic soprano, and as Madame Marchesi had decided to train her as a mezzo 'Miss Castles submitted her voice once more to the judgment of the best critics in Europe.' Now, when did Amy, the student at Madame's school, go tearing around Europe submitting her voice to those experts? And what's the name of her new teacher, who, 'it is said, is a man of the very highest attainments, and is recognised as one of the most successful voice-trainers in Europe'?

"The mysterious cable-message that two of the English committee appointed to choose a successor to Prof. Marshall Hall in the Ormond Chair of Music had urged the re-appointment of that respectable Prof. would suggest that the other three members of committee at any rate acquiesced in the arrangement. This was prophesied all along by many musicians who knew the feeling at the other side of the world. Having been instructed to select the best man, the committee has apparently no course open but to choose the wicked Hall.

"The Grand Opera people were not a scrap exciting off the boards. Melbourne 'naicest' tried them in private life, but apparently found them wanting. Many of them were in the d.c. at the last 'Bohemian Girl' matinee. Belvwa, the Canadian light baritone, who has a part in the 'Scarlet Feather,' is blonde and well-featured, but he laughs like a pop-gun going off and has a queer knack of wobbling his cheek-muscles.

By the way, mummers develop the lower face (so much talking and mouthing, I guess) to the detriment of their beauty. This jaw-prominence is very noticeable in a recently much-discussed mummeress who looks quite her 40 years. It's a barbarism the way ages are dragged out in law-courts. Youth, real or reputed, is an asset to a woman, and unless she's convicted of murder and thereby done with the world and its goods she shouldn't be stripped of her tools.

"At the matinee, Mary Lynne, planted in her seat and left blooming alone by Baritone Eugene (fine and large in light tweeds and straw hat), sat next Belvwa. The sometime Siebel looks a fine enough figure of a woody woman on the boards. Off, she's weirdly theatrical, with hot-looking hair massed on her forehead and huge chenille spots on her pink veil. Nellie Stewart's fair-haired little daughter, in simple white frock, occupied the manager's box with another child and a custodian. She's not a strikingly pretty youngster, but bright as a button and unlike her restless little comrade, followed all the stage business with quiet unflinching attention. Friends pronounce her too clever for her years. Already she's determined on a stage career, but in the goodness of her heart and with the most dutiful intentions in life, she openly announces her purpose of postponing her professional debut 'till mother's dead.'

"Which recalls the paternal experiences of Dr. Rentoul, out of friends at present with his clerical brethren on the Boer question. When the doughty Divine's bairns were younger he often looked out of his study window at Ormond College to find his family 'playing Father's funeral.' The proceedings were decorous and the mourners dutifully depressed, still—

"The average operatic tenor is a modest daisy, and Louis Arens, one of Musgrove's chief warblers, has been at some expense and trouble to prove it. Conspicuously placed in a window in Collins-street is a large frame containing various portraits of the gifted tenor, surrounded by numerous letters from persons, personages, and admirers, including one in which a business-like manager tersely requests Mr. Arens to 'sign enclosed contract and return,' and another from a titled lady, in which the writer expresses the pleasure she will feel if the melodious Arens will call at 4.30. There are a dozen other letters, but, aside from demonstrating the before-mentioned ingrowing and virulent modesty of tenors, they have positively no public interest.

"Nellie Stewart, or Row, or Towzey, whatever her name is, or is to be, did not go to court to see herself divorced. This was a disappointment to the junior bar, and perhaps also to the Judge. Mr. Justice Hood adjourned the case at first, ostensibly to get more evidence, but perhaps, in reality, in the hope that Ma Mie Row-sette would herself put in an appearance on the second occasion. But she didn't. She was wise, for it must be a great bore even to see oneself divorced. There were lots of other women in court, and they contented themselves with looking at ex-husband Richard Row (trying him on, as it were), and wondering whether they would have endured him for more than a week. Richard is not bad-looking, as beefy men go. His £1200 a year would make him tolerable; besides, a woman is not obliged to look at her husband very much—there are so many other things to look at.

"Last Thursday night Grace Palotta, who looks a little older than when she sang 'If you can't afford a hansom—takabuss,' made a first appearance at Her Majesty's in the far-side private box (there are only two private pens at Her Maj.'s), with no companion save her thoughts. Nobody seemed to remember the snappy Austrian girl, though she gave the house a fair chance to call her to mind by marching the full half-circuit of the d.c. all on her little 'alone.' Once in the pen she was hidden from the view of nine-tenths of the congregation, nor did she ever look around the curtain screen for recognition and applause as somebody else might have—but then the circumstances were different. It must be admitted that

the return of Palotta is not a matter of popular interest up to now.

"The transparent skirt is evidently the latest thing in fashionable Melbourne. Cup day was not over-warm, yet half-a-dozen of the naicest left little of their forms to the imagination when they stood on the terrace with the setting sun behind them; and since then various damsels have been seen—yes, seen—on the Block in costumes strongly reminiscent of that worn by Tillie Woodcock in 'Rose of Persia' ballet. The fact that all wearers of these diaphanous skirts are exceedingly well-shaped argues that there is nothing accidental about the fashion.

"A certain engagement, which Lord Dicky staunchly declared, before he left for Adelaide, was only an empty rumor, don't-ye-know, is to be kept secret till after all the fuss of the York visit is over.

"A recent magazine-story tells of a little girl who treated her playmates to a crop at the barber's. One, an artist's daughter, had always been known as 'the angel child,' because of her lovely curls; and another hard case was that of twin boys, who, robbed of their pretty hair, were revealed for the first time in their true colors as most commonplace urchins. Much the same thing happened here lately. In Collingwood, tiny boys not yet detached from mother's apron-strings wear their hair plastered in love-locks on their foreheads. T'other day, some of these kiddies were 'playing barber,' and a five-year-old, installed as the man of shears, deprived all his friends of their 'kiss-curls,' but spared his own. When the shorn lambs arrived at their various homes there was wailing and gnashing of teeth. One enraged father grabbed a scissors, tracked the juvenile culprit to the bosom of his family, and forcibly barbered the barber in the teeth of an enraged clan. Result, a court-case, and pa had to pay for his revenge.

"That E.M.C. cycle meeting at St. Kilda (Nov. 24th) was the hottest function extant. Think of a stand with roof and back of corrugated iron and glass ends! Wheeling doesn't develop manly beauty. Its badges of success are beak-nose and lumpy shoulders, as manifest in poor 'Plucker Bill,' who rode round in triumph, grinning and ducking his head in response to applause, unbeautiful to behold in green-mooned black suit and red-fringed indigo scarf (the 'Stuart scratch mile' ribbon). The sport evidently has lasting fascination for some people. Cyclist Parsons, for one, sat on a backless bench in the open all the sweltering afternoon, while wife, in her Cup dress, shaded him with her pale-blue parasol. Some of the races were paced by motors. Heaven help us when these debbil-debbil machines catch on for street use! The smell and the noise! At the sports one, which sounded all the time as if it meant to explode, was painted scarlet and manned by riders clothed in red and blue respectively. Talk about being 'caught up in a fiery chariot'!

"Another of the Bench brethren launches out with his family on an extended globe-trot next week. Judge Hodges has planned, by the light of his own worldly knowledge and others' experience, a comprehensive and charming tour, which will be shared by his fresh-complexioned, brown-haired daughters.

"Tara, the big mansion which old John O'Shanassy built at Balwyn, Vic., is up for sale. It was his fond ambition to found a line of wealthy, ruling men, but his late son, Mat., was not built that way. Mat. made the money fly. Tara is a fine place, splendidly furnished. The odds are that it will pass into the hands of a representative of the 'wealthy lower orders.'

"At South Melbourne Police Court, the other day, a man was sentenced to three days' gaol for being caught coming out of somebody's back-yard. He pleaded that he had merely been spooning his girl, and nobody denied his story; but he 'went up,' the police inspector declaring he was guilty of trespass all the same. A new sign for suburban back yards: 'Followers will be prosecuted!' Then Mary Jane will insist upon a right of approach for her boy, or free access, whatever the legal term may be.

Yours affectionately, GOULI-GOULL.

The beauty of face and form with which the Australian girl graces every public occasion is largely responsible for the happy expression which usually illumines the face of the average Australian male—when he is not suffering from indigestion and tea. But it is when the matchless beauty aforesaid is perfected by the artistic touch of the P D Corset that all Nature rejoices.*

Sundry parsons and others who have been backing-up the absurd Sydney Sunday-closing prosecutions imagined they had "scored" by discovering that the action taken had not been under the antiquated 17th century legislation, but under the Towns Police Act of the present reign. It turns out, however, that the prosecutions were really under the Sydney Police Act of 1833, framed when the brutal convict system was in full swing, and therefore as inapplicable to present conditions as would be the musty statute of the Second Charles.

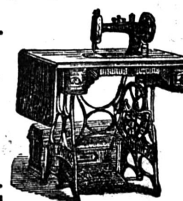
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PERSONAL ITEMS.

In re Gent One: Indi-Gent One.—Joke by a Q.C.

Ex-Premier M'Lean was the fourth R.C. Premier of Victoria—O'Shannassy, Duffy, O'Loughlin and M'Lean.

Mr. Justice Owen has been on the N.S.W. Bench since Oct., 1887, yet Jimmy Governor's is the first real death-sentence he has pronounced.

A northern N.S.W. paper, eulogising Henry Parkes: "He kept his finger continually on the public purse." The comp. had altered the word "pulse."

David Syme is to be a baronet, sure, as witness the "Victorian Liberal Party's" proposal for preferential trade with Britain under the Commonwealth.

Governor-general Hopetoun, first Imperial pro-consul to the Australian Commonwealth, embarking in India for Australia was carried aboard on a litter. Omen?

Nellie Stewart's husband was born on the 1st of April, 1860, said his counsel in the divorce court, and Nellie sang her first infantile solo the same year. But not on the same day.

Boss Syme nominated his solicitor, Sam Gillott, to represent him in the Turner Cabinet. When the Federal exodus takes place Sam will take salaried rank—if the Speakership be not vacant.

It seems to be a solemn fact that at least four—Wise, Crick, Wood, and Hassall—if not five, of the Lyne Ministry, which has passed the Female Suffrage Bill through N.S.W. Assembly, are personally opposed to Woman Suffrage.

That enthusiastic clergyman, Rev. Wm. Floyd, founder of the Church of England at Levuka, Fiji, in '72, who is visiting Sydney after a residence of 28 years in the islands, has long been looked upon as the future Bishop of Western Polynesia.

Vic. Chief Secretary Peacock is one of the few Australians who take no interest in horse-racing. On the morning after the Cup he was asked on his way into town—"Well, did you back Clean Sweep?" "No; I never heard the result until 11 last night."

Richard Heales, old-time popular Vic. Premier, was a shining light among the teetotallers. When he died in '63 his friends proposed to erect a monument in his honor, and the kindly critic of a Melbourne daily suggested that it should take the form of a pump.

When at important political junctures Premier Lyne drops into silence and declines to be drawn, it is said he is merely waiting for a meeting of the Sydney Daily Telegraph directors. After such a meeting, or a communication with warrior Carey, he promptly regains speech.

Mr. James Milson, father of North Shore, turned 86 the other day, and has hopes of living to cross the North Shore bridge. A native of Parramatta, he has taken part in almost every industrial and speculative movement that originated between there and Sydney during the last 60 years.

Bryce Treharne, pianist of Adelaide Con servatorium, bids fair to out-Marshall Marshall Hall. When he gets on to the subject of music in the daily papers readers can only have him for a sentence or two, then he is off into transcendental unintelligibility. He has not yet burst into verse, but when he does—!



A SYDNEY CITY-ELECTION POSTER.

John Watsford (born at Parramatta Dec. 5, 1820) is the patriarch of the Australian Wesleyan Church. By a coincidence, he, his son and two grandsons—all of whom are Methodist clergymen—have their names on the same circuit plan in one of the Melbourne suburbs. This is probably an ecclesiastical record.

The Nathaniel pastor Gladstone, of anti-dancing fame, was preaching at Kangaroo Flat the other Sunday. A boy looked at his watch. Gladstone: "What time is it, my little man?" Boy: "Five minutes past twelve." Gladstone: "Well, you know, I have only been preaching fifteen minutes, and am allowed twenty!"

Ex-Judge M'Farland proposes to woo Monaro for a seat in the House of Representatives. The old white hat has no chance. He is now 76, and they look to have all been long years. He published in Dublin 50 years ago a book on Equity Law, which brought him the reward of a Judgeship in Western Australia in 1837. Since then Australia has had the privilege of owning him, and N.S.W. for many years the privilege of paying him a pension of £750 a year.

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NEWSPAPER FICTION.

TRAM GUARD: "What's the latest lie you're selling, sonny?"

NEWSBOY: "Why, that you ain't been nickin' no fares."

That wealthy old Narrabeen lady over whose will there are such extensive legal ructions, was very strict in keeping trespassers off her property, and one day coming suddenly on two amateur fishermen she ordered them to leave at once. One of them, however, knew her fads, and, assuming a sanctimonious drawl, informed her that they were not there for sport—they came down from Sydney because of the peaceful quietude of the surroundings, so that they might pass a day of humiliation and prayer undisturbed. Then the old girl graciously gave them permission to stay and went away perfectly satisfied.

The papers just now are full of the gallant S'African exploits of a South Australian named Finlayson, whose pa belongs to the Adelaide REGISTER. It is good to be brave; it is even better to have a sire represented in the cable-ring. And if S'Langdon Bonython were not a member of the cable combine, how the devil would this bleeding country ever get to hear that that illustrious man and Lady B. had just booked their passages in London for Australia!

Frank Stuart, who committed political suicide by retiring from the Munro Ministry, is a man of many parts. On Sunday morning he sings in the choir in the Glenroy Wesleyan Church, and in the afternoon plays golf, to the horror of the Essendon Presbyterians as they make their way to Sunday-school. The rest of the week he seems to be busily engaged in not growing any older.

Tysoniana (from evidence lately given in Brisbane by Cambooya Daniels). The millionaire: "I am very lonely. I have never injured a man knowingly in my

life, and I am over 70 years of age, and haven't a friend in the world. I have any number of relations and I believe they want to know when I'll die so that they may get the money." Daniels: "You may be wronging them." Tyson: "Well, it may be so, but I feel that the only real friend I have is here (patting his trousers' pocket). All the same when you get old you feel you would like someone to pay you some slight regard. I get very lonely at times. I always have a lot of these (abstracting from coat-pocket a bundle of comic papers) to divert my thoughts, etc., etc." Poor Tyson! Not a friend in the world! His real friend in his breeches-pocket! And saddest of all—TIT-BITS and SCRAPS his only solatium!

Maoriland Premier Seddon intends making a great effort to get the Duke of York to open next session of Parliament, and if successful will summon it two months earlier. This latter proposal is already being howled at by some of Seddon's Faithful, but King Dick will soon settle their hash when he gets 'is Royal Highness's promise. That baronetcy looms larger and larger on the horizon! Or is it to be a dukedom?

The speech of John Meagher in N.S.W. Leg. Council on the Compulsory Arbitration Bill was a gem of broguey innocence. John is a first-class boss, if an indifferent legislator. Though a wine and spirit merchant and resident of a thirsty land, he has been a strict teetotaler all his life, and "does not know the taste of" any intoxicant.

"N.": I hear that women officers of the Salvation Army in Australia have had to subsist on bran-porridge. They say that when Ballington Booth was in Melbourne, he had a special barber call at the office to do his hair at a cost of half-a-crown. When an officer went up effusively to shake hands with him, Ballington exclaimed, "The presumption of you Australians is amazing!"

That important functionary of State, "Nosey Bob," began his official career under N.S.W. Government as executioner of Johnny McGrath, an aboriginal, who committed an outrage in Bega in 1875. Nosey (who is a civil servant, and is paid a salary, not fees) hopes to retire, if he can obtain a pension, at the end of the year, and he has thus a prospect of winding up as he began, with a blackfellow at a rope's end.

E. G. Blackmore, clerk of S.A. Parliament—who was clerk to the Federal Convention—is in Sydney on business connected with the Commonwealth Legislature, of which he hopes to be appointed clerk. Mr. Blackmore is an acknowledged expert in constitutional law, and has published text-books concerning the decisions of all the House of Commons Speakers for the last few decades. He fought in the Maori war and wears a medal for the service.

"Spikey": Lawson, M.P. (Vic.) is not the only Australian legislator to join in a serious game of football. Albert (Jupp) Gardiner, ex-M.P. for Ashburnham (N.S.W.) can thank the noble game of bash and blanky for his political extinction. Jupp is, and has been for some years, one of the best players in the Orange club; his love for the game led him to neglect his politics and constituents' correspondence. Jupp's enemies took advantage of his little weakness at a general election, and Jupp was politically buried.

Apropos the recently-deceased Madame Lacaton, of Melbourne Maison Dorée. It was Marcus Clarke who "discovered" the Maison Dorée, and made it widely known by a characteristic sketch. When the decadent times fell on Melbourne, lots of people who had revelled in

champagne and *pate de foie gras* preferred a cup of coffee and a saveloy, and Madame's establishment was removed to Swanston-st., but its old glories were never revived. Too often are obscurity of location and humbleness of exterior the very life of a caravanserai.

"Victorian": Trenwith, in my opinion, is more to the front just now than any other Australian Labor member. A Tasmanian, and a bootmaker, he first whetted his oratorical steel at Melb. Sunday Evening Free Discussion Society. His difficulties in effecting an entrance to Parliament were great, partly through poverty, but he proved that "The Will is the Man." Trenwith—again in my humble opinion—may take the leadership of the Australian Labor Party. He is a real solid man, not only with graphic powers of expression, but also with a framework of knowledge which has placed him ahead of such as Hancock, though Hancock was a far better party leader, with all the instincts of organisation under his deceptive, jolly, and careless outside. Party management is where Trenwith will fail, if anywhere, and this may lead him to tuck in politics. He has trimmed already.

Perth (W.A.) MORNING HERALD found a curious mare's nest the other day, and built from the sticks a romance which it is almost a pity to shatter. It identified an ancient known as Major Pelly, a recently-deceased assistant in W.A. Geological Dept., with "Starlight," the notorious Australian bushranger of 30 years ago—who never existed except in "Baldrewood's" story of "Robbery Under Arms." Corroborative detail was supplied by another Pelly, a prisoner in Pentridge, who alleges that it was to "Major Pelly"—known to him as a bushranger under the name of Frank Gordon or Pearson—that he confided certain family papers and photographs. The N.S.W. police are also credited with having supplied an identification photograph of "Starlight." The whole story seems to be a mixture of fact and nonsense. "Pelly" may have been that Gordon, a member of Hall's gang, who was sentenced to 10 years' penal servitude by Judge Wise at Bathurst in 1865; and who disappeared thereafter from bushranging history. But his identification with "Starlight" is bosh. The man in "Robbery Under Arms" seems to be a mixture of Frank Gardiner, Ben Hall's gang, the brothers Clarke of Monaro, and the Bowen Downs cattle-robbery by Redmond; and if "Starlight" is anybody he is apparently Frank Gardiner.

Some strange Tyson stories are being told in the Queensland Supreme Court, where the crows are gathering thickly round the carcass of the old millionaire's estate. Travelling by steamer Tyson used to sometimes book his passage as Smith or Walker or Stokes. Everybody knew him, and his efforts to deny his identity and assure the public that he was really Smith were ineffective and confusing. In one of his more lavish moments he offered to share a bottle of ginger-ale with the chief engineer, and the shindy that the rich man made afterwards over the sixpence was soul-stirring. Yet it is attested that he gave away very large sums in anonymous charity; it was only when he appeared under his own name that he was loud and furious over sixpences. By the way, the old man was well-known at THE BULLETIN office, where, for some reason or other, he often dropped in during his latter days to expatiate for an hour or two upon the worthlessness of the present generation of Australians, male and female. He was a quaint, gentle, friendly old soul, and was probably about the only bore who didn't get sho'd away in short order—such is the magic of Wealth. The opinion THE BULLETIN formed of Tyson was that he was a very faddy, very just, very generous, and very modest man.

The late millionaire Tyson on Women (curiously enough this first saw print in the papers announcing that the Woman-Suffrage Bill had passed N.S.W. Leg. Assembly):—

This I will say respecting the sex generally. They are, as now educated, unreliable; and if there is any purgatory, some of our married friends are up to their necks in it. When a man marries a woman he marries his master. The meek little one he dotes on is a tiger in sheepskin, and, according as I have seen, a man is a slave ever after that. This is the simple truth. There is no doubt whatever: it is women that are ruling the world at the present time. It was women and their luxuries in ancient times that ruined Rome. It is said that women and luxury will ruin New York. This thing bids fair to ruin all places. There is to be a Young Women's College in Sydney to educate them, and they will then, I should presume, get into the Legislature and outvote the men. Indeed, it is hard to say where their power will end. If they rule as at present the question arises, what will they do if they get educated up? Having said this much, I am bewildered to contemplate the consequences, and I am, &c. (signed) JAMES TYSON.

This was contained in a letter written to a young Cornstalk who meditated matrimony. Yet there were some women whom old man Tyson admired. They were all of a very domestic order—he doted on their "beautifully clean houses," their good cooking, and the care with which they looked after their husbands. The old cattle-man's feminine ideal was the woman fitted to be the mother of children, and he was much chaffed for having once unguardedly said that he "liked to see a woman with a good brisket."

One of the dangers of Sydney during the holiday season will be the burglar and sneak-thief. The Federation festivities will attract all the rascals of Australasia, and plate and purses will be constantly menaced. Those who are leaving Sydney, and visitors to Sydney, therefore should deposit their plate, cash and valuables in the Sydney Safe Deposit for security. Access can be had to them at any time during business hours. The vaults are situated behind Pailing's, off George-street, and are always open for inspection. They are in themselves a sight worth seeing.

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Aboriginalities.

Some time ago an inquest was held in N.S.W. on a luckless timber-getter, crushed beneath a falling tree—a commonplace enough bush incident. The interest in this case lay in the fact that the dead tree-feller was a miserably-clad woman, who, by this arduous form of industry, had bravely attempted to support a large family. Though at the magisterial inquiry it transpired that her children were in a deplorable condition, it seems to have been no one's business, and they disappeared into the bush. A stranger from Sydney happened to come across them a day or two ago. He found them in a shocking plight. Their father was a rheumatic sexagenarian, and the children (six) are left to look after themselves. Their sole means of subsistence is what the elder daughters can earn. These girls—three of them, all under 17—enjoy a contract to draw railway-sleepers, which are shifted by their old crook of a horse 13 miles; price paid, 4d. per sleeper. The girls have to trudge to and from their work, through the terrible heat and dust of the droughty West. They support their aged father and three small brothers on their earnings, which sometimes come to 15s. per week. Education and religious training they have none, and their only form of amusement or recreation is the society of the timber-getters, mostly single men. The ultimate fate of these children of the forest under such conditions can be only too easily guessed. This state of things exists about 20 miles from the main trunk railway line, some 250 or so miles from Sydney. And we are going to spend vast sums on champagne for the Commonwealth parlor while this state of things exists in the kitchen!

A girl at Kadina (S.A.) has been killed while riding a bicycle on a level road, by a wombat running across and getting into the spokes of her front wheel. A wombat! When before, in all history, was anyone ever killed by a wombat? Talk about luck!

"Gorag": One of the curses of Australia is the so-called "chaffing" habit. Take a shearer's hut where animalism overpowers all decency and intellect, and you will inevitably hear

"Stirrup," re a friendly blackfellow:—

Picked up a Queensland nigger in N.S.W. once, and took him to Q. with us—we were stocking a station out-back. We called him "Spec," and he grew very familiar, calling me "Dom" (Tom), and my brother "Bred" (Fred). When we got near his "tauri" he cleared off. Years afterwards when we were out-back again I left the camp one day and rode out, looking for a water-hole—dangerous work in those days, for the niggers would track you down and spear you for a red blanket. Suddenly over the bank popped up three niggers, stark-naked, greased, and armed to the teeth. "Cooked!" thought I, and I could feel my hair growing, when "Hullo, Dom," said a voice. It was "Spec" in the bosom of his tribe, and I don't suppose any man was ever so glad to meet a nigger before.

Letter received by a Maoriland J.P. from a dizen of the bush:—

Sir,—Some person or persons ho ever it my bee, has troubling me this few months time, as follows, 23th of April I missing 9 sheep 22nd of may been killed 12 fawls 17th Agst early in morning pitwin 3-2 o'clock I missing 3 geese from my place, that is very pat, and my wife is still sickness dawn Dunedin too, and then 17th of July was a strans man in my place pitween 12 and 1 o'clock mitinte. I put my close on without of light, and takes my gun vich he see and runs away, and I runs too an fires behind him, he falls he jumps up again and runs away away and glears out. I vants know what I can do and can you help me do it.

Peter Brown, who is deaf and dumb, was recently fishing on forbidden property, when up rode the holder of the run and angrily demanded "How dare you trespass here? Don't you know you are liable to prosecution?" Peter, who carries a slate and pencil, wrote "not biting yet," and the squatter raged furiously against him. Then Peter wrote "Do you think they will bite soon?" Whereupon the other grabbed the slate and wrote "Do you know who I am? I am Mr. —, of — station." Peter calmly took the slate back and wrote "I am Peter Brown, of —. Very pleased to meet you." Then the squatter collapsed and rode off.

"Tonbur": Travelling once from Stanthorpe to Warwick (30 miles), I met a man who told me that in Stanthorpe the police-sergt. had authority to give rations: loaf, 1lb. tea, 1lb. sugar, and 2d. for meat. A publican in Stanthorpe had paid his train-fare to Warwick, and he was tramping back for the rations which he said he'd missed. Fancy, walking 60 miles for 2s. worth of tucker!

The choice condition of some of those Kyneton (Vic.) dairies (as mentioned in BULLETIN, 8/9/00) is chiefly accounted for by the farcical nature of the inspection. The Turner Govt. proposed to appoint Govt. inspectors, but the farmers protested so strongly that it yielded to their request for municipal investigators, and the result might have been foreseen. Said farmer Argyle, of Kyneton, at the Dairy-men's Conference in Melb. during Show-week: "A great many of the shire councillors were dairymen themselves, and were, therefore, afraid to enforce the inspection of dairies." Why, certainly! When a man runs a dairy—probably a dirty one—himself, he dare not report other people's dirty dairies lest they get mad and report his own. And when a man is elected to the shire council by the votes of many dirty dairymen he can't, if he values his billet, take an unbiased view of the dirtiness of his own dirty constituents. The only way to make municipal inspection much good is to enact that the man who was defeated at the shire council election shall be dairy inspector for the next three years, his reward being the satisfaction of prosecuting the men who voted against him.

"Alces" takes a running jump at a strongly-held and almost universal bush belief:—
Re the alleged characteristic cry of the mopeke. After a considerable experience of the bird (*Podargus strigoides*), both as a pet and in its natural state, writer can positively assert that it does not utter the lugubrious moan ascribed to it, and that the small brown "hoobok" owl does. Mr. E. P. Ramsay, late curator of the Australian Museum, also arrived at the conclusion which I have derived from personal observation. Probably, however, some riotous naturalist will arise and say that he discovered it 75 years ago and knew it for 150 before that; but the vast majority of bush-folk don't know it. The mopeke has a good working-vocabulary of his own, but he is absolutely innocent of the heart-breaking lamentations with which he is credited. If it is desired to get rid of such noises about a camp do not shoot poor old Podargus, but look for a tidily-dressed little brown owl, and put lead into him.

Mr. T. Keys, of Bengalla, Muswellbrook



A SMALL COUNTRY.

THE DRUMMER: "Yes, my lad, the Manchester ship-canal is 50 miles long, and about 17½ million yards of earth were dug up and taken away in cutting it."

VOICE FROM THE BUSH: "Strike me dead, mister, but I didn't think they could spare the land."

(N.S.W.), has for years yarded his cattle according to color. Black, white, red, and spotted are graded together in different paddocks. Some years ago he sent 1000 white bullocks in one mob to Sydney.

"G.W.M.H.": Re morepork's vocal abilities (B., 8/9/1900). The bird makes three different sounds—a faint noise, such as is made by opening the mouth and breathing out sharply; a loud screech, much like the buck possums, without the "kurragh-kurragh" finish; and, lastly, the mournful call that so well suits the solitude of an Australian night. No matter how clear the weather may be, if the "mope" screeches instead of calling, rain is pretty certain within 12 hours—though before steady rain the bird is not heard.

"Xerxes": Re the supposed marksmanship of the Australian kangaroo-hunter. Many of these "crack shots" were after the Governors, yet out of all the shots fired at the outlaws only three bullets "landed," and those most probably by chance; although, according to reports, the pursuers had many "sitting" shots at 100 yards, or less, with everything in their favour. A "cove" who cannot hit a still man at 100 yards 19 out of 20 shots should give up the rifle and take to stone-throwing.

Concerning the killing of Joe Governor, "Silly Billy" writes:—

Despite anything "Itan" (B., 17/11/00) may say, I and many other bushyokels believe that Joe Governor was very much less than 300yds. from John Wilkinson when shot. We are told Wilkinson is 56 years old, and we know Joe Governor was only 30 odd and a smart man for his age—of which I am sure, as I saw the jump he did when Byers and Woods were at him on Forbes River. He ran up-hill, jumped a high two-rail fence without touching, his rifle straight overhead. Now, Byers is a very active man, and a fair runner, and in the course of half-a-mile on decent country Joe fired five shots, and got away over 300 yds. from him and Woods (neither of these men took cover). That being so I would back him to get more than 300yds. from any 56-year-old in three-quarters-of-a-mile, as per Mr. Wilkinson's evidence; for, mind you, Joe was carrying nothing, but merely "getting" as fast as he could, while Wilkinson had a rifle to impede him, was shooting at intervals, and had his boots on. Even if he were as good a runner as Joe he would have, under the conditions set out, lost as much ground as 300yds. in three-quarters of a mile. Again, he says he sighted 300yds. when he shot Joe. How often will you get a Winchester sporting rifle to throw high at 300yds.—for it must have thrown high to shoot him in the top of the head? Again, let anyone put a target up, measure 100yds., and before each shot run 20yds. only at a good speed to the 100yds. mark, shoot at once, see if the target can be hit, and how often in 100 shots. The target won't be running away. "Itan" says nothing about Byers and Woods, but these are the men who actually were the cause of capture, and it was a very hard-luck shot for Byers which hit Jimmy in the mouth and didn't finish him at once. Anyhow, I for one don't think the Govt. will give Byers and Woods any reward. I was for over a month in this chase at the latter end, and I can safely say that if the police can prevent Byers getting any reward it will be done. Oh, how the police do love Byers! and what obstacles they did put in his way!

Also, how mad they are that both outlaws have been captured by civilians!

Dear BULLETIN,—If, as M'Cooley says (B., 13/10/00), the dingo is indigenous to Australia, how is it that he never made his way to Tasmania, which did not separate from the mainland till late tertiary times? No remains of him have ever been found on the flyspeck, though representatives of all other Australian mammalia are there present—with the addition of the Tasmanian Devil, and Tas. "Tiger," remains of which, by the way, have been found on the mainland, from which they (being solitary ordinal-living animals) have probably been exterminated by the dingo. Tasmania evidently was not separated widely, if at all, from the mainland when the first of the aborigines arrived there, or their migrations would have been prevented; and as the dingo did not cross, can we not fairly conclude that he arrived in Australia after man?

More on same subject: "P.H.C." :—

So M'Cooley (B. 13/10/00) considers me "absurdly wrong" in stating that the dingo was imported! Well, his authority, J. D. Ogilby, is evidently less cocksure than Mac, is, for he admits that the idea is "more than doubtful," and that "the greater number of authors incline to the theory of importation." Of Prof. M'Coy's investigations Ogilby only says that they "go far towards proving," &c. And do not the more recent fossil discoveries in the Warrumbool (Vic.) quarries discount the value of the aforesaid investigations? Does M'Cooley believe in the development theory? If so, and the dingo is indigenous, will he state where its progenitors are to be found among Australasian placental mammals, existing or extinct? Whatever M'Cooley's claims may be, as an intellect while he continues to shriek hysterically against everybody who doesn't happen to think exactly as he does.

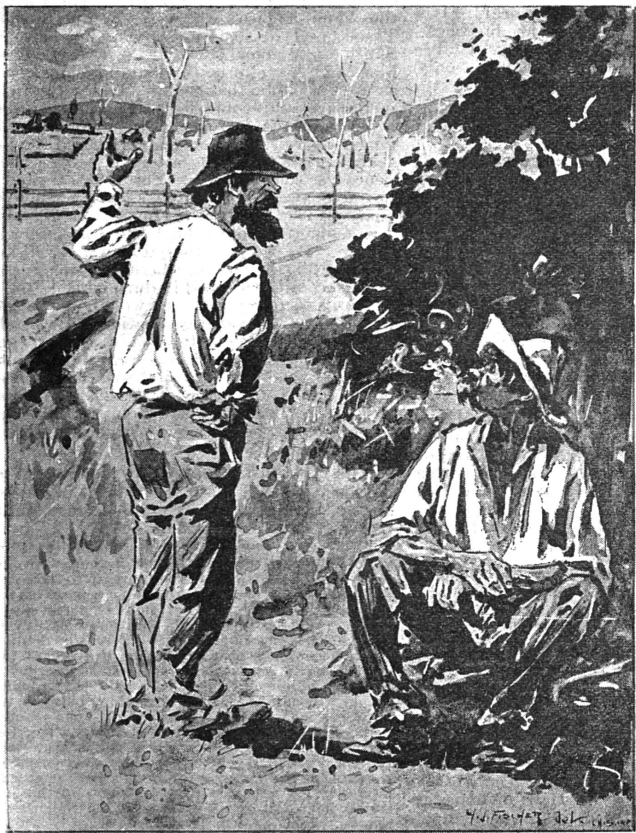
One of the owners of Teryawynia station, down the river from Wilcannia, told the N.S.W. Lands Commissioner in Melbourne that, though £120,000 had been put into the run, they would be glad to take £35,000 for it now. Still, especially in sheep losses, Teryawynia has suffered more even than most far-west squattages.

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or £3 10s. per week,
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"The Australia" is not a cheap hotel. But it is the best hotel in the Southern Hemisphere; and you cannot obtain the comfort, attention, table, and general excellence of "The Australia" anywhere else for 50 % more money.

J. SMITH (Late of Menzies), Manager,
Castlereagh-st., Sydney.



DINNER-TIME.

"Say, commissariat, while yer doin' nothink yer might run over an borror the cooky's rooster."

brutal, foul, indecent "chaff." Go into a navvies' camp—even a deeper hell—and there you find that while shearers "chaff" is brutish, that of the navy is pre-eminently bestial. I remember the case of a young man who, after being persistently "chaffed" by a pack of ignorant bush-reared ruffians, poisoned himself and died within the hour. I also knew a young shearer out in western N.S.W. who became so maddened by the "chaff" of his bestial mates over a kicking ewe he was shearing, that when finished he asked the shed-boss what he would take for the ewe. Being told six shillings, he replied, "All right!" and ripped the animal's entrails out on the board. For this he got 3 months—and hanged himself the morning he was discharged from gaol. Again, an elderly ganger on the Blayney-Harden railway-line became so demoralised by the "chaff" of the men under him one pay-night that he deliberately walked out of the pub, in Mandurama and drowned himself in the creek. No one tried to save him. "If the — can't take a joke," said these human brutes, "let him blanky well drown." Therefore I say again that "chaffing" is a worse curse than bubonic plague, and should be stamped-out as ruthlessly.

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PACK EACH YEAR MORE
FISH THAN ALL OTHER
BRITISH FISH PRESERVERS
COMBINED.

Fresh Herrings
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Herrings in Tomato Sauce

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WATSON'S WHISKY.

Küppers Elberfeld Lager.



THE REV. MR. GLADSTONE, of *Nathalia* (Vic.) anti-dancing fame.

Cairns Post tells how Willie Ming, Chinese storekeeper and farmer, on the birth of his son and heir (pure Chinese) gave a banquet to 520 friends. There were 57 tables, and among the eatable appeared 62 English ducks, 35 Muscovy ducks, 50 fowls, 3 pigs, bêche-de-mer, Chinese mushrooms, shellfish, etc., etc. Numerous and costly presents were brought by the guests. . . . They never rejoice like this at Cairns when a white baby is born.

"As I came through the desert, thus it was!" According to Constable Walsh, who lately travelled from the Birdsville country, W. Q., the cattle are nearly all dead, the water-holes filled with carcasses, and at one place the stench was so great that his horses would not go near the dam, and he had to draw the water to them. Many large stations are deserted, and the population of the town of Birdsville has dwindled down to 10.

Out West, where the bones of ten million sheep are bleaching, they joke with difficulty, but they have been smiling in their own grim way at some of the city evidence given before the N.S.W. Pastoral Lands Commission. The boss humorist, in their judgment, was the man who complained that there has been too much centralisation—affairs have been given over to men who don't know what the West is like. And then to explain what it is like, he mentioned that a homestead lease will carry from 3000 to 4000 sheep! As a matter of hard fact, the average homestead lease will not carry 1500 sheep; and there are dozens that haven't averaged 500 sheep all the year round for the last five years.

"Boko": *Re* fire-making. No mention has been made, so far, of the use of a very inflammable fungus which grows on the bark of gray-gums all along the coast. When thoroughly dry this will ignite from the smallest spark, and is very hard to extinguish. I have seen blacks when travelling carry, on a spear-point, a piece about the size of a man's hand, which would last for 3 or 4 days, being put out at night and re-lit next morning. I have also known gins make fire by holding a piece of this fungus between the knees and hitting two pieces of quartz together till a spark would fall on the fungus and instantly ignite it.

"Trotter": Between Mareeba and Port Douglas (N.Q.) I recently met a mob of Chinese coolies in native Chow costume, and bare-footed. Only the man in charge could speak English. They looked as if they had just landed—but where and whence? The whole Cairns district simply swarms with Chows, and where they come from is a mystery.

"Lar": Some bush devices. Have seen swaggies out-back (although they had just got tea and sugar at the store) go down to the creek, gather a handful of penny-royal and make "tea" from it in preference to using the station "post-and-rails." Have also seen out-backers use Eno's fruit salt to "raise" bread and have known "bushies" to iron their "fine-linen" either with a handful of red coals in a pint pot, or with a heated stirrup-iron.

"Diff": Writer was present at a recent "ball." Newly "opened-up" farming district, consequently great preponderance of men. By 10 p.m., however, seven ladies had arrived, and three more being expected, feeling ran high. Hearing a great barking of dogs, our host (local boundary-rider) rushed out to see. Guests silent and breathless. Then suddenly host rushed in again with—"Oh, —! here's five more toms."

ANSWERS to CORRESPONDENTS.

No notice will be taken of communications insufficiently stamped. Name and address must appear on M.S. No liability is undertaken in any case re contributions voluntarily submitted, whether sent by post or handed in; and in no case will M.S. be returned unless stamps (of any province) accompany.

F.L.: The man's private character has nothing to do with the character of his discourses. People find him interesting. And the men who talk on Sundays are so rarely worth listening to. . . . Kaharoa: Well-written, but after all only a plain, cheap horror disguised in well-chosen words. . . . France: We knew all that long ago. But the bank, by turning —'s overdraft, formerly reckoned as an asset, into shares of the same nominal amount in —'s business, now turned into a limited liability co., doesn't inflate the earnings, or the assets, or necessarily work any dodge. The obvious object is this: When —'s co. looks up, if it ever does, it will be easier to sell the bank's interest piecemeal in shares than to sell —'s business in a lump. Of course, if you are prepared to say that the bank put down the shares at more than the amount of the overdraft, and thereby inflated its assets, or that it isn't writing off the loss out of its earnings, or that it puts imaginary profits of —'s co. among its alleged earnings, that is a different thing. . . . Magna est Veritas: Lacks force and originality. . . . Miko: The ordinary Australian policeman gets about 7s. a day, while the San Francisco policeman gets twice as much—25 dol. a week. That is a fact. . . . C.W.S.: In this matter you are all at sea. There are in Sydney two lots of "Americans." One lot consists of real wool Yanks, who parade their stars and stripes and are not ashamed to walk the street arm-in-arm with Uncle Sam. To their lot (rather numerous) are "snide" Yanks, who pose as Canadians on 24th May and yell for Uncle Sam on the Glorious Fourth. . . . E.S.P.: Reason no doubt is that you haven't been using pure eucalyptus oil. Nine-tenths of the so-called eucalyptus oil retailed by chemists is strongly adulterated—chiefly with turpentine. Gabo: So far as we know, N.S.W. has not offered a competition prize for the suggested Commonwealth-commemorative statue on Pinchgut rock, Sydney Harbor. The idea, of course, is a bald steal from the Bartholdi N.Y. Statue of Liberty, and the thing, if done at all, should be turned over to a man of the calibre of Australian sculptor MacKinnell, who will be here shortly. . . . Meoro: The idea of the Commonwealth Day procession being made to proceed zig-zagly through King Division was founded on the fact that it was considered absolutely necessary for it to go past both the morning newspaper offices. . . . C. Keast: Then it is a good job for the Colesberg niggers that the gentle Capt. Cox only wanted a bride. If he had wanted a horse, probably there would have been holes drilled through the whole darned tribe. . . . Rex: *Re* Gov. General's reception procession—"one reads," &c. Where and when? Should always send cutting in such cases. . . . B. St. B.A.: They lack force and interest, though "Cui Bono" has shimmerings of ability. . . . Nondescript: Good idea, but can do nothing



THAT SUNDAY SHOP-CLOSING.

Terrible effect at Sydney Zoo—no peanuts.

with it in its present form. . . . R.A.K.: Not badly conceived, but not finish enough, and too long for interest. . . . Elma V.: You have the "saving grace of humor," at all events. Will consider. . . . Ina G.: Prose-verse badly chopped and stacked. . . . St. A.M.: Too cheap, too facile. To draw blood you must spend blood. . . . His Mate: Kill the fable and pass the moral; "Fly high, or don't fly at all." . . . A.W.R.: No interest. Get a plot to carry your sketches. Not force enough, unless better handled. . . . A.P.L.: You can't fairly say so, as the condemned man Sleigh is the first whom the Lyne Ministry has left to the gallows. . . . M.: The Victorian militia uniform is a copy of that of the Confederates in the American Civil War. . . . Xer: Yes, Burke and Wills were very poor bushmen, and perished merely through their own lamentable ignorance. . . . Kosci: Carnivorous-plant subject "off." . . . J. A. Mac: May trim and use. . . . A.M.W.: On the contrary, Dr. Scott-Skirving practically admits the truth of Burdett-Count's allegations about the British army-hospital bungling, but pleads that the thing was unavoidable. . . . Jay Way: Too hot. . . . J.J.B.: Acceptable. . . . Crank: Are you so sure you have a soul to drown? . . . Inray: "Trail" returned. . . . Young Australian: Poetically you're a poor sample. . . . A.B.C.: Inferior Schreiner dreams don't go. . . . J.H.C.: You want Govt. to buy Clovelly, at Watson's Bay, for a park? Why, you have a park almost alongside—and an ocean. Who wants to sell? . . . Darnoc: Insignificant. . . . Best: We have given it. R.F.C.: That would settle the drink question, if it could only get at it. . . . Tyers: Doesn't interest. . . . Macander: Abysmally dull; and we didn't find alleged stamps. . . . E.P.: Rather attenuated item. . . . R.G.P. (Melbourne): Inefficient spectre shoof off the premises. . . . M.S.: It's good. Considering if we're to print it. . . . J.L.K.: "Ecclesiastes" too dull and stale. . . . Gunyee: Name and address, please. . . . Malo: We prefer not. . . . Mad: Won't contradict you. . . . Balquhider: Not yet; but will be next year. . . . W.C.: Not up. . . . Piscator: Too doggerelish. . . . Red Jim: Stick to pars. . . . Pan: "Diana" doesn't interest. . . . M.H.: Considering "Pilli." . . . L.P.W.: Wants originality and vigor. . . . Crem: All wrong—Frank Madden being pledged to resign his seat and his late opponent Kemp beat him in the slander action. . . . G.F.B.: Not enough in eight. . . . A. Shields: Humour forced, and incident too slight for so long a lead-up. . . . Quiros: "Admiral of the Yellow" is merely a jocular term for a post-captain retired without sufficient length of service to entitle him to a place on the list of Rear-Admirals. . . . Hydrogen: Can't start a discussion of that sort, you know. . . . J.H.: Go on with your action, and don't write maliciously about the thing. . . . Progressive Euchre: It didn't pass, we turned it down. . . . Ireland: Another progressive euchre yarn. Also turned down. . . . I.T.: Nothing specially good in batch of sonnets submitted. . . . E. Vin: Not up. . . . Felix: No interest. . . . C.S.B.: Ditto—and more so. . . . J.H.: Thanks; it's not bad, but not quite good enough to reprint. Why didn't you send it here first? . . . T.J.: The "megalo" is more pronounced than the "eroto." . . . Les. O.: Nothing in it. . . . V.G.P.: "Brethren" will consider. Other two have small merit. . . . Will J.: "Sliprails" has dramatic force and descriptive power, but is too vague and impressionistic. Don't leave quite so much to the reader's imagination. . . . Cosmopole: The good not new and the new not good. . . . Thurla: Well, there is no reason why the penny shouldn't be reduced in size. . . . Xerxes: Please don't write on what is practically blotting-paper—prevents interlineation. . . . Morna D.: Don't remember seeing it before. Too trifling. . . . H.M.: Reads like real life, but treatment nervous and flabby. . . . Oscar S.: "Original" as far as you are concerned, no doubt; but the "sister"-device is very old. And, anyhow, a girl who "stamps her shapely little feet on the rich carpet" shouldn't say "I see him." . . . Novelle: Thanks for fine large libel on Nicholson, Esq. . . . E.W.C.: The Act probably provides for a relaxation of its provisions under an Attorney-General's permit—which you say was in this case duly obtained. Will consider anything you may send. . . . Hopscotch: "Native-companion" is off. . . . J. Rooney: Thanks. . . . H.F.: May use. . . . Elburg: Not badly done; but hasn't enough distinction for print. . . . G.A.P.: "Bootsless Quest" not exactly bootless out, yet hardly good enough. . . . E.M.D.: "Christmas" nicely written, but conventional and unconvincing. Verse very feeble and clumsy. . . . Tyers: The point of your "Lorne" rhyme would not be clear to the uninitiated. Try your hand at a subject of large public interest. . . . P.: What are you giving us? Winston Weir is all right as an exponent of vocal fireworks, but she isn't "the best soprano ever heard in comic opera" in Melbourne. Frances Saville, for instance, warbled delightfully. And there have been others. . . . Croker: All unavailable. . . . Stockman: Can see no promise in it. You lack the Sphinx's excellence. . . . R.P.: "Invocatory" simple and good. . . . B.T.F.S.: May sharpen up and use. . . . T.N.: We've had that blind horse yarn before; and it isn't much of a yarn, anyhow. . . . C.M.E.: The best of your malapropisms are ancient. . . . T.S.: Lacks force, skill, interest—everything that makes literature. . . . Itan: Very prosy. Half-a-column like that would just about slay a paper. . . . Bee: Maori yarn clean stolen from a well-known U.S. nigger "twister." . . . R.T.F.S.: Too bald for a story. . . . Peter McGee: None alluring. . . . 23: Nothing of interest. . . . H.L.B.: As you say, anybody who sends money to Monsieur T. at Paris in the expectation of getting value in portraits for his money is a softy.

TO ARTISTIC (AND INARTISTIC) CONTRIBUTORS.

Thurla: One or two may possibly serve as ideas. . . . Hazel W.: Not an illustrious idea. . . . Constance D. (W.A.): A strong idea. . . . Kondar: One may do as a suggestion. . . . Unavailable: W. Macbeth, Arthur L.C., Jos. A.B., H. Dixon, J.R.

The Melb. press favors Anarchists with the information that Detective Christie is to shadow the Duke of York.

Dear BULLETIN.—In the recent Sydney exhibition of the Society of Artists a picture, "The Awakening Soul of Adam," represents Adam with an umbilical-cord mark. But Adam was "built"—not born of a woman!—G.S.

THE AUSTRALIAN GEM TRADE.

H. Newman, the well-known jeweller of 175 Elizabeth-street, Melbourne, is the largest buyer of opal in Australia, and opal miners will find it to their advantage to send their opal direct to him. The firm has a reputation for straight dealing extending over a period of 40 years, which is a sufficient guarantee to consignors that they will be honorably treated. H. Newman is also a buyer of all other Australian gems.

A 500-guinea ram, exhibited at Canterbury (M.L.) Jubilee Show, was beaten for championship honors by one that had only cost 25 guineas.

On 7th Nov., Sydney D.T. published an alleged portrait of Bryan, the Foreign-trade candidate for U.S.A. Presidency. The same block figured on 17th as the portrait of Theo. Roosevelt, a would-be Vice-President. "You pays your money and you takes your choice!"

Henniker Heaton, now on his way to Sydney—he said, sadly, some years ago, that he feared he would never again see Sydney—hopes to win the Commonwealth to the Imperial penny-post idea. He also hopes the Commonwealth will second his scheme of Britain owning all the cables connecting her dependencies all over the world.

Plucky Dr. Rentoul—Melbourne's fighting Larry—triumphantly justified his S'African-war attitude before Vic. Presbyterian Assembly 'tother day, completely routing his antagonist, Rev. Jingo Marshall, of Scots' Church. Said Rentoul: "Dr. Marshall says I have done some harm to the church by speaking openly my opinion on public affairs. I say back to him, in Assembly here, that he has done far more harm to that church. Think of the scene of him, with one big red fist projected, in the crowd on Mafeking Day in Melbourne—in the midst of that riotous, half-drunken mob of people." Then the militant churchman pulled from his pocket a bundle of letters. "If Dr. Marshall," said he, "dares to meet me on a public platform in regard to the South African question I could make him weep with these letters—letters from sixteen Presbyterian clergymen now in prison under martial law and their theological seminary destroyed, because their sons and brothers have died for what they deemed liberty."



THE CURLY-LEGGED BROTHER.

THE FROG: "Say, young man, have you been trying to catch the greasy pig?"

A Mercer's Predicament.

Mr. Charles Waugh, of Auburn-street, Goulburn, has had the ordinary routine of a mercer and outfitter's life rudely interfered with; so he told a reporter who journeyed from Sydney to interview him.

"I am thirty-six years of age," said he, "and my private address is Victoria-street, Goulburn. Until a short time ago I attended to my business, which is an extensive one, without mishap, but one day I became conscious of a pain in the small of my back. As time went on it increased until it became almost unbearable, and kept me awake night after night. My back and the muscles of my loins became quite stiff, and I had the greatest difficulty in moving about. A physician said I was suffering from lumbago, but in spite of his treatment my suffering continued. I was in a predicament what to try, when a neighbor recommended Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people. I purchased a supply from Mr. Watt, chemist, of Goulburn, and one box so improved me that I was encouraged to continue them; gradually the pains subsided, and the affected muscles became pliable. Three boxes completely cured me. I can now stoop and move about without difficulty; every trace of lumbago has disappeared and I feel stronger and brighter than ever."

By enriching the blood Dr. Williams' pink pills cure lumbago, rheumatism, rheumatic gout, sciatica, &c. By toning up the nerves they likewise cure St. Vitus' dance, neuralgia, nervous exhaustion, &c.; debility, anæmia, paralysis, skin diseases, and premature decay, invariably yield to their blood-enriching properties. Sold by chemists and storekeepers, and by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Queen's Place, Sydney, two and nine per box, six boxes fifteen and three, post free. "How to Cure Lumbago," send for special free instructions.

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Are valuable as Art Productions first and afterwards for the perfection of their Gems.

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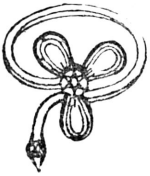
We thus save all intermediate profits and so sell at London Prices.

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CASH LONDON PRICES.

FAIRFAX & ROBERTS,

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Opals and Diamonds,
£3 3s to £5 5s.

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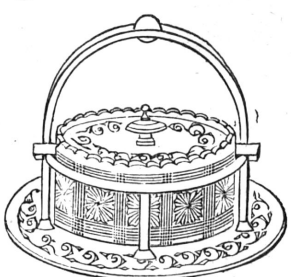
**CRADLE-SONG OF THE COMMONWEALTH.**

Rock-a-bye baby, thy bottle is full,
There's more in the cupboard, so take a good pull.
We've bought up the market—and bother the bill,
If we do not pay it, Posterity will!

YOUR Wedding Presents can be Supplied by A. SAUNDERS, The Reliable Jeweller & Silversmith.



A. SAUNDERS.
BISQUIT.—Floral China, real Silver-plated Mounts, 20s. Similar designs, 15s, 25s, 30s. Very pretty and acceptable presents.



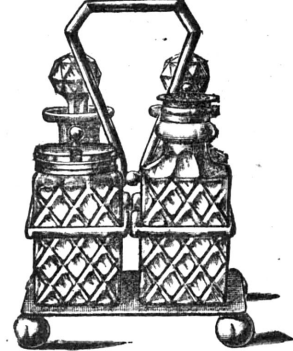
A. SAUNDERS.
BUTTER.—Beautifully Chased and Ornamented pure Silver, Electro-plated on hard White Metal, 15s 6d. Large size, 20s.



Four o'clock TEA SET with Covers, pure Silver Electro-plated on White Metal, first-class English Make, £2 10s. Similar Styles, £2, £2 15s, £3, £3 10s, £4.

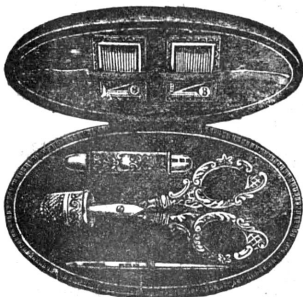


A. SAUNDERS.
EGG CRUETS, pure Silver Electro-plated on hard White Metal, beautifully Chased, 30s, 35s, £2, and £2 10s. Cheaper Style, 20s and 25s.



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4-bottle Lunch or Dinner CRUET, pure Silver Electro-plated on hard White Metal, 21s. Similar Styles, 25s, 30s, 35s.

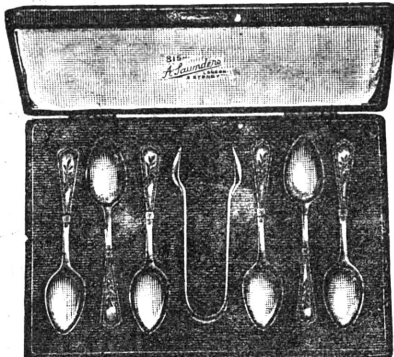
Ladies kindly call and see our Beautifully-stocked Showrooms.



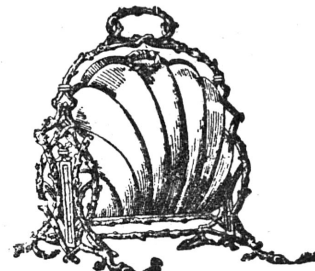
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LADIES' FRIEND.—Pure Solid Silver Mounts, 18s 6d. Very useful and acceptable presents.



A. SAUNDERS.
CAKE DISHES.—The very best finished pure Silver Electro-plate, in various patterns. 20s, 22s 6d, 25s, 30s, £2, £2 10s.



A. SAUNDERS.
4 o'clock TEA SPOONS and TONGS in Silk-Lined Case, Embossed, 12s 6d. Extra Quality, 15s, 20s, 25s. The Silver-plate we guarantee to give every satisfaction. In Pure Solid Silver, 6 Spoons only 25s, with Tongs 30s, 35s, £2, £2 10s.



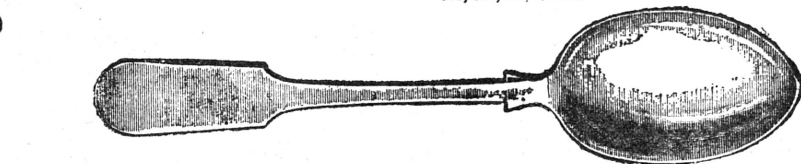
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FOLDING BISCUITS.—Pure Silver Electro-plated on White Metal, £3, £3 10s, £4. Can be used for Cake or Sandwiches.



A. SAUNDERS.
OAK BISCUIT.—Silver-plated Rims and Lids, with Enamelled Lining, 15s 6d; with Ornamented Fluted Rims, 20s; Plain, with Shield only, 12s 6d.



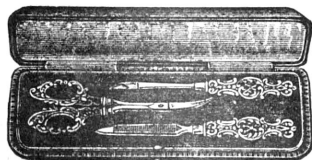
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SALAD BOWL and SERVERS, with Silver-plated Mounts and Handles, 30s. Similar, 20s and 25s. Pretty Floral China, 25s, 30s, £2 and £2 10s.



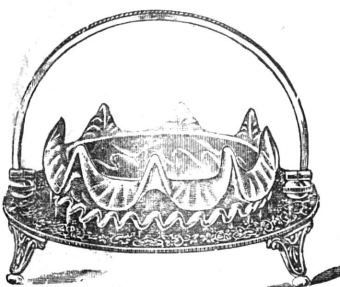
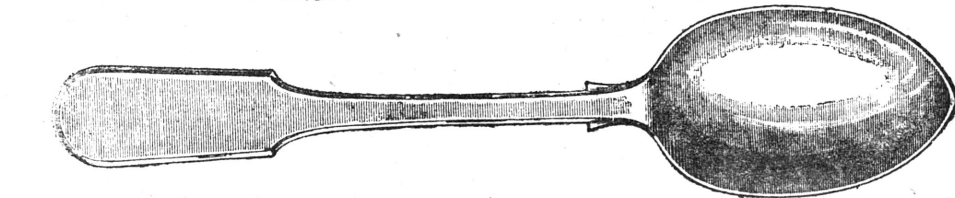
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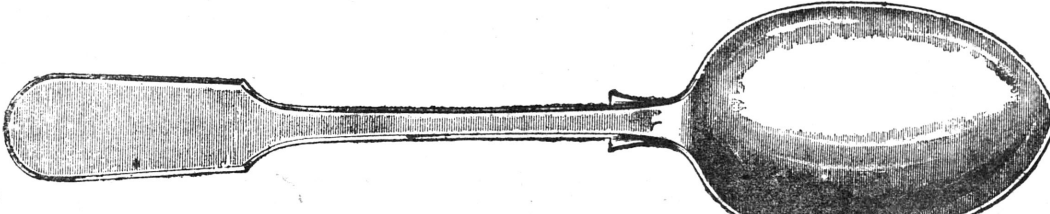
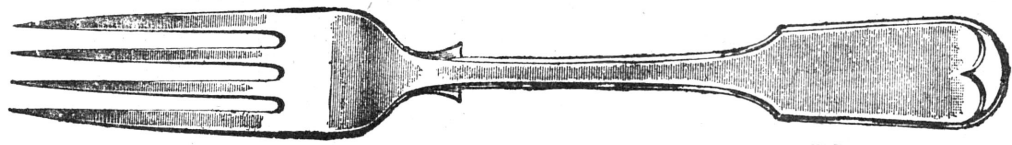
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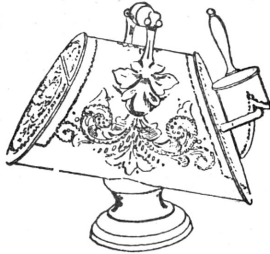


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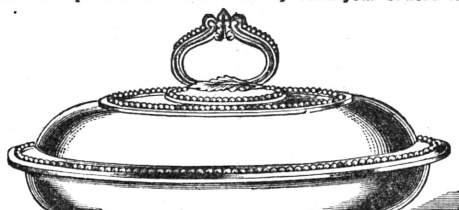
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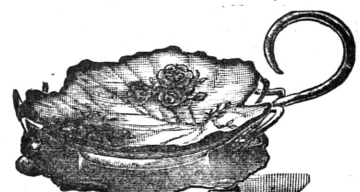
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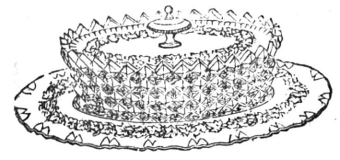
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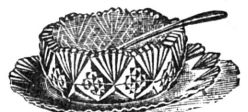
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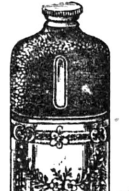
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JAMS.—Floral China, Pretty Design, with pure Silver Electro-plated Stand, 15s 6d; double, 25s. LATEST DESIGNS.



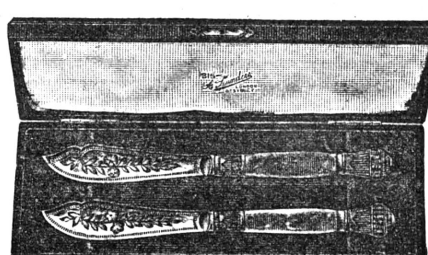
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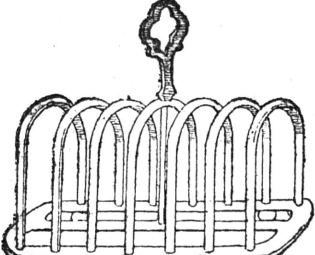
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The Lyne Govt. would have had plenty of time for all its Bills had it met the House earlier. It junketed half the year away, and now is out of breath.

Of all the defeated candidates at the recent elections for Vic. Assembly it is thought that Higgins stands the best chance of getting into the Federal Parliament.

The nepotism of Jackson was the sole reason for "Bobby" Best's exclusion from the new Turner Cabinet, while the AGE put the extinguisher upon Duffy. The others killed themselves by their own impracticability.

Hugh Ross, M.L.A. (Labor) at Quirindi: "I can tell you not one of the 125 members of N.S.W. Assembly will vote for a reduction in the number of members. I'll not vote for it." Excellent frankness. But what say the electors?

Proposed Queensland One Man One Vote Bill is placed 18th on the Parliamentary business paper, and Premier Philp wonders what the Laborites are growling about. Carefully put at the bottom of the list every time, it has been a slaughtered innocent for the last three years.

With cool assurance the Victorian Tories now dub themselves Constitutionalists, and are busy forming an organisation to be called the Constitutional Association. The "Constitutional Ass." is quite unimpeachable of its equally misleading and cheeky assumption of the designation National Ass. a few years ago.

The fact of Postmaster-General Crick taking charge of the Closer Settlement Bill—the most important land subject discussed in N.S.W. Leg Assembly this session—strengthens two frequently-heard surmises. First, Lands Minister Hassell goes to England as commercial agent; second, W. P. Crick becomes Minister for Lands.

Cabled that Kitchener is "preparing to deport the bulk of the civilian burghers of the Transvaal." Nothing less than the expatriation of the Boer race will end the "war," it seems. Britain fought the unequal contest in the name of

"The man who should be most studied," says Freetrader Dry Dog Reid, "is the man called Consumer. And all men are consumers." The Protectionist doctrine is that the man who should be most studied is the man called Producer. Every man who is of value to the country is a producer of some kind, but there are plenty of consumer-men who shouldn't be studied at all.

That Prussian Minister's excuse for German brutality in China—that it was a revenge for the invasion of Deutschland by the Huns—recalls the familiar story of the Gentile who rushed up to an unoffending Jew and smote him in the face. "What's that for?" inquired a bystander. "Because the rascal's people killed Christ." "But that was 1900 years ago!" "Never heard of it until just now."

Melb. ARGUS talk about the solidity of M'Lean Opposition party is amusing to those "in the know." When the Mac-Shiels party was in power two leading members of the present "solid" Opposition—two Scotchmen, by the way—approached Peacock with a proposal to cross the floor and support Turner if he would give them the promise of portfolios in his next Ministry. But Turner was not taking any treachery on those terms.

There apparently is an Adelaide intrigue—backed up by S. A. REGISTER—to push Holder into the first Federal Ministry at the expense of Kingston, one excuse being that the Cabinet should not be formed on party lines, but should give freetraders and protectionists "equal opportunities." The ARGUS is in the same conspiracy, urging that, as Liberalism has got all it wants in the Federal Constitution, it should give Toryism a chance in the Administration.

Fretrade and Protection will develop some strenuous struggles in the ensuing Federal campaign; but for tooth-and-nail fighting the N.S.W. Socialists and labelled Labor party will carry the palm. The Socialists will nominate six candidates for the Senate, not with the hope of getting any in, but with the object, first, of advertising the cause, and second, of smashing the chances of the Laborites. Most of these latter professed militant Socialism at one time, but dropped it. For this they are to be roasted.

The recent failure of the cordite ammunition at Queensland (Vic.) fort merely emphasises the contention that Australia should make her own ammunition, and thus be independent of 'Ome manufacturers. In war-time the latter would have enough to do to keep local customers going, so that Australia would have Buckley's chance of obtaining consignments, to say nothing of the risk of their being captured even if shipped. British makers also will supply all and sundry. Present scribe travelled 18 months ago with one of Kynoch's representatives, who made a great boast about his having just traded off 1½ million rounds of Mauser ammunition to the then President Oom Paul.

The cry of a Victorian Congregational parson named Jones (daily paper report):—

To-night the Rev. E. H. Jones, the newly-elected president of the union, delivered his inaugural address, dealing with religious, social and political matters. He declared for freedom, and expressed the hope that the memories of Cobden and Bright might live long. "Listen, ye protectionists," he continued, "if there are any such creatures among Congregationalists. The prosperity of the working-man of England is represented in her savings banks by the huge sum of £150,000,000.

Precisely. And the prosperity of the working-man of Protectionist countries is represented by the £165,000,000 deposits in the savings banks of France, £178,000,000 in Austria, £212,000,000 in Germany, and £446,000,000 in the United States. In 1840, before Britain gave up Protection, she had £23,400,000 in her savings banks, while France, Germany and Austria had only £14,600,000 among them. They have all left Britain hopelessly behind in this matter since she took to Freetrade. Poor Jones evidently never dreamt of investigating for himself; he merely took George Reid's figures and started to call people who do think for themselves "creatures."

Wonderful how strong a hold the benevolent little Dr. Maloney has got on West Melbourne electorate. As a Parliamentarian he is hopelessly unpractical, and many of his constituents must know that his "views" are seldom taken seriously in the House. But they have reason to believe that he means them seriously, and so the "Little Doctor" gets sent back to his seat every time. West Melbourne wisely hangs on to the belief that sincere democrats are scarce.

Maoriland's empire or confederation now spreads over 3000 miles from north to south—from Penrhyn Island up towards the equator, to the Auckland and other isles, near where the icebergs are. In between is

mostly water; still, it is a very long confederation. What weighs on the country's mind is that narrow spot between Auckland and Onehunga where an active man can walk across the empire in an hour or two.

Westralia having resolved to pay Ms.P., the six States now stand thus: N.S.W., Queensland, and Vic. pay Assembly members £300, and Council members nil; Westralia and S.A. pay members of both Houses £200 each; and Tasmania pays members of both Houses £100 each.



SHE WOULDN'T BE BEATEN.

LITTLE ELSIE (boastfully): "We've 17 rooms in our house; and we've a parlor-maid, a house-maid, a kitchen-maid, and—"

WEE MARY: "We've only got four rooms; but we've got a parlor made, a bedroom made, and a dining-room made, and a kitchen made, and a wash-house and a bath-room nearly finished."

It may be noted that where the Assemblies are paid highest the Councils are not paid at all, and where the Councils are paid the payment is the same as for members of the Assemblies.

Some Vic. certainties for Federal House of Representatives—Deakin (Ballarat), M'Lean (Gippsland), Turner (Balaclava), Dr. Quick (Bendigo), M'Cay (Corinella), Beazley (Yarra), Mauger (Melbourne Ports), and Isaacs (Indi). There will be a big fight between Higgins and Watt for Melbourne North; but when the numbers are up the Equity barrister will be on top. Little Dr. Maloney will give S'Malcolm M'Eacharn and his money "all they know" for Melbourne.

Australia's contribution to the British navy is £126,000 a year, characterised by the London press as downright paltry, and there is a claim for us to foot up something like two millions. Chamberlain tried to insinuate this to Reid and Turner when they were in London for the Jubilee but found them hard of hearing on that side. Most people have forgotten how Chamberlain fetched it up at a banquet, when Reid promptly rose and said Britain was not going to get another copper.

N.S.W. Upper House had hardly rejected the Industrial Arbitration Bill before ex-Minister Hogue was inquiring in the Assembly whether Premier Lyne was going to reform the Council. And the only Ministry Hogue ever belonged to promised Council reform for four years, and fought two elections over it, and got two separate mandates to do it—and did nothing. Hogue's anxiety lest Lyne wastes four minutes before starting the measure which his crowd didn't attempt in four years is pathetic.

PERHAPS.

What is the story hidden of days that are to come,
When through our land re-echoes the rolling of the drum?
What flag will be the People's, as bondmen or as free,
To flaunt above the city, to rock upon the sea?

The glory of old England, bought with blood and women's tears!
Ripe fruits of hatred heavy with the waiting of the years!
Shall we reap the Dead Sea harvest of wrongs we have not sown?
Shall we pay the price demanded for power we have not known?

N.S.W. J. J. B.
Kingston is repeatedly reminding S.A. democrats that the Federal elections will give them an opportunity of making Tory candidates squirm. S.A. has 150,000 electors who possess votes for both Federal Houses, and yet two-thirds of them have been persistently denied votes for S.A. Leg. Council! In a month or two the Tories—who will make a bold bid for the Senate—will have to appeal to this disfranchised majority—recently described by Chaffey Baker's organ, the S.A. REGISTER, as "loafers and wantons," for their votes. And Kingston proposes that every Federal candidate shall be asked "Will you give the franchise for the Leg. Council to every voter for the Federal Parliament?" "If the answer is No," says Kingston, "no self-respecting man or woman amongst the Outlanders will record a vote for, or do ought but work for the defeat of, the candidate." An indication that the Tory crowd realises the position is the fact that many prominent Ass. men in S.A. Assembly are going for Franchise reform.

Queensland goes back to the old expensive policy of buying population. The immigration vote this year is £50,000. Queensland has 480,000 people and it has bought 163,000 of them with free passages and other bribes. N.S.W. has bought 212,000 people in the same fashion, and Victoria 140,000. But Victoria paid cash for its immigrants; N.S.W. paid mostly cash; while Queensland borrowed nearly £3,000,000 to buy population with, and the money mounts up beautifully at compound interest. When Queensland hangs one of its oldest assisted immigrants now three is a horrible sense of loss. It is a case of strangling about £50, including the interest.

Brisbane COURIER proposes a new kind of Parliamentary gag—a standing order requiring that, when a Bill is in committee, so many clauses must go through in a certain time. Supposing it was a case of three clauses an hour, and 58 minutes were occupied with debate on the first clause. The natural result would be that clauses II. and III. must be voted on without a word of debate. Therefore if the big swindle was in clause III. it is obvious that the Ministerial party would talk about clauses I. and II. till there was no time for anyone to say anything about the fraud in clause III. There are many possibilities in this idea.

Cabled that a British co. claims the sole right to navigate certain Venezuelan rivers, and demands that all vessels save its own shall be warned off, and that the British Govt. backs up the claim. Freetrade—or what?

Queensland Premier Philp has notified Parliament that, in view of the fall in revenue and the great increase in expenditure (largely owing to the war), it may be necessary to knock as much as 15 per cent. off all civil service salaries. The fat and jingo gentlemen who bellowed so deafeningly about their longing to "make sacrifices for the empire" in the matter of the Transvaal war won't sacrifice a cent, so the ill-paid public servant must stand the shock of the other fellow's loyalty. Of course, a lot of the civil servants yelled during the blood-drunk that they were willing to make all sorts of sacrifices for the Empire. It is to be hoped that the sacrifice now proposed will agree with them.

The Lyne Ministry has another worthy idea on hand; it has introduced a Bill authorising the repurchase of large estates for closer settlement. But there is this huge bee in the ointment: Many N.S.W. big estates were built up by the absorption of multitudes of small holdings, and when they are repurchased and cut up there is nothing to prevent them drifting together into big estates again. In S.A. and Maoriland the graduated land-tax makes it so much more profitable to hold land in small sub-divisions that the big estates tend to break up. Either a graduated land-tax should be established in N.S.W., or else the resumed estates should be leased—not sold. Nothing else will prevent the huge landed properties crawling together again.

Concerning the present S.A. Premier:

Premier Holder's fiscal beliefs are chameleon. He entered Parliament in '87 as a Freetrader and Land Nationalist. In '88 he took office in the Cockburn Cabinet which was strongly protectionist. Since then every Ministry with which he has been associated has been definitely Protectionist, and in his capacity as Treasurer he has opposed every attempt to abolish or diminish duties. He is still vice-president of the Freetrade Association. He declares he will stand for the Federal Parliament as a Freetrader, and yet he thinks that the Federal tariff ought to raise at least £7,000,000. On a par with these facts are those in relation to the drink question. Holder is president of the S.A. Temperance Alliance, and yet he is particularly anxious to foster the wine trade of the province both locally and in Europe. Holder is indeed "all things to all men." But he is very clever, very cunning and very mobile, and always remembers that self-preservation is the first law of nature and politics.

Premier Seddon's action in adding £40 a year on to the salaries of Maoriland members may have been clumsily done, but it was the right thing to do. These States should have fewer members and with at least twice the salary. Also, they should at least treble the salaries of their Ministers. If the country wants to get good men it must pay them. When a first-class financier can get £2000 a year for life to manage a bank he isn't likely to give it up to be Treasurer at £1000 or £1200 a year, with three times the work, and more expenses, and a billet which may last a month and which it is 100 to 1 won't last five years. A man may be unselfish for himself, but he doesn't want to die penniless and leave his daughters to scramble for a precarious living by being governesses, or waitresses in somebody's restaurant.

Maoriland House of Representatives has decided to impose its Absentee Tax in future on property holders who are absent from the province for one consecutive year. And it would do well if it made the Absentee Tax an addition of 100 per cent. on the ordinary Land Tax; the existing 20 per cent. is quite inadequate. The usual protest against the Absentee Tax is that the absentee isn't a criminal and shouldn't be treated as such. Certainly he isn't a criminal; he is often indeed a far more estimable man than a resident citizen. But he is a disaster; he is a worse misfortune than the plague; and he has to be put down. An Australian who owns £1,000,000 worth of property can, by simply settling in Europe, load this country with £1,000,000 of debt at probably 6 per cent. interest, and no country can afford too much of that kind of thing.



INVOLVED!

HIM: "Why does she hold her skirts up a fine day like this?"

HER: "Well, she's a great horsewoman, and so in the habit of holding up her habit that when she is out of the habit she is in the habit of forgetting that she is out of it."

—Liberty! But if it is Liberty which proposes to banish a whole people—what more could Despotism do?

The election of Victoria's allegedly Liberal ex-Premier M'Lean as Leader of the whole Opposition, the Gillies Tory section included, is the roughest thing that has happened to him up to date. M'Lean may protest his Liberalism, to any extent, but if the high-dried Tory party regards him as a fit successor of their beloved Duncan Gillies—

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At Williamstown, Vic., a man was recently fined £2 and costs for speaking of a constable who entered a hotel disguised as a fisherman as a mongrel policeman. Contempt of policeman!

From a S. Australian "Imperial Bushman":—

I have joined the police for three months. I reckon the war will last that long, and then we can rejoin. It's better pay and easier work—when you've done a day's graft you're finished. Besides, it was getting too damp for camping out. But you needn't worry about us staying here; we've simply taken this job as an easy way out of the other, of which there isn't one of us that is not full up.

Cabled flummery:

Victoria's action in allowing the naval contingent to remain in China during the winter is highly appreciated by her Majesty the Queen.

Which is about on a par with the daily-newspaper statement that Count Waldersee pronounced the Australian naval contingent to be "the finest men he had seen." Waldersee, of course, has never seen the Prussian guards. How much "taffy" are we prepared to swallow?

Two democratic politicians of Vic. Assembly, answering an official invitation to the Hope-toun guggle in Sydney, intimated that they will not accept free eating and drinking at N.S.W. taxpayers' expense, and will only attend a banquet if allowed to pay for the usual ticket.

In a divorce-case heard the other day in Sydney, according to the wife's evidence, the husband, when he brought his unmarried partner home, told his married partner that she could still stay in the house if she kept to the kitchen and made herself useful by attending on the new bride and was respectful in her behaviour. It was considerate of him, but she got her divorce all the same.

"Castro's Last Sacrament and Other Stories," by Albert Dorington ("Alba Dorion") is the best book of short stories yet produced in Australia. The S. DAILY TELEGRAPH recognises the author's "absolute genius." The S.M. HERALD says the volume "contains dramatic pictures which the best of our artists in words might well envy." A handsome cloth-bound volume, 350 pp., post-free from BULLETIN office for 4s. 6d.

For ill-treating three little children, a man and his wife were fined at Parramatta Police-Court last week in an aggregate of nearly £24. One of their methods of inculcating obedience into the children was to make them clasp hot coals in their little fists. The exemplary fines imposed came as a surprise. Had the case been one of wife-beating the sentence would probably have been 5s. or "the rising." The ill-treated children were wards of State, and boarded out under the regulations of the State Dept.

Rich man Terry (who is to be one of the stock jokes of the Commonwealth elections), speaking for Woman Suffrage:—

Women possessed a quality which men did not, namely, that intuition which enabled them to discriminate between the earnest men and the frauds. Their entrance into public affairs would purify public life.

Alas, poor Woman! When she has to deal with her own sex she knows a hawk from a handsaw well enough, but it's exactly over the masculine fraud she has kept "falling-in" since the world was young. If the "earnest man" isn't also either a masterful brute or "such a nice fellow!" he can stop right out in the cold all the time. Woman has no use for the man who is personally ineffective!

When an obscure man carries the same name as a man of note the least he can do is to treat that name tenderly, and keep it out of places where it will look ridiculous. Recently, at St. James', near Benalla (Vic.), one Duncan Gillies went for a swim, apparently went mad in the water, and coming out hurriedly trotted into town with no covering save a glister of moisture on his skin. Highly respectable Tories were horrified to hear that their venerable Parliamentary leader was running through the town in his natural state, with the police after him; and even when they learned, later on, that it wasn't the same Gillies it took them some time to get over the shock. Probably it was only a touch of the sun, but when Duncan Gillies recovers he should be re-named John Smith before he is turned loose, to avoid future painful misunderstandings.

Sydney AUSTRALIAN STAR perpetrated a neat piece of unconscious humor in its news-bill to-day. Thus it announced "Kim's" son's marriage:—

A DUKE'S RUN-AWAY MATCH.

GALLANT EXPLOIT!!!

THE BULLETIN's series of articles—"A Policy for the Commonwealth"—will be published in pamphlet form, with an appendix, about the end of the year. The object of this series is to suggest a progressive, democratic, and financially self-reliant policy for the Commonwealth, and an effort has been made to deal with all the more urgent questions that will confront the Federal Ministry. The pamphlet will contain about 80 pages, and can be procured retail, price sixpence, from THE BULLETIN office, 214 George-street, Sydney, or wholesale from Messrs. Edwards, Dunlop, and Co., Sydney and Brisbane.

Two esteemed BULLETIN-men, signing "E." and "F.", lately raged furiously in these columns concerning the heathen Ibsen; and came to contradictions over the date of publication of "A Doll's House." Whereupon "F." boldly wagered £5 (B. Nov. 10, p. 22) in terms following:—

Let Ibsen get all due credit, however, for having been early in the field with his "Nora, or a Doll's House," published in 1851. "E." tells you that the story of "Nora" dates from 1879. These are gambling times when one loses money by wagering on horse races. If "E." wants to lose some money let him accept my wager of £5 that "Nora" was published 20 years previous to 1879.

And "E." quoted as authority "Cassell's STOREHOUSE OF GENERAL INFORMATION, 1893," thus:—

"Ibsen was educated for the medical profession, but soon took to literature, his first effort being a drama, *Catiline* (1850), which was not successful. Next year, whilst a student in the University of Christiania, he started a paper in which he wrote his earliest social and satirical play, *Nora, or a Doll's House*. He was appointed manager of the theatre at Bergen in 1852."

— and "staked his fiver on that." "E." quoted about all the other available authorities from Jaeger's "Life of Ibsen" to Archer's biographical introduction to "A Doll's House;" and the wager was referred to THE BULLETIN for adjudication. This paper finds that the evidence is conclusive that "Nora" was published in 1879, and not 20 years previously; and the money staked has been forwarded to "E." Ibsen was mentally incapable of writing "Nora" in 1851; and Cassell's "Storehouse" has apparently confused that play with a musical tragedy called "*Norma, or a Politician's Love*," which has nothing to do with "Nora," but *was* published in 1851.

LIFE HAS NO CHARMS
TO THOSE IN BAD HEALTH.

TAKE WEBBER'S

VITADATIO

INDIGESTION.

Abbotshill, Abbotsford, Dunedin,
July 19, 1899.

Mr. S. A. PALMER.

Dear Sir,—I may say that I have been suffering very severely from Indigestion for a great number of years, and have tried all kinds of medicines, but without any benefit. I am now using your VITADATIO and find it the best of all.—I remain, Sir, yours truly

(Signed) M. A. THOMSON.

ECZEMA AND INDIGESTION CURED.

FRESH TESTIMONIALS DAILY.

177 St. John-st., Launceston,

Mr. W. WEBBER.

October, 1895.
Dear Sir,—Having been a great sufferer from Eczema and Indigestion for the last seven or eight years, and having tried a number of different kinds of medicines without any lasting benefit, I was induced to try your new herbal remedy, "Vitadatio," and am very thankful to say it has done me a great deal of good. It is a splendid tonic, and as poverty of blood causes these two complaints, I can only say I am perfectly astonished at the difference. The Eczema has disappeared, and the skin is quite soft, without any scars whatever. I have recommended "Vitadatio" to a great many friends, both in this island and in the other colonies.

I remain, yours truly
H. E. CARSON.

The Price of the Medicine is

Large Size, 5s 6d; Small Size, 3s 6d.
Indian Oil of Cream, 2s 6d.

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India, Ceylon and Japan.

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Sole Proprietor.

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MARVELLOUS PREPARATION.

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Splendid Cleansing Preparation for the Hair.
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Agents—VIRGOE, SON & CHAPMAN and DAVID COHEN & CO., Sydney.

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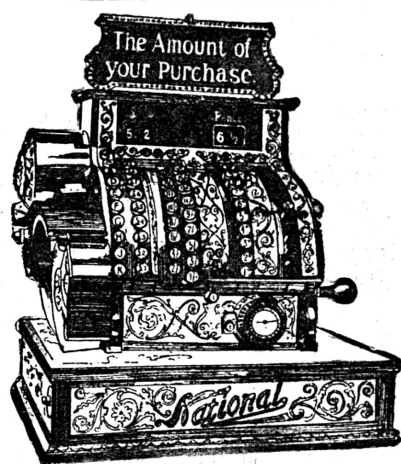
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£20 for a NAME

for the Second-Grade Dunlop Tyre
we intend placing on the market to
meet the existing demand for a

Good Wearing Tyre at a Low Figure.

CONDITIONS of COMPETITION.

The Name to be concise and appropriate.

The Competition is open to all.

Competitors may send in as many selections as they like, provided that they are sent in separately, with the selected name on one side of a sheet of paper and the sender's name and address on the other.

Should more than one Competitor select the winning Name, the award will be made by priority. All letters will be numbered and filed as received, so that it is advisable for Competitors to send in their selections as soon as possible.

Letters to be addressed to "A," care of any of our Australasian Depots.

The Competition will close on December 31st, and our award advertised early in January.

The Dunlop Tyre Co. to be sole judge of the winning Name, which will be the property of the Coy.

A cheque for £20 will be forwarded to the successful Competitor as soon as our award is made.

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FIRST IN 1888. FOREMOST EVER SINCE.



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THE bitterest opponent of S.A. Leg. Council reform is the local Tory organ, the REGISTER. It is interesting to find, therefore, that the REGISTER was one of the chief opponents of the restrictive property qualification provided by the framers of the constitution in 1855, and which still exists on the Statute book. Said the REGISTER of 21st Aug. 1851:—

"The representation is in our own choice for both Houses and we can have the same qualification both for electors and elected. Every man that votes for the Lower House should be eligible to vote for the Upper. In respect of voters the only difference should be that for the Upper House the whole Colony should form one constituency. By this means we should get an Upper Chamber as popular as the Lower one, whilst the check it would supply is the only check that ought to be supplied, viz., that of general against local interests.

Unfortunately the BAKERS and ANGAS's of that time won the day, and the REGISTER and its ally, GEORGE KINGSTON, were defeated. Now, nearly 50 years later, CHARLES CAMERON KINGSTON is fighting for the abolition of this property qualification, but the same REGISTER howls dismally at the very prospect of conferring the franchise upon "loafers and wantons!" And G. H. REID recently congratulated the REGISTER upon its Liberalism!

THE booklet recently issued by that eminent physician, Dr. SYDNEY JONES, of Sydney, on the disease of consumption and its open-air treatment, is a valuable contribution to the literature of the subject mainly because it is based on facts noted during travel in Europe. Yet much more would have to be done by the Legislatures than to establish the required sanatoria. Milk and meat, it has been proved conclusively, are prime sources of the alarming spread of consumption. Yet the supervision of the sale of these articles of food is so lax as to be almost useless. All dairy herds should be subjected to the tuberculin test (it having been proved that 60 per cent. of dairy-cattle are diseased); and the Pasteurisation process should be made compulsory. The slaughtering of all food-animals should be restricted to public abattoirs where practicable; and all foods should, in any case, be liable to close scientific inspection. The responsibility in this respect which our legislators persistently shirk is a terrible one, considering that the N.S.W. victims to phthisis number alone about 4000 per annum.

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THE BEST NATURAL APERIENT WATER.
For continuous use by the Constipated, the Gouty and the Obese. Apply to chemists for "Regimen for the Obese" Card.

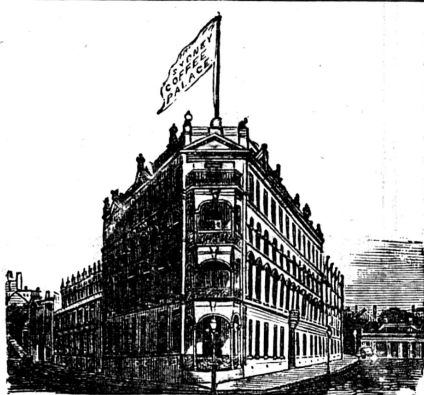
Published by the APOLLINARIS COMPANY Ltd., Lond.
Extract from published letter of M.L. contingent:

I can tell you they don't get me for a soldier again, or any of our boys either that I have spoken to. They are all full up of it. We were war mad and now we are mad to get away again.

The Benevolent Societies' Fête—one of the features of the approaching Commonwealth festivities—should command the ready support of all. The object is good, the price of tickets, 1s., is reasonable, and the entertainments to be provided—three concerts in Sydney Town Hall and a monster sports meeting at the Agricultural grounds—will appeal to all classes. Further particulars from Mr. W. Moffitt Burns, hon. sec., 35 Castlereagh-st.*

The Queensland Government bases its outrageous claim to levy death duties on all Tyson's estate, including that part of it which lies in N.S.W. and Victoria, and which pays death duties in both these provinces, on the theory that Tyson was domiciled in Queensland, one proof of domicile being his membership of Queensland Upper House. Apparently if some far-seeing N.S.W. Government had got there first, and made Tyson an M.L.C. of N.S.W., and fixed him there by giving him some harmless portfolio, such as Minister for Grass, N.S.W. could have claimed his "domicile" and levied death duties on the great Queensland estate. About £200,000 lost, all for want of a little foresight!

THE REID Govt. suspended a N.S.W. Act of Parliament from month to month and year to year at the dictation of coal-mine owners, when it postponed applying the penalties of the Act to those owners who broke the weighing provisions. The LYNE Govt. can follow REID along his special line and actually beat him in results. When the Sydney ferry-boat proprietors kicked against a Parliament-made law Premier LYNE, without consulting Parliament, promptly hung the measure up. This is the LYNE who tells the Sunday shopkeepers that the law they growl at must be obeyed to the letter till Parliament alters it. The Navigation Act lays it down that ships using steam power must have certificated engineers. The colossal Sugar Refining Co. runs some dozen launches along the coast, and the Act has been declared operative upon these; but representations of one sort or another have taken place, and, contrary to the spirit and wording of the Act, the big co. has been allowed to mangle its launches with uncertificated men this season. "Obey the law until it is altered," cry both REID and LYNE, and then, with tongue in cheek, they add, "unless you have influence at your back."



SYDNEY Coffee Palace Hotel,

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It is centrally situated, within 200 yards of St. Mary's Cathedral, overlooking the broad acres of the Domain and Gardens, and the blue waters of the Harbor.

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Marine Risks on Wool, Merchandise, Hulls of Vessels, Freights, Passage Money, etc.

Rates very Low. THOMAS M. TINLEY, Manager.

"F." : Apropos George Gordon M'Crae's old-time Melbourne memory (B., 3/11/00). The old gaol alluded to was a red-brick building on the northern side of Bourke-st. W., between King and Spencer streets. It was standing in '57, and, I think, was demolished about '59 or '60. The first fire-station was on the site. The criminals going for execution were, no doubt, Charley Ellis, aged 18, a native of Surrey; Daniel Jepps, aged 27, a native of Boston, U.S., and Martin Fogarty, aged 18 years, native of Tipperary. They were sentenced by Justice John Walpole Willis, then Resident Judge at Port Phillip, for shooting with intent to murder, and were hanged 28 June, '42. There was no other triple execution in Melb. until 3rd Oct., '53, when Wilson, Melville, and Atkins were hanged for the M'vor escort robbery.

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MARKS AMERICA ARTIFICIAL LIMBS.
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SANDEMAN'S AUSTRALIAN & IMPORTED WINES.

Unlimited Supplies in Cellars, 241 Pitt-street, Sydney, and in Bond.

Hearne's Bronchitis Cure.

THE FAMOUS REMEDY FOR

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HAS THE LARGEST SALE OF ANY CHEST MEDICINE IN AUSTRALIA.

Those who have taken this medicine are amazed at its wonderful influence. Sufferers from any form of Bronchitis, Cough, Difficulty of Breathing, Hoarseness, Pain or Soreness in the Chest, experience delightful and immediate relief; and to those who are subject to Colds on the Chest it is invaluable, as it effects a Complete Cure. It is most comforting in allaying irritation in the throat and giving strength to the voice, and it neither allows a Cough or Asthma to become chronic, nor Consumption to develop. Consumption has never been known to exist where "Coughs" have been properly treated with this medicine. No house should be without it, as, taken at the beginning, a dose is generally sufficient, and a Complete Cure is certain.

BEWARE OF COUGHS!

REMEMBER THAT EVERY DISEASE HAS ITS COMMENCEMENT, AND CONSUMPTION IS NO EXCEPTION TO THIS RULE.

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BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL.

INVALIDS AND THE AGED.

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are the most Effectual Remedy of the Century, and are unequalled as a Permanent and Complete Cure for all Affections of the **Nervous System**, Weak Spine and Brain Despondency, Melancholia, Nervous Irritability, no matter how caused or of how long standing. BOXES, 6s. and 12s., posted. Ordinary Course, 23s. 6d., posted. Special Powerful Double Course, 43s. 6d.

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are an Infalible Cure for Purifying the **BLOOD** and Strengthening the **NERVES**, and are especially effectual for all complaints peculiar to Females, beautifying the complexion, brightening the eyes, clearing the skin, and bringing about a youthful appearance.

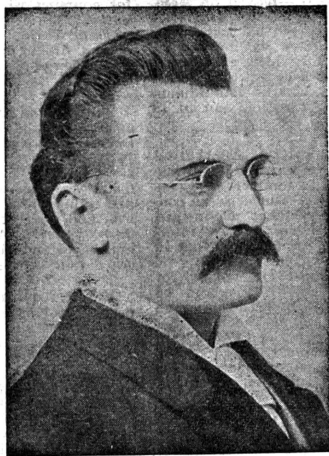
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Alfaline Fat-reducing Powders—A harmless but most effectual remedy for transforming the stoutest and most unsightly figure into that of the most perfect, resulting not only in the return of Youthful appearance but also in comfort, improved health, and renewed vigor. Boxes, 6s. Valuable Pamphlet sent free.

Alfaline Headache Tablets—An instant cure for all kinds of headache, no matter how caused. 1s. per packet. Valuable Pamphlet sent free.

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Alfaline Hair Restorer and Beautifier—A guaranteed remedy for preventing the Hair turning grey and falling off, and wonderful for producing rapidly luxuriant beards and moustaches. Posted, 3s. and 6s.

Alfaline Worm Powders—Destroy and expel any kind of Worms both in Children and Adults, very palatable. Packets, 1s.; posted, 1s. 6d.

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Electric Belts—Containing powerful and effectual Electric currents, unequalled as a cure for all Spinal and Kidney Affections; 42s. and 63s. Send for all particulars.

Alfaline Electric Suspender Bandage—This suspender imparts Strength and Vigor, at the same time as it supports the parts. Price 21s., posted.

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MELBOURNE: 150 Bourke-street (opp. Eastern Markets).

ADELAIDE: 154 Rundle-street (near York Hotel).

N.Z., WELLINGTON: 91 Lambton Quay.

PERTH: Hay-street (opposite Wiedenbach's).

KALGOORLIE: Hannan-street (next Lindell's).

BOULDER CITY: Piesse-street.

FREMANTLE: Henry-street.

J. Ross Anderson, decorator of the Tivoli Theatre, informs THE BULLETIN that he was a tenderer for the decoration of Sydney Town Hall vestibule; that his tender was recommended for acceptance by the City Architect; and that the aldermanic building committee ignored the recommendation, and gave the work to another man at a higher price.

Even grovel may lead to good results at times. Richmond (Vic.) council, whose domain lies on the Yarra above Melbourne, has been cheerfully issuing noxious-trade licenses, so that the strange flavour and drainage of its bone-mills may float down the river past the great city, and make Melbourne's hair stand up with horror in its sleep. And Melbourne took it reasonably well till it knew that York was coming, and that York would smell its river and go away disgusted. Therefore a large and enthusiastic deputa-tion called on the Government, and implored it to shut down on the Richmond bone-mill business and clean up the Yarra ere York arrives; and the Government promised that it would upset the Constitution if need be, rather than let the flavour and bouquet of old sheepskins strike the coming duke in the eye.

An Australian warrior, writing from South Africa, describes the British Army Service Corps administration as one mass of corruption. The statements were possibly not intended for publication, but, since they have seen the light in Sydney DAILY TELEGRAPH, there ought, if one tithe of the allegations are true, to be a prompt and pretty rumpus at the War Office:—

In this department the British Government is being robbed right and left. . . . Some quartermasters and quartermaster-sergeants and men employed on the stores are, it is notorious, making small fortunes. . . . Men have themselves told me of various large sums they have made—£250, £350, and £500—by selling Government stores; and one man, representing a firm of meat contractors, told me that merely by claiming commandeered cattle (with the connivance of officers), and charging the War Office so much per head, he had cleared as his own share—apart from the company's contracts—over £2000.

HAVE YOU A BAD LEG

with Wounds that Discharge or otherwise, perhaps surrounded with inflammation and swollen that when you press your finger on the inflamed part it leaves the impression? If so, under the skin you have poison that defies all the remedies you have tried, which, if not extracted, you never can recover, but go on suffering till death releases you. Perhaps your knees are swollen, the joints being ulcerated; the same with the ankles, round which the skin may be discoloured, or there may be wounds; the disease if allowed to continue will deprive you of the power to walk. You may have attended various hospitals and had medical advice, and been told your case is hopeless, or advised to submit to amputation; but do not, for I CAN CURE YOU. I don't say perhaps; but I WILL. Because others have failed is no reason for not being cured. Send once for

ALBERT'S GRASSHOPPER OINTMENT and PILLS, which are a certain remedy for the cure of Bad Legs, Housemaid's Knee, Ulcerated Joints, Carbuncles, Poisoned Hands, Tumours, Abscesses, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Bunions, and Ringworm. Of all Chemists, Stores, &c. Price, in Great Britain, 1/6d. per box. Prepared by ALBERT, 73, Farringdon-street, London, England. Agents: ELLIOTT BROS., Sydney. Purchasers should look for the registered trade mark of the Grasshopper on a green label on each box. (Regd. copyright).

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Natural Curly, from 5/6 each.
PLAITS and TAILS,
from 10s. long, 5/6, all real hair.
CUTTINGS and COMBS,
from 1/6 up, 5/6 per oz.
We are the cheapest and best
traders for our Hair Work.
Send Color of Hair.
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corner of Palmer-street,
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Cable Train will stop at Door.
Send stamps for full Price List.
Prompt attention given to Country Orders.

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CARBOLIC DISINFECTANTS,
SOAPS, TOOTH POWDER,
OINTMENT, etc.,
Are the Original and only Reliable.
They have been awarded 100 Medals and Diplomas
for Superior Excellence, and should always be used
as a protection against Infectious Diseases—especially
in Hot Climates.
Avoid Inferior Imitations.
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SPORTING NOTIONS.

Punters not in the know had a treat at Moorefield (Sydney) on Saturday. Two rank outsiders scored and made Mo. beam benignly on all and sundry during the afternoon. One "skinner" will usually more than clear him; two means a harvest. Besides, there were few triers. In one race several good performers started, but the ultimate winner only was labelled "on the job." A hot favorite in another event got home despite the zig-zag course ridden by his jock. Rumor had it that public money made the thing "first pick"—the "stable" wasn't on to the extent of a "bob." A happening that puzzled the writer was when the stewards singled one out of at least six glaring "stiffs" and cautioned his rider. Others were allowed to go on their ways rejoicing. Those who want to get a bit back to-day (Saturday) would do well to go out with their minds a blank re last Saturday's running, otherwise they'll contribute more to Ikey's fat banking account.

Scobie's "luck" for some time past has probably been due more to the training than to the horses. Scobie has had all of them in good health and condition at the right times. Other people's horses were, in many cases, either short of work or getting stale, or not quite well on the day. Judging from his success with Malster, not to mention Clean Sweep, Paul Pry and La Carabine, the Ballarat trainer has mastered the art of keeping even the Bill of Portland horses up to the mark for months at a stretch. Malster's first race as a 2-year-old was the only event in which he didn't get placed, and it will be interesting to see whether the colt maintains his character for consistency.

Sydney equine-dentist Miller extracted several teeth from Clean Sweep only a week before his Cup victory.

A Victorian constable, to get a conviction against a street-wagering licker they other day, admitted in Court that he ordered his son, of 14, to entrap the lookie by a false statement, and gave him the money to make the wager. Does Chief Sec. Peacock approve of this sort of thing?

An informing constable, laying snares to catch street bettors just before Melb. Cup, actually backed Clean Sweep with an Ikey on Bourke-street pavement. As such wagering is illegal, and the bookie was subsequently fined, the "trap" is wearing himself to a shadow worrying over that wager. He can't raise courage to go and collect because he himself was acting illegally, and yet as an authorised agent it is his duty to annex the boodle on behalf of his principal—himself.

A Melb. City Court witness, t'other day, in expressing his fine contempt for the cross-examining lawyer, remarked that he had been, on Cup Day, solicitors and barristers on the Flat laying threepenny doubles. True bill, too.

Alix is still consistent. On Saturday she added another place (third in V.A.T.C. Armadale Handicap) to her already long list. Distance 1m. 3f. Fleet Admiral won with ex-Sydney galloway Goodman second. No other nag in one season ever ran placed so often in so many important events without winning once.

"Rednef" (Defender backwards), winner of a race at Newcastle (N.S.W.) last week, is the latest thing in turf nomenclature rancous-voiced Mo is called upon to wrestle with. Rednef (Invader) and Ruenal (Flaneur) were bad enough, but Rednef and Snabats (St. Albans) Rot!

Re Kelso's Golden Ring, lately mentioned as a probable good 'un. Her existence is due more to luck than to ability. G.R.'s dam died a week after foaling, and Mr. Hooke had much trouble in bringing the youngster along on cow's milk. "Andy" Loder's Orphan and Fernando were (report states) reared similarly, the nourishment being administered per medium of a tea-pot.

"Bill" Long's one-time mighty prad Hopscotch has reach bedrock. He ran in a selling race t'other day (to be sold for a tanner), and finished last. Saturday he was in Rosstown Plate at Caulfield (7.7 up), but did no good.

T'other day at Maffra Show circus nag New-haven cleared 6.6 in the high jump struggle and beat champion Mahonga.

One of the best-known of way-back horsemen, J. C. McMahon, who knows the hardy breeds of the in-lands as well as any man, is the latest Australian to go India-wards to open up a trade in horses.

Q.T.C. Spring meet showed a surplus of £800 mainly owing to the tote. Returns for the three days constitute a record for Q. Spring gathering.

A record of £69,943 was "toted" at Canterbury (M.L.) J.C. meeting during four days, besides £22,605 at four days' trotting. Trotting isn't a poor man's sport now in M.L.; its gradual purification has attracted the best sportsmen, and the horses have so much improved that it takes a well-bred and well-trained neddly to win.

J. A. Buckland's trotter, The Heir, own brother to champion Fritz, won the Dash Handicap at M.L. Metrop. T.C. meeting by 40yds. from the 16sec. mark in 2.32 for the mile. It was a harness race. Same day Jessie Palm (ser.) moved down a field of eight in the Prince of Wales Handicap, and won by 20yds. in 4.43 2-5—a new two-mile M.L. saddle record.

A couple of red-hot favourites were sent out for a big hack-race at Waverley (M.L.) recently, and were backed for pounds and shillings. But "there were others." The foxy owner of an unknown prad named Full Cry (by Reynard) decided on spinning also, and when the moken won and paid £50 div. the paddock looked very gloomy.

Some Sydney boxing-promoters have long been playing the game low down. The climax was nearly reached last week, and, if writer is a judge, a lot of people went within a hair's breadth of having to face charge of manslaughter. Negro "Ike" Stewart was billed to fight the "champion of the South Coast" (one Rolfe) at Golden Gate A.C. Few, if any, had ever heard of Rolfe as a buisner, and no one knew, till then, that a "South Coast champion" existed. Rolfe couldn't have shaped worse had he been accidentally dropped out of a balloon into the ring for the first time. Two minutes after operations began the black banged his right heavily on to t'other man's point, flattening him out with a thud. Rolfe's head was split open by the fall, and when the blood showed and his legs quivered, it seemed all over, but for tunately he survived. Rolfe didn't look as if he had ever got inside the ropes before. The match was evidently arranged on the off-chance of Rolfe making a good showing, and because it didn't cost much. BULLETIN par. (17/11/00) tipped the likelihood of someone being killed ere long, and had a remarkably close shave of scoring on this occasion.

"Snowy" Sturgeon and erstwhile Captain's Flat miner Dan O'Connell meet at Sydney Gaity A.C. Monday night. Neither will be very much under 12st. Sturgeon looks far better than when he met Cribb, and, being at his natural weight, should shape more effectively. Writer thinks "Snowy" much too clever for Dan, who though game as they make 'em and strong as a bullock, is slow and awkward. If the ex-digger survives the first

four or five rounds there'll be a great struggle, but before-hand the match seems a fair thing for Sturgeon bar flukes, as his clever left is sure to get home often and hard.

"S.S.": Disagree with your par. 24th Nov. re the complete fairness of the referee's decision in the Hegarty-McGowan battle for the lightweight championship, at Melb. Demo. Hall. Never saw clearer draw fought in my life, and when a referee has been persistently overlooking fouling on both sides throughout a fight, it is a bit off, all things considered, to declare a finish on a mechanical, quite venomless hit when breaking in the last minute of the last round.

"Old-Timer": Re distress of old cricketer Geo. Gilbert. Said that he is a cousin of the great W.G.'s, but 18 years older. Geo. was born at Cheltenham (Eng.) 71 years since. In '51 he was with the Gentlemen against the Players of England. Coming to Sydney, Gilbert (with late "Dick" Driver and W. Tunks) fixed up the initial match between Vic. and N.S.W.—played on Melb. Cricket Ground 44 years ago. George skipped mother province side, which won. He played his last inter-State match in Sydney in '75. Gilbert was contemporary with Alfred Mynn, Felix, old Lilywhite, old Clarke, Fuller, Pilch, and other top-notchers of the period "down under"; and, later, with Charlie Bannerman, Spoffler, Evans, Nat Thompson, Costick and co. in Australia.

Cabled that whilom top-notch Australian bowler, J. J. Ferris, has died suddenly at Durban (S.Africa). "Jack" had only seen 33 summers, and was born and reared in Sydney. He and Turner were contemporary, and figured in the same matches, playing sad havoc with wickets for years. Ferris's first "inter-State," in '86, saw him get six in the first and four in the second innings, and at the second time of asking he showed still better, taking nine at an average of five for each. His Australian record, in 1888, was 220 wickets. Turner (315) is the only man who ever exceeded these figures, and he did it during same tour. Two years further on Turner and Ferris were each credited with the same number (215). Later Ferris elected to stay 'Ome, and played for Gloucester for four years. In '92 Ferris, with the Gentlemen of England against the Players, went in first and survived the whole innings, notching 62. The full total was 170. As a left-hand bowler Ferris had few, if any, equals. Certainly Australia never owned a better one. In '88 Womersley bracketed him with Turner, Briggs, Lohmann, Peel, and S. M. J. Woods as one of the six great bowlers of the year. The deceased's retrogression as a bowler seems to have dated from the time he visited the Cape as one of an English team. Twelve months since Ferris was in Sydney and had been there some time, but a little later he went to S.Africa and joined the Imperial Horse. Writer doesn't remember another fore-front left-hand bowler in the Mother-State bar Coates, and he is dead too.

Clem Hill's score of 70 against Victoria in the recent inter-State match came opportunely as indicating that he is still in some sort of form, for he has failed to make double figures in any club match this season.

Jack Lyons, after repeated failures this and last season, banged up 60 not out in a club match, Nov. 17, including a splendid fiver, almost out of Adelaide Oval; certainly the biggest hit made on the ground.

Ernest Jones has been re-engaged by S.A.C.A. as ground bowler on Adelaide Oval for a year, at a reduced salary. Also, S.A.C.A. has power to cancel the engagement whenever "Jonah" gets so much out of form as to be discarded from S.A. Eleven. There is not much in being a fast bowler.

Cricket match, Saturday last, wherein Peter-sham Veterans met Cintras, was remarkable for an extraordinary bowling feat by W. E. Forsyth, hon. sec. Peter-sham C.C. He clean bowled ten of the Cintras for 15 only. Word of another uncommon performance comes from Bathurst (N.S.W.). J. J. Dowd (St. Stanislaus College), playing against St. Barnabas, secured seven wickets with consecutive balls. His deliveries totalled 12, and not a single run was notched off any. Dowd comes from Wellington (N.S.W.) and is yet in his teens.

Re BULLETIN par. (10/11/00) anent third-grade cricket match—Peter-sham v. Varsity. Mr. G. R. Tee, as captain of the Varsity, writes that he didn't suggest the discontinuance of play.

"Nulla": Marsh, no-balled in First Eleven v. Colts' match at Sydney (10/11/00), and who afterwards used splints to prove that his action wasn't throwing, is the well-known erstwhile crack aboriginal sprinter.

The straitened circumstances of that old N.S.W. cricketer, George Gilbert, should appeal to the hearts of sporting people. He lives in a tent on Fish River, near Bathurst (N.S.W.) for three years, and subsists by rabbiting and gold-digging. Recently a storm swept away all he owned. The old chap travelled through miles of snow and had a bad time trying to escape with his life. Subsequently he worked for surveyors at Forbes, but rheumatism gripped him and he had to lie up. "No funds," responded N.S.W. Cricket Assn. to a request for assistance. Said that if old George could get the where-withal for another outfit he could make a good living on Fish River again. Why not an "Old Cricketers' Fund"—especially as cricket is the "National game."

Home-coming of Freddy Lane and Jack Hellings will, this season, give swimming a bigger fillip than ever. Vic. Lindberg, the M.L. handicap performer, and Marks (champion of Sussex, Eng.) also reached Sydney by same boat. Jack has altered from a thin, wiry little chap to a stout nugget, with face and style of his dead brother George. Lane says he has put on over a stone while away, but doesn't look it. English winters nearly settled both, and Jack, though only 23, now gets bad rheumatic twinges. He says that, after Jarvis and Derbyshire, English swimmers are inferior to Australians. They've got two distinct "kicks" at "Ome, one (the "South Country") like ours and t'other (the "North Country"), a sort of double kick resembling that of ex-Australian champion "Paddy" Gormly, only it doesn't break the surface. Jack has brought back a lot of pointers on water-polo, together with the information that we have no notion of the game here.

"Trudge": Writer predicts that Dick Cavill, Bob Craig, "Mud" Bishop and co. will give the returned champs.—Hellings and Lane—a great shaking ere the season is over, i.e. if Hellings and Lane compete, which is not absolutely sure, as neither is too well. Mention of Craig brings to mind that 'twas this powerful young swimmer who passed the rope round the suffocated diver in 20ft. of water at Mort's Dock (Sydney) t'other day, despite the fact that he (Craig) bled from nose and ears in the effort. 'Tis asserted, too, that had Craig been allowed through the door instead of having to go round the head of the dock the diver would possibly have been alive now.

London SPORTSMAN, after the departure of swimmers Lane, Hellings and Lindberg: "Australia has never sent us three better sportsmen, and their departure is regretted by all here interested in swimming. . . . All were brilliant swimmers, yet none of them suffered from 'swelled head'!"

British scribes aver that world's champion sprinter, Derbyshire, is in such marvellous form now that if anyone could pass the rope round the suffocated diver in 20ft. of water at Mort's Dock (Sydney) t'other day, it would be he. He easily got away with the premiership at that distance last month in Glsec.—leaving a margin of 5yds. between himself and the nearest man, Austrian Ruberli.

Last year, when Australian Lane swam second, Derbyshire covered the course in 60 2-5sec.—1.5 outside the world's record (his own), done at Manchester in '98.

Vic. four-oared championship on Saturday proved a fiasco. Stamper, rowing bow for Albert Park, collapsed through sunstroke about a mile from home. Only the A.P. and the Marcella started, and despite the fact that Stamper showed signs of weakness within half-a-mile of the start, the former went to the front and led by two lengths at one period. The other three men practically pulled the boat along until they saw there was no chance. With decent luck Albert Park must have romped home.

Cabled that Mr. C. O. Skarratt—one of the original Mount Morgan syndicate, wherein he was gilded well, and once "mine host" of the Royal, Sydney—died in England last Friday, aged 77. Those who remember the dapper little sportsman will sincerely regret this news. He was once a crack pigeon-shot, and did much for coursing when the game boomed in N.S.W. Mr. Skarratt's interest in the longtails and the pigeons was probably born of the fact that the late Mr. Gardiner (of Messrs. Arthur and Co., Glasgow), a crack shot and the real father of coursing in this country, always put up at the Royal.

There was great shooting at the 40th prize-meeting of the Vic. Rifle Association, the other day. Competitors were shooting second turn for the Queen's Prize, and Private Gargett, of St. Arnaud, proved himself top-notch by easily beating world's records at the distances, 10 shots at 500yds., and 15 at 600yds. In the first round, three men landed their 10 shots in the bull's-eye, and Gargett made 49 out of a possible 50. But at 600yds. the St. Arnaud man, out of his 15, potted 12 bull's-eyes and three inners, scoring 121 points for the two distances, the world's next best being 116 points.

Pluggier Bilmartin was a veritable "surprise-party" at E. Melb. bike club annual meet, Saturday. After practically doing nothing worth mentioning for months he got away with three out of five events, viz.: Stuart Mile (2.10 3-5), Motor-paced Tournament, three miles (Dunlop 5.13, and 10-Mile International Scratch Race. The big "Murkan" showed all his old dash, collapsed after last effort, and had to be carried away. Yankies Chapman, Lawson and Vaughan and Britisher Green figured in some events, but did no good. Accidents were common; that in the International 10-Miles, wherein 25 men figured, was very serious indeed. In the third mile there was a crash, caused by, Body says, one rider casing off. Then a heap of legs, arms and heads to which seven men contributed, was seen on the track. Parsons, Green (Eng.), Carpenter, Body (M.L.), Walne (Q.), Barker, and Gordon were the unfortunates. Parsons suffered most with a compound fracture of both bones of the left forearm, the broken ends showing through the skin; his legs were badly cut too. Green carried away a forearm fracture, and was covered with cuts and bruises. Gordon's flesh was torn badly through his body being dragged over the asphalt. Carpenter, Walne, and Barker were hacked about but not seriously affected. The shock to all will take a lot of shaking off.

The popularity of the Massey-Harris bicycle is due to the fact that this mount has always given perfect satisfaction as a touring and long-distance riding machine.

Victorian pedaller Gooch, on his "Red Bird" racer, won the East Melbourne Bicycle Club's annual two miles wheel-race in 4m. 30s. at St. Kilda last Saturday.

At Poverty Point.

Florence Schmidt writes to Signor Steffani that Robert Newman, proprietor of the Queen's Hall, Langham Place, London, has engaged her for three years at £15 a week for the first year, £20 for the second, and a corresponding rise for the third—a very fair start for a comparatively unknown vocalist. Her work will be on the concert platform only, and she will not be required to sing more than twice a week. She has already made a successful essay at the Queen's Hall, at Newman's Promenade Concerts, singing the recit., "Care Compagne," and aria, "Come per me sereno," from "Sonnambula." Of her singing the STANDARD said: "The success of Miss Florence Schmidt was never for a moment in doubt." Florence was therefore wise to resume her own name. Such an appearance in London means—bar accidents—a successful career.

Emily Soldene—writing in Sydney EVENING NEWS of Florence Schmidt's first London appearance—is appreciative, if not enthusiastic. "No debutante," she sums up, however, "could have had a more favorable reception." Sims Reeves—since dead, by the way—was present, iron-grey, but not looking his 76 years. Then—reminiscing over Mrs. Beerbaum Trevelyan's recital of "The Charge of the Light Brigade"—the ripe and ruddy Emily flies off the handle like the greenest of school misses. She remembers, years ago, seeing Lord Lucan at the opera. "What a delightful person to gaze upon—slender, aristocratic, melancholy, with blue, blue eyes—the bluest you ever saw! I was always a soldier-worshipper—am just the same still—and this was a great night for me." Sweet, frisky little Emily!

"Miss Florence Soprano Schmidt," writes THE BULLETIN's London correspondent, "has scored a great big 1 for Australia at a first attempt, and simply spilt the critics into the printers' ink. Whoever had her in hand ran the show well, for she got those appetising preliminary notices which are of so much value to a vocalistic debutante. But she certainly deserved all that was said of her, for she sang beautifully, and was as placid as an eight-day clock.

Deceased Arthur Sullivan's solitary grand opera "Ivanhoe" is never heard of nowadays. Here is a chance for Musgrove. Writer was present at the first night of it in Feb. 1891, and retains an impression of a very fine piece of work. True, it did not succeed, but the failure was not Sullivan's. The causes of non-success were the expensiveness of the theatre, setting, etc. "Ivanhoe" contains Sullivan's best serious work in music. Pity it has not been revived. Writer ventures to predict that when it is again heard people will ask why the English of Sullivan's generation kept him thinking at comic opera tunes? Charles Kenningham (now with Williamson) was in the cast on the occasion of its production. He played Maurice de Bracy.

While old-man Dick Stewart sides with his daughter's husband, her mother and half-sisters take her part.

The history of the Stewart family. About 41 years ago Mr. R. Stewart married Mrs. Guerin, an esteemed actress, widow of the conductor at the Victoria Theatre. She had two little daughters (Theodosia and Margaret Guerin) afterwards known as the Misses Doy and Maggie Stewart. Mr. and Mrs. R. Stewart became the parents of Miss Nellie and Mr. R. Stewart, jun. Doy married first Mr. Collins, and then Mr. Harwood. Mr. R. Stewart, jun., married Miss Constance Deorwyn.

Remarkable discovery made by the lawyer in the Sydney Criterion version of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde": "The handwriting in both these letters is exactly alike." If only one of them had been precisely similar it evidently wouldn't have troubled him so much, but when he found that the second letter presented the same resemblance to the first that the first did to the second, it broke him up. Probably he was related to the gentleman who stopped the duel on the ground that the two duellists weren't the same distance apart.

"Zero" is the title of J. C. Williamson's pantomime this year. It is a spectacular production of the "Matsa" and "Djin Djin" order. Edith Howley, Geo. Robey, (Mr. Hilda Spong), both from England, and Fred. Sinclair, late of Sheridan's co., are to play leading characters.

Pastor Sugden, head of the Wesleyan Clergy Training Mill, is being gruelled for his devotion to Musgrove's

opera. "He comes reeking from the playhouse!" says one. The unhappy parson must always go to the dress-circle. When he knocks down £1 for his family in this way, people ask: Are there no poor?

A well-known Melb. vocalist has her first chance of displaying perfect form as one of the "Lohengrin" pages. Some of Marshall-Hall's Conservatorium girls are said to be in the "Scarlet Feather" chorus.

Mr. Goldsbrough Row, introducing his wife to his relatives, recalls Lord Gumbold and Miss Fortescue, as taken off by Pinero in "Trelawney of the Wells."

The "Georgia Magnet" has created a sensation at Rickards' Tivoli in Adelaide, with newspaper controversy to follow. Was it the same lady, or another, who did the same things in the same house, under the same name, a few years back?

Pollock and Hudson have taken over Adelaide Royal from Wybert Reeve at an inauspicious time. The veteran has departed for England, and his successors are realising what summer business means. Patey's new juvenile opera co., their first venture, was received with a strictly moderated enthusiasm, but it contains some clever youngsters, of whom more will be heard.

"D.": Saw a "half-blind" stranger step over the ropes at Fitzgerald's Circus and dip his hand into the cage containing the raging lioness, who is understood to be dangerous. The man with the beer punched the animal in the ribs, and the women near backed away, squealing. But the lioness only rolled luxuriously on her back, and invited further attention.

While the Marie Narelle Concert co. was at Armidale (N.S.W.) the bellman, making his street announcements, added: "Last, but not least, is Mr. Lemon, the champion fruit-er of the world!" Flautist Lemmon was meant.

The amphitheatre at Melb. Princess's enjoyed a good roar, t'other night, in the "Bohemian Girl." Salvi, rushing off excitedly, knocked over the Austrian Emperor's marble statue 10ft. high.

The Grand Opera Co. returns to Melbourne about Easter, when "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci" will be put on. Quite a number of highly-trained musical girls have secured places in the chorus of the Co. Probably no better chorus has ever been heard in Melbourne.

Marion Medway, widow of poor George Melville, hopes to get back to England, where there is generally a billet to spare for a competent "old-woman" actress. Marion Medway came out to Australia in the 70's as a leading lady for George Coppin. He gave her a three-years' engagement.

One of the four pages in "Lohengrin" attracted attention by her beautiful soprano voice during the Melb. season of Musgrove's co. Judging from the order of names on the programme, the voice in question belongs either to Miss Dora D'Amale or Miss Lilian Boanas, probably the former. Miss Boanas has a capital voice, but when she sang in a "Cloches de Corneville" co., some 12 months back, it didn't sound like that of the "Lohengrin" page who sings so noticeably. All the same, the fair Boanas may be instanced as a particularly sweet plum in the Musgrove cake. J. C. Williamson would have done well to capture her for "The Rose of Persia."

Prof. Schulze, of the Konigliche High School for Music at Berlin, reported recently on the young German-Australian genius:—"Since Easter of this year Fritz Muller has been under my care, and has resided in my house. His talents are undoubtedly of a rare order, he is industrious, and his great vivacity is very attractive. Joachim, Rudorff, and, in short, all of us naturally feel the greatest interest in him, and it seems to be a reasonable expectation that Fritz will become a distinguished musician."

A Melbourne barmaid undertook to enter the tiger's cage at Wirth's circus recently. There was a large audience in attendance, but the tiger exhibited no signs of intimidation. He should now be tried with a mother-in-law.

Advertisements in Sydney press notify that marriages may be solemnised at 15s. each, and Justice G. B. Simpson observed, the other day, that in his court, by going a certain way about it, a divorce may be obtained for 15s. These figures should not only suit the times, but the growing view of the value of both services.

Thousands Have Piles.

THEY ARE EASY TO CURE.

Perhaps there is no disease more irritating and annoying than Piles. It is the result of imperfect circulation of the blood. The venous blood settles in the veins of the rectum, and expanding these veins produces the nodules known as Piles. This is sometimes produced by an inactive liver, which does not permit the blood to return freely to the heart; sometimes it is the result of a weak action of the heart itself, and often it is due to large masses of faeces lodging in the bowels and pressing upon the veins, so that the blood cannot return to heart and lungs. The disease is not only most painful, but also very dangerous, as the inflamed nodules are very apt to take on malignant action, and cancer of the rectum is produced. Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills, in their action on the liver, heart and bowels, strike at all these causes of Piles and remove them.

ADVISED TO BE OPERATED ON FOR PILES—DR. MORSE'S INDIAN ROOT PILLS CURED HER TROUBLE.

Mrs. Ricketts, of University-street, Camperdown writes:—"I write to inform you that I was a sufferer from piles for eight or ten years; during that time I found nothing that would cure them, and was repeatedly told that I would have to undergo an operation to have them cut out. However, I was advised to try Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills. I took the lady's advice, and found they did me good, and am now free from them, and have been for over twelve months, and consider I am perfectly cured."

EVER HAD PILES?

THREE YEARS' AGONY.—PILES CAUSED IT.—DR. MORSE'S INDIAN ROOT PILLS CURE.

"I write to inform you I suffered for a long time with piles—say three years off and on," writes Mr. F. Thompson, Maria-street, Newtown. "I could not get anything to rid me of them. I was advised to try Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills. Not having much faith in patent medicines I hesitated for some time, but at last resolved to give them a trial. I am pleased to state that after taking two bottles the piles disappeared, and up to this date there has not been any sign of their return." Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills positively cure biliousness, indigestion, constipation, dyspepsia, headaches, liver and kidney complaints, piles, pimples, and blotches. Sold by chemists and storekeepers, price 1s. 1d. per bottle or six bottles 6s. 6d. Sole proprietors, The W. H. Comstock Co., Ltd. (Australasian Depot), 53 Pitt-street, Sydney. Packed in amber bottles, and the full name blown thereon.

NEXT SATURDAY
The Austral Wheel Race will be contested.

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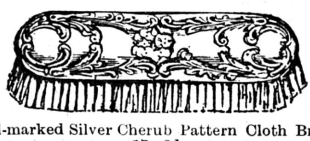
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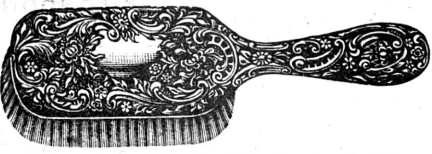
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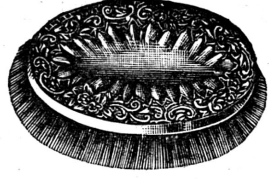
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Sight-testing Free.
Glasses at London Cash Prices.

The Wild Cat Column.

(Continued from page 9.)

"Mill-hand" to THE BULLETIN re W.A. timber:—

Our magnificent forests are being rapidly exterminated, and the timber disposed of at prices so low that the State derives little advantage from one of its most valuable assets. One cause of this condition of things is the vexatious and oppressive policy of the largest timber-co., which has so far persistently refused, except under almost prohibitive conditions, to join any combination having for its object the raising of the prices of our karri and jarrah timbers. This co. some time since admitted the desirability of concerted action, but coolly stipulated that 60 per cent. of the orders should be assigned to it, thus making evident its desire to wipe out of existence all competitors, and establish a monopoly, which would enable it to dictate the conditions under which the saw-mill hands would have to work. On the other hand, the pioneers of the timber-trade over here—the men who under very adverse conditions in the early days expended much energy and capital in opening up foreign markets (notably the M. C. Davies Co. of Karridale) have done their best to maintain prices at a remunerative level, but they have been at a great disadvantage through the tactics of the other co., referred to. Better prices would mean increased employment and remuneration for the workers, and we should not be as now, practically making a present of our timber to foreign co.'s well able and perfectly willing to pay a reasonable price for it. The concessions were granted under the most liberal conditions, but Government never intended that the forests should be denuded of their most valuable trees, and the timber disposed of at fully 30 per cent. below value. Legislation, prompt and drastic, is what is wanted; and, meantime, we may take comfort from the fact that a greedy co., which refuses to combine for the purpose of benefiting its own shareholders and the State to which it is so greatly indebted, has within itself the elements of its destruction. This is only a question of time—measured by the skill of the manager and the amount of premium which the concern indirectly offers to less grasping competitors.

Chaffers, W.A.: Mr. Fred Cape, the new manager, has already taken over the property. Writer sympathises with Cape, who is worthy of a better mine. As a consequence of the recent suspension of development work, the lower levels became flooded with water. Pumps are now hard at work taking it out. It always pays to lift water at Kalgoolie. In any other part of Australia it would be left alone—especially in a mine like Chaffers, which has had a market value of £350,000 without gold, and with only a hope of ever finding any.

Ivanhoe South Extended: Pushing main shaft down another 100ft. "Although the country is good the size of the three-compartment shaft—15ft. by 5ft.—precludes fast sinking. The co. financially is very strong."

Imagine the folly of sinking such a cavern on such a "cat!" It is not the Ivanhoe South Extended, it is west of the Ivanhoe. Has no hope of getting the Ivanhoe lode, except at a depth it will probably never live to reach. Shares a big price because of a pool and lying yabber about amalgamation with the Ivanhoe. It is a cat, pure and simple.

Golden Pike (W.A.): "continues to plough its way through lode stuff of average poor grade value. The lode has so far been proved a width of over 50ft." The newspaper hummer might have added that poor grade value meant under 4dwts. It is outside of the Marvellous Mile, just outside, but it might as well be 100 miles off. If it were 100 miles away it would have shut up years ago and thereby saved many thousands of pounds. Besides, if it were to strike a very rich vein of gold in telluride, or in any other form, the shock would mean the sudden death of the manager, Dan Meagher; all whose friends, the writer included, would be sorry, for he is a good man controlling several very bad mines, of which the Golden Pike is the best. So it can be imagined how bad the others must be.

Boulder Main Reef: Sinking and rising on the rich telluride find, made two months ago. It is not very long, but should it go up and down any distance, and maintain its richness, a lot of gold will be got out of it. As usual, too much was made of it when found. Tall talk sent the shares to 55s.; they are back to 42s.—a reasonable valuation, considering the comparatively small capital of the co., the equipment of the mine, and the excellent sulphide extraction it is making. The ore-channel is about 250ft. long. Added to this, there is between 600ft. and 700ft. of ground on the strike of the reef to the south that is practically untouched, not even prospected. A specimen of not being able to leave well alone. The ground referred to has been prospected enough to warrant the belief that the ore does not extend through it. If it did, the mine would be of much greater value. Concealment of palpable unpalatable truth is, in Westralian mining, a distinguishing characteristic.

Ivanhoe: The dispute between the two factions of shareholders has been compromised by the retirement from the board of Col. Villiers, and the election of two representatives of the Kaufmann crowd. This was followed by the appointment of Hewitson as consulting engineer. Six months ago he was fired off the mine at a moment's notice for something that has never been satisfactorily explained, and his going back to fill this position while remaining general manager of the Associated adds to the reputation of Hewitson and to the degradation of the remaining members of the Ivanhoe board, who should resign.

Associated Northern: "Parcel of 251 tons oxidised ore put through Lake View South Battery for 183oz. gold. It may be mentioned that there is a considerable discrepancy between the original assays and the actual mill return." This is either an insult to the mill or a condemnation of the sampling and assaying. The mill is oftener blamed than at fault. True, a stamp-mill can't lie—nor can it kick back. "What are you going to crush with this battery?" asked the writer of the "boss" after he had looked over the mine and gazed at a magnificent many-headed Westralian stamp-mill. "The shareholders," he replied. And he succeeded.

This scribe last week got a letter from a leading London stockbroker, who says the Westralian market is "rotten," that the Associated and L.V. Consols swindles have completely killed the Westralian goose for many a long day, and that "all the surplus money is going into Kaffir scrip."

Mt. Lyell: The last half-year's report. Output, 144,801 tons. Copper contents, 2.48 per cent.; silver, 1.95oz.; gold, 0.074. Blister copper, 4768 tons, averaging 99.56oz. silver, and gold 2.495oz. Since commencement: copper, 25,066 tons; silver, 2,300,239oz.; gold, 91,343oz. Of the tonnage, 17,750 tons came from workings underground, the balance from open cuts, and the smelters treated 22,920 tons of purchased ores, chiefly from N. Lyell and Thariss mines. The bulk of the richer underground ore broken during the half-year was obtained between No. 5 and 6 levels from the silicious formation characterising the southern end of the pyritic

body. Twelve coke ovens are being added to the co.'s plant at Port Kembla, making the total 62. With the early completion of the Enu Bay line from Burnie to Zeehan, through traffic will soon be established from Burnie to Queenstown. It is proposed to carry portion of the co.'s coal and coke supply along this overland route. Regret is expressed at the resignation of Lindsay O. Clark, the engineer in charge of the mine, and he is credited with having laid out the system of open cutting. W. T. Bachelor takes his place. Cost of producing blister copper: mining, 3s. 5d.; removal of overburden, 2s.; smelting operations, 14s. 11.89d.; converting operations, 2s. 0.29d.; total, £1 2s. 5.18d. per ton of ore, being a reduction of 7.58d. per ton of ore as compared with previous six months, and 2s. 0.73d. as compared with the half-year ending Sept., '99. The net profit for the half-year, £113,745. Divs. £137,500. That on 2nd April was paid out of profits earned during the previous half-year. The reduced distribution in Oct. due to the purchase of the South Thariss mine and to the continued lower grade of ore treated. With full provision for outstanding liabilities, liquid assets are put down at £118,146. "During the half-year the price for copper has been maintained at a satisfactory level, and so far as can be ascertained, the outlook is favorable for a continuance of the present price, while silver has shown an improved price during the latter part of the six months. . . . That may be taken as the keystone of the report which does not clearly show what the average product from a ton of ore is. It gives average assay values in copper, silver and gold, and of course the return must be somewhat lower than that."

One time the writer suggested that Mt. Lyell's evening prayer should be, "God bless Bowes Kelly." It might be now changed to "Heaven keep the copper-market up." That the mine could not stand much of a fall is evident; doubtful if it could profitably work its own ore at £60 per ton for copper. While it omits giving any detail of profits from its own ore, it neither gives cost, contents, or profits of the thousands of tons of purchased ores treated every month, but says: "Negotiations are at present pending for the treatment of ores from other mines." It may be taken for granted that, while it is making very little on a ton of its own ore, it is making a good deal on every ton of the other man's. This business is likely to increase despite the charges. The copper market seems to be sound for some years to come, though you never can tell; the ore body is unlimited, and with the improvements in the lower levels no further fall in copper contents is likely, in fact they will probably go up when more ore is worked from underground, and while cost of mining will be greater, hauling and smelting will remain the same. It is too soon for the directors to say what effect the purchase of the South Thariss is going to have, but no doubt that too will show an improvement. People who have faith in the copper market may still regard Mt. Lyell as a safe investment under £7 per share, but those who have none might do well by leaving them alone.

The majority of the witnesses examined by the N.S.W. Western Lands Commission recommend that rent shall be paid on the number of stock actually carried—not upon the estimated carrying capacity as at present. It will not make very much difference one way or the other; the greatest objection to it is that it rather unfairly taxes the skilful manager who handles his stock well and the enterprising owner who improves his property well. In any case, tho', the rent per head will have to vary with the distance from railway, water carriage, or market, and with the character of the country.

"After three to four years absence," writes a BULLETIN correspondent, "I found an amazing difference in Gulf Creek, N.S.W. Now, 200 men are employed. The ore is treated by open-heap calcination, reduced to regulus by blast furnace and further treated at Newcastle; but the erection of refining works on the ground is far advanced. When they are finished ingot copper will be sent away. At present 300 tons of ore are sent away weekly with an average of 14 per cent., but the lode (averaging quite 25ft. in face) has been opened for 350ft and is still in ore at both ends. An output of 1000 tons weekly for a very long period could be made and 10 per cent. is fairly anticipated. This lode is quite a discovery, the old Cornish lode bought by the present Co. being only 3ft 8in wide. The works going up are paid for out of earnings; the working capital has never been called up; 20,000 tons of ore are at surface awaiting treatment; the mine is not on the market. W. H. Trevenack is managing director and a big owner and is supposed to know a good thing when he has it. F. W. Matthews is mine manager, a good road is being formed to the mine and a railway to Barraba seems inevitable. At Crow Mountain, Barraba district, A. B. Hyde in the old "Dodger" has struck a new shoot hitherto missed. It starts from surface to east of old one, and dipping east, runs clear of all old workings. Saw some beautiful stone there. M'Kenzie, with 'Nottingham Maid' is also said to have struck good stone. One or two old hands still stick to the 'Crow,' one, Jno. Gray, has been there 21 years. How pathetic this faith that sometimes men's big fortunes are based on! But the 'Crow' is patchiest of the patches and one can not forget geologist Clarke's opinion given many years ago: "Only rich patches without deep sinking—then perhaps another Gypsey."

To a Sydney boy of 13 years who lost a leg per electric tram, a jury has awarded £2000 damages. At this rate the Juggernaut business will prove very costly to the railway-commissioners.

After assuring N.S.W. Leg. Assembly some months back that the idea of nominating his son, together with young See, as lieutenants in the Sydney Lancers had been abandoned, Premier Lyne has allowed his son to take the appointment. The young man appeared last week as "super-numerary lieutenant," i.e., he holds his rank as lieutenant until he qualifies by exam. as a second lieutenant. It was apparently intended to delay the appointment (as well as several others created by the Lyne Government, and which are still dangling before expectant candidates) until Parliament was in recess, but in this case it was necessary, if the budding warrior wished to cut any sort of a figure in the Commonwealth show, that he should obtain some little knowledge of his duties.

Last Monday Sydney was struck with the staggering intelligence that the board appointed to consider the designs sent in for the North Shore bridge had peremptorily rejected the whole lot, and that, if the board has its way, things are again just about where they were 40 years ago. Now the country wants to know whether the data supplied to competitors was so deficient that they couldn't furnish proper designs, or whether the terms offered were so poor that good men didn't compete, or whether the world has run out of competent bridge-builders, or whether the board that sat on the plans sent in doesn't know a good design when it sees one. At all events, as the board recognised so promptly that none of the designs sent in was the right one it presumably knows what the right design is. Therefore the most reasonable idea seems to be that the board now takes off its joint and several coat, and produces the right design itself with all possible speed.

Hawke's Bay (M.L.) HERALD publishes the S'African bar-notions of trooper Pat Fitzherbert, son of barrister Fitzherbert, of Palmerston North. The enterprising Patrick was rejected from the first M.L. contingent on account of his youth, but journeyed to S'Africa on his own, and was enlisted in Roberts' Horse. He would prefer to say nothing about some of the M.L. officers with whom he came in contact, but he speaks highly of others. Pat's criticisms of the various invading forces are interesting. "He returns from the war with a poor opinion of British officers in general, who, he asserts, are brave enough, but treat their subordinates like dogs. . . . The Canadian Frontiersmen were, he alleges, out-and-out the best men in the war, the Maorilanders coming next. The Australians, he thinks, are not in it with the Maorilanders."

From a Vic. paper: "On 7th inst. Mrs. William Waters of a son. Mother doing well, father happy. Child weighs 16lb. 2ozs."

Re the proposal—in connection with the Commonwealth celebrations—that four triumphal arches at a cost of £4800 shall be erected in Sydney, and that Govt. House gates shall be decorated to the tune of £500. If the screw is not soon put on North Head will have to be decorated with the legend—"In Liquidation!"

The eternal fitness of things. From news-column of N.Z. TIMES (Wellington, M.L.) 15th November:

The master butchers and employees will meet at Richards's Rooms, Cuba-street, this evening, to form a committee and make arrangements for welcoming their comrades returning from South Africa.

Of the Norddeutscher Lloyd's steamers damaged in the Hoboken Pier fire at New York, the Bremen and Main are to be repaired, but the Saale is to be sold. The engines and boilers of the first-named two steamers were found to be intact. The Bremen is to be repaired in Germany, but the Main will be dealt with at Newport, U.S. The Bremen is well-known in these waters, and the Main, launched at the beginning of 1900, is also to be put on the Australian service of the N.L. Co.

It was a touching and beautiful sight to see several of the Jumna's female immigrants, drunk as ladies, parading the city of Brisbane in the company of some half-dozen Lascars, whom they hugged and cursed in turn. Strange stories of high jinks on the voyage out are coming to the public ear, and it really seems as if following the recommendation of "squire and parson" in the old country is not altogether the best way of getting suitable colonists.

Again the crookedness of the casual maiden. A fortnight ago the Brisbane public was horrified to hear that a young girl had been found senseless in a paddock where she had passed the night after being stunned and criminally assaulted by a ruffian. Description of the criminal was given—build and clothes, and so forth. He was dressed in grey tweed, had blue eyes, &c., &c. The assault took place on a very dark night—whence the police deduced that complainant must have been mistaken about the grey pants and the blue eyes and other particulars. Then the trouble narrowed down to common assault; then it dropped the assault altogether and finally ended in a matter of simple hysteria. Nobody hanged this time, thank God!

Love-letter written by a Ballarat youth now awaiting trial for presenting a revolver at his sweetheart's head. The note was written to a Salvationist officer whom the infatuated youth imagined stood in his way to the lady's affections:

Dear Captain,—You must have been surprised to see me. Ah! I wanted to see little Maud. I drank in her face. It was to be a last look at her. . . . Ah! I wounded spirit—who can bear it? I thought she despised me. I would have stabbed her for a certainty. Why didn't she speak to me! . . . I am not fooling you. . . . I am going to throw up my job and take to the road, with a blanket on my back over it. . . . This is written in haste. My darling Maud, you may laugh. I would burn you and cut you to pieces if you trampled on my soul. Farewell, Maud, with your lovely hair. Maud, Maud, you have made me commit a crime. Maud, farewell!—EDWARD SMITH.

Maud, mad, you say. Maud, I would like to stab you, stab, stab you. Maud, give me one kiss—Maud, kiss me. Tears prevent me writing. Maud, only one kiss.

Usefulness.

The duty which no one can disclaim, the test which all can apply, and the praise which no one will despise, are all included in the one word, "useful."

A man may be brilliant, and capable, and eloquent, and yet the world may not be much the better for him, possibly worse. Just so with a remedy. A medicine may look bright and clear, be cheap, taste temptingly nice, and be elegantly wrapped, but when you are ill, when kidney disease steps in and causes puffiness under the eyes, a swelling of the ankles, or limbs, or body; when the strength and flesh are rapidly wasting, and the shortness of breath is increasing, and your doctor shakes his head solemnly, or perhaps plainly intimates that there is no hope—then you realise that something must be done promptly. You do not waste time in experiments on cheap, untried medicines, but you naturally begin to use Warner's Safe Cure. This medicine has been recognised all over the world as a specific for kidney diseases for twenty-five years. Your chances are better in trying what cured others. You are wise to read about the cures of those who suffered as you do and now enjoy good health. For instance, Mrs. Mary J. Field, late of Claremont, Queensland, writing from 34 Carrington Street, Sydney, on 31st July, 1900, says: "Some time ago I was suffering from severe pains in my back and kidneys, and being tired of medical treatment, which did me no good, I, on the recommendation of a friend, tried Warner's Safe Cure. Three bottles and a half cured me, and I have never been troubled since." Mrs. Field's experience is but that of thousands of others who have been restored to health by Warner's Safe Cure.



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 FREMANTLE .. No Transhipment.

BRISBANE .. Leura, Saturday, Dec. 1, 2 p.m.
 MARYBOROUGH .. Burwah, Tuesday, Dec. 4, 5 p.m.
 ROCKHAMPTON .. Tyrian, Saturday, Dec. 8, 2 p.m.
 BUNDABERG ..

GLADSTONE .. Leura, Saturday, Dec. 1, 2 p.m.
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Wharves—Foot of King-street.

Banking, Public Companies, &c.
The Trustees, Executors,
AND
Agency Company Limited,

ESTABLISHED 1878.
 CAPITAL SUBSCRIBED .. £150,000 0 0
 CAPITAL PAID UP .. £90,000 0 0
 RESERVE LIABILITY .. £150,000 0 0

Amount at Credit of Estates, Trusts,
 and Clients, 31st December, 1899 .. £6,277,747 11 3

Insolvency Department, Mr. L. I. Barker registered
 trustee.

Directors: F. R. Godfrey, Esq., Chairman; R. Murray
 Smith, Esq., C.M.G., M.L.A., Vice Chairman; John Grace,
 Esq.; C. M. Officer, Esq.; Hon. J. M. Pratt, M.L.C.

JAMES BORROWMAN, Manager.
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 No. 412 Collins-street, Melbourne.

Bank of New Zealand.
 SYDNEY BRANCH:

Equitable Buildings, George Street.

Four per cent. Stock guaranteed by New
 Zealand Government .. 2,000,000
 Amount of Capital payable by Shareholders .. 500,000

Total Capital .. £2,500,000

VICTORIA GOVERNMENT GUARANTEED
DEBENTURES.

The SAVINGS BANK COMMISSIONERS open TEN-
 DERS ON MONDAY, 14th JANUARY, 1901, for MORTGAGE
 BONDS, bearing interest at 3½ per cent. Tender
 forms and conditions supplied at all SAVINGS BANKS
 in Victoria.

GEO. E. EMERY,
 Inspector-General.

THE SAVINGS BANK IN VICTORIA
HAS MONEY TO LEND

at FOUR per cent., in sums of £1000 to £8000, on City,
 Town and Suburban Properties in Victoria,
 and £2000 to £15,000 on BROAD ACRES in Victoria,
 FOR FIVE YEARS.

WITH OPTION OF PAYING OFF PART
 HALF YEARLY.

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Queensland Smelting Compy.
(LIMITED),

Aldershot, Maryborough.

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 Copper Ores, Auriferous Concentrates and Pyrites,
 etc. For tariff, apply to GEO. V. S. DUNN, Manager
 for Australia, Aldershot, Queensland, or to the Branch
 Office, 52 Market-street, Melbourne.

The Commercial Banking Company
of Sydney, Limited.

Capital Paid-up .. £1,000,000 0 0
 Reserve Fund .. 1,010,000 0 0
 Reserve Liability .. 1,000,000 0 0

£3,010,000 0 0

DIRECTORS:
 Sir EDWARD KNOX, Chairman; G. J. COHEN, Esq.,
 Deputy-Chairman; Hon. H. E. KATER, M.L.C.; Hon.
 HENRY MOSES, M.L.C.; Hon. RICHARD JONES, M.L.C.;
 T. A. DIBBS, Esq., General Manager.

Auditors:
 W. L. DOCKER and E. S. CAPE.

Head Office: George Street, SYDNEY.
 T. A. DIBBS, General Manager; T. B. Gaden,
 Assistant-Manager and Chief Inspector; A. J.
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 W. H. Pinney, Inspectors.

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 and in Queensland.
 Agencies throughout the world.

A SILVER WATCH
FOR NOTHING.

1500 GIVEN AWAY THIS YEAR. 1500.

WE HEREBY UNDERTAKE TO GIVE ONE OF OUR
 FAMOUS SILVER WATCHES, listed at £2 10s.
 (Lady's or Gentleman's), to every MAN, WOMAN,
 or CHILD who sends us the Correct Reading of the following
 puzzle:—

TH OMMNWLTND PRSPRTY
 WLL CM TCTNR.

The only condition is that if your answer is correct you
 purchase one of our Solid Sterling Silver Chains to wear
 with the watch.

SEND NO MONEY: simply forward your answer, and
 enclose stamped and addressed envelope, so that we may
 inform you if you have won the watch.

We are making this offer solely with the object of intro-
 ducing and advertising our goods.

Mr. E. Highman, of West Broken Hill, writes on 7th
 May, 1900: "I am happy to inform you that the lady's
 watch you sent my wife about 15 months ago is a little
 gem, and has kept splendid time ever since. . . . My wife
 would not part with it for a fiver."

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 STEAM TO LONDON, CALLING AT PLYMOUTH and
 LIVERPOOL via CAPETOWN.

Calling at Melbourne, Adelaide and Albany.

The fine new Twin-screw Steamers of this line will leave
 Sydney as under, viz:—
 PERISC, 12,000 tons, to sail about 27th January.
 And will be followed at suitable intervals by the
 MEDIC, RUNC, SUEVIC and AFKIC.

The attention of the travelling public and shippers
 generally is drawn to the splendid equipment of these
 vessels.

Passenger accommodation is for Third-class only, and
 consists of two-berth and four-berth cabins and open
 berths, with reading-room, smoking-room, and a dining
 room occupying whole width of ship.

The dietary scale is of the most liberal character.
 Surgeon and Matron carried. Electric light throughout.
 For rates of freight, passage money, &c., apply to

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 Agents, O'Connell-st., Sydney, and Watt-st., Newcastle.

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 by the
American & Australian Line
 (A. & A. LINE)

ROYAL MAIL EXPRESS SERVICE.

Avoiding alike the heat of the Red Sea and
 the cold of Cape Horn.

The steamers of this line are appointed to leave Sydney
 and Auckland for Apia (Samoa), Honolulu and San Fran-
 cisco every THREE WEEKS, as under:—

Steamer.	Tons.	Leave Sydney	Leave Auckland.	Arrive at San Francisco.
ALAMEDA	3158	Dec. 4	Dec. 8	December 24
MARIPOSA	3158	Dec. 26	Dec. 30	January 15
SIERRA	6000	Jan. 15	Jan. 19	February 4

Tickets are available until used, and Saloon
 Passengers can break their journey at Auckland,
 Honolulu, San Francisco, and any points en route
 on the overland journey.

Passengers booked to all parts of America,
 Canada and Europe; also Round the World on
 most favorable terms.

For time cards, railway maps, and guide books showing
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 OF N.Z., LTD., Equitable Buildings, George-street, next
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IMPERIAL GERMAN MAIL FLEET.

COMPRISING:
129 Steamers of a Total Tonnage of
506,754; Horse-power, 403,245.

Mileage run in 1899, 3,545,000; Over 3½ million Pas-
 sengers carried since 1857.

PASSENGERS BOOKED TO Naples, Genoa, London,
 Antwerp and Bremen, via Ports.

Steamer.	Tons	Commander.	Sydney 1 p.m.	Ade- laide, 2 p.m.
*BARBAROSSA	10769	F. Mentz	Dec. 15	Dec. 22
			1901	1901
*G. KURFURST	13182	W. Reinkasten	Jan. 12	Jan. 19
DARMSTADT	5012	C. Dewers	Feb. 9	Feb. 16
*FRIEDRICH d. G.	10531	M. Eichel	Mar. 9	Mar. 16
*P. R. LUTPOLD	6288	H. Walter	April 6	April 13

*TWIN SCREW STEAMERS.
 LEAVING MELBOURNE TUESDAY AFTER SYDNEY.

CHINA STRAITS AND NEW GUINEA SERVICE,
 via Queensland Ports.

Steamer.	Tons	Commander.	From Sydney	Destina- tion.
MUNCHEN	4636	H. Krebs	Jan. 9	Hongkong

And regularly thereafter every six weeks.
 Unsurpassed Sailing Qualities—Maximum Speed,
 Safety and Tonnage, Best Accommodation, Excellent
 Cuisine, CIVILITY. For further particulars, see daily
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 Follow the footsteps of the wise and buy the Be t,
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 PROPRIETARY LIMITED,
 252 & 254 Flinders Street, Melbourne (op. Station).
 10,000 pieces of Woollens to select from.

Our Suit to order at £2s. is
 marvellous value; made from
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 color Serges; it is perfect fitting
 and beautifully finished.

A splendid Suit to order from
 any class of material, £2 3s. To
 measure, capital Trainers, very
 good patterns 12s. 6d.
 Dress suits to measure, £7.
 Black and grey Alpaca Suits,
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 Riding H-bits, 4s.

We supply ready made, Men's
 capital i-wool Suits 21s. & 25s.
 Fawn us Ballarat Serge Suits,
 Indigo dye, 2s.

All-wool, fawn, grey, or brown
 Sergee-tail suits, 36s.
 Excellent Tweed or Serge
 Trousers, 5s. 11d.

All-wool blue and black Vicuña
 Suits and Vests 19s. 6d.
 Men's Grass Cloth Summer
 Suits, 19s. 6d. White Drill
 Suits and Trousers, 10s. 6d.

Khaki Suits, shirtings, 12s. 6d.
 Black and grey Alpaca Suits,
 6s. 9d. White and Brown Drill
 Trousers 3s. 9d., 4s. 9d., 5s. 6d.

Travelling Trunks, 6s. 6d. and
 Rugs in great variety.
 Men's White Shirts, colored
 front and cuffs, 2s. 9d.

Fancy Blouse Shirts, new
 designs, 5s. 6d.
 White Mat e Shirts collar and
 pocket, 3s. 6d.

So t Alpine Hats, 4s. 6d., all
 colors
 Hard Hats 4s. 6d. Caps, 1s.
 Sewing Undershirts or Pants,
 1s. 9d.

Neckties, all shades and colors,
 1s.
 White Shirts to measure. Gents' splendid Balmoral Boots,
 6s. 9d., 9s. 6d.

We like to write letters; so don't be afraid to ask for any
 information. Our book, "The Philosophy of Dress," and
 patterns of a kinds and self-measurement forms posted free.
 Write for them.

A Rose of Regret:
 Verses by JAMES HEBBLETHWAITE.

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THE ADELAIDE STEAMSHIP CO.
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West Australian, South Australian,
Victorian AND Queensland Ports.

FOR MELBOURNE:
 ADELAIDE .. S.S. Cintra, Friday,
 PORT PIRIE .. November 30.
 And GULF PORTS
 ESPERANCE BAY ..
 ALBANY .. S.S. Wollwra (from Melb.)
 FREMANTLE, Transhipping at Fremantle .. Tuesday, December 4.
 to all North Western Ports

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 And Ports North to Cairns

Best and Cheapest Route to Goldfields.
 Saloon Passage tickets are interchangeable after the
 first Port between Melbourne and Cairns with the
 steamers of the A.U.S.N. Co. and W. Howard Smith and
 Sons. For Adelaide and W.A. all tickets are inter-
 changeable with the A.U.S.N. Co. only. Subject to condi-
 tions to be ascertained on application.

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Despatch their Magnificent Steamships as under.
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SYDNEY, NEW CALEDONIA, and FIJI, Monthly.
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Passenger Accommodation, Attendance and
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 changeable with the Adelaide S.S. Co. only.

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 The Royal Mail Steamships of the above Company will
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FOR MARSEILLES AND LONDON.
 Touching at the usual intermediate Ports.
 With Permission to call at Brindisi.

Steamer.	Tons.	Commander.	Sydney, Noon
INDIA	7911	W. D. G. Worcester, R.N.R.	Dec. 1
AUSTRALIA	6901	I. Reeves	Dec. 15
VICTORIA	6527	E. Crewe	Dec. 29
ROME	5545	J. Cowie, R.N.R.	Jan. 12
HIMALAYA	6898	W. L. Brown, R.N.R.	Jan. 26

The Company's steamers now call at Fremantle
 PASSAGE MONEY TO LONDON—Single, £38 10s to £77
 Ditto .. Return £71 10s to £121

Return Tickets (1st Saloon) between intercolonial ports
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Lord, Remember David
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Chime Again, Beautiful Bells
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Truth in Absence
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CYANIDE 98-100%

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MOST GENTLEMEN like to appear
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season. Handsome, well-fitting
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Hatte, of Newtown (Sydney), invites at-
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JOHN WILSON, native of "Kilmours,"
Ayrshire, Scotland, left Glasgow about 26
years ago for Melbourne, and then went to Syd-
ney; any information regarding him will be
thankfully received by his sister, Mrs. A.
Mitchell, 50 Chapel-street, Rutherglen, near
Glasgow, or to W. Wyllie, Baker, Beaudesert,
Queensland.

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By WILL H. OGILVIE. Silk cloth, silk
marker, 4s. 6d.I. O. F.
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EXAMPLES: AGE ... 18 20 25 30 35 40 45 50
£100 POLICY. (MONTHLY PREMIUM 1s. 7d. 1s. 8d. 2s. 2s. 5d. 2s. 11d. 3s. 6d. 4s. 4d. 6s. 1d.)

Policies for £100, £200, £400, £600, £800, or £1000 issued to Men and Women,
18 to 54 years of age, at Equal Rates.

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29 Grenfell St., Adelaide.

CHIEF OFFICE, AUSTRALASIA:

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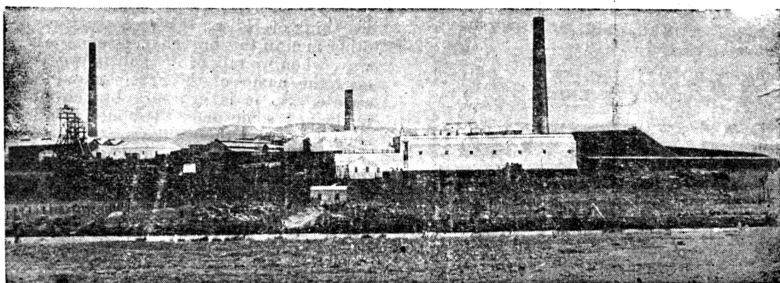
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HIGHEST PRICES PAID FOR ORES. PROMPT CASH SETTLEMENT ON AGREEMENT OF ASSAYS.

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LEAD"

AND

"ILLAWARRA"

.. BRAND OF ..

SOFT LEAD.

REFINERS of SILVER LEAD BULLION

Mr. J. Smith, manager of the Australia Hotel, desires to contradict the rumour that he is charging extortionate rates to visitors during the time of the Commonwealth celebrations. There is, however, a very great demand upon the hotel's accommodation, and intending visitors should communicate at once with the manager if they wish to be sure of securing rooms.

TO DARKEN GREY HAIR.

Lockyer's Sulphur Hair Restorer, quickest, safest, best, restores the natural color. Lockyer's, the real English Hair Restorer. Large bottles 1s. everywhere.*

S.A. democrats have been trying for seven years to secure legislation enabling municipal bodies to assess on the unimproved value of land, and it was not until last week that the measure became law. Time and again beaten by the Fat-man Council majority, the Assembly majority persevered until success has come at last. Last year, the Bill was only rejected by one vote in the Tory House. This year it suffered exactly the same fate, but an election came along, and Vardon, a supporter of the reform, being elected, the Bill was restored, and the second reading carried by one vote! The Stomach Party, although it has fought so hard against this reform, is heartily sick of the Bill, and even its conscience was touched when nearly every municipal body in S.A. petitioned in favor of the principle contained in the measure. It was a matter of great satisfaction to Kingston, by the way, that he was elected to the Council just in time to help pass the measure, which was always made a prominent feature in his policy.

A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION.

Apply Sulpholine Lotion. It drives away pimples, blotches, roughness, redness, and all disfigurements. Sulpholine develops a lovely skin. 1s. bottles. Made in London.*

The Forrest (W.A.) Government perpetrated a very weak and weird anti-Federal dodge the other day. Under the Commonwealth Bill, which Westralia has adopted, the granting of bounties is reserved to the Federal Government exclusively. Notwithstanding which the W.A. Lands Minister introduced a measure by which the Government was to have power to subsidise any and every new industry to the extent of guaranteeing 5 per cent. interest for 20 years on the capital invested. At least he didn't actually introduce this stupendous Bill; he put it on the notice-paper for a certain night, and when the night came he rose with his enormous money-spending device in his hand, and told the Assembly that he couldn't really bring it in because the Federal constitution stood in the way, but that it was the sort of Bill he would have brought in if Westralia hadn't been so unlucky as to enter the Commonwealth. And some of the members looked as if they actually believed him—though Westralia is "stony" enough already, without going in for guaranteeing 5 per cent. interest for 20 years on the capital of people in general.

The New Zealand Loan and Mercantile Agency Co., Ltd., reports that the first instalments of the new crop have begun to dribble in from the earlier districts. Up till now consignments have not been sufficiently bulky or representative to warrant any definite remarks as to the quality of the impending harvest. One or two lots from the west are rather pinched, while others are full-grained and quite up to F.A.O. standard. The local market is even more idle than before, shippers being quite dormant, while some millers are resting the machinery. Quotations are: prime old, 2s. 7d.; prime new, 2s. 6d. per bushel; other descriptions proportionately.

Skilled masseur (Swedish-trained) desires work as attendant to invalid in country, or travelling. Moderate remuneration. Young man; testimonials and references on application to "Masseur," BULLETIN Office.—ADVT.

Missing Friends.

BERT TIMSON. SAM is coming out. Send me your address for him. J. R. Rowland, Collins-street, Melbourne.

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RE SALE of CARBIDE of CALCIUM.

Notwithstanding the Claims put forward by certain persons to the exclusive control of the Carbide Business, we hereby notify the Public of New South Wales that we shall continue as heretofore to execute all Orders for Carbide of Calcium, whether in large or small lots. We shall also adopt every legal means to defend ourselves and our Customers against any claim (which we repudiate) to the exclusive right of Sale or use of Carbide of Calcium.

OSCAR HELSTROM.

Consul for Sweden and Norway.

HENRY MARKWALD.

JAMES MARTIN AND COMPANY.

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N.S.W. ACETYLENE GAS COMPANY.

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JOHN L. ROSENBAUM.

WRIGHT, SONS, AND CO.

(Representing Read, Halliday).

ACETYLENE CO., Huddersfield, England.

ELECTORS OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

YOU will shortly be called upon to elect six Representatives to the Senate of the Commonwealth Parliament.

There are many considerations which will operate to render the services of the best known political men in the colony unavailable. Some will be wanted for the House of Representatives, others cannot be spared from the State Parliament, and many cannot afford the time away from their various callings (six months or so of the year) while the Parliament sits in Melbourne.

It is now, therefore, for you to carefully weigh the merits and capabilities of the Candidates who come before you, and to determine what are the qualifications you will require in the men who aspire to fill the distinguished and responsible positions of Senators.

I consider that a Candidate should be a man with plenty of time at his disposal, and thoroughly familiar with every part of New South Wales.

He should have large experience in Commercial and Industrial life, and in pastoral, mineral, and agricultural pursuits; also, it would be an advantage if he had the enlarged views acquired by travel in the United Kingdom, Europe, &c.

I claim that during my residence in New South Wales of over twenty years I have largely fulfilled all these conditions, and I can devote the time necessary to faithfully perform the duties of a Senator.

At the present moment, questions have not arisen which call for an expression of political views, but I shall be prepared to state my opinions when I personally address you. Six Representatives are to be elected, and each elector has six votes, and I ask each of you to reserve one vote for me, as I can conscientiously promise to devote my time and such abilities as I have to your service.

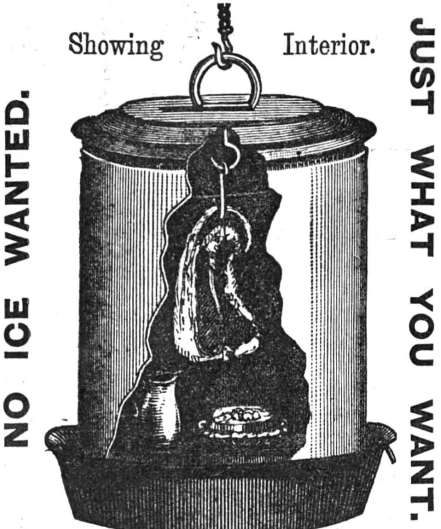
C. J. ROYLE,

Royle's Chambers,
BOND STREET, SYDNEY.

Evidence of the disorganisation of the Victorian police system, and the antipathy existing between the Criminal Investigation branch and the uniformed police, was afforded by the recent trial in Melb. of a criminal-lunatic for a murder at Yarra Bend Asylum. Not only had press and public been kept in ignorance of the occurrence for over a fortnight, but the Detective Chief and Under-Secretary Topp knew nothing of the matter, and were astounded when they saw accused's name on the monthly criminal calendar against a charge of murder.

Brandt's Butter Cooler

KEEPS BUTTER, MEAT, MILK, &c., COOL BY CAPILLARY ACTION OF WATER.



Price 3s., 5s., 8s., and 20s. each. Send for Catalogue.

BRANDT BROS.,

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422 ELIZABETH STREET, MELBOURNE.

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HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE, MELBOURNE.
Under the Direction of Mr. J. C. WILLIAMSON.
Bus. Manager, Mr. Geo. Tallis. Treas. Mr. R. Stewart.

EVERY EVENING,
Enthusiastic Reception of the Return of the
THE OLD GUARD.
Including the Sensational Fin-De-Siècle Ballet.

Dress Circle and Res. Stalls, 5s; Stalls and Family Circle, 3s; Pit and Gallery, 1s. Box Plan at Allan's.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE, SYDNEY.
Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. J. C. WILLIAMSON.
Bus. Manager, Geo. L. Goodman. Treas. J. B. Moutrie.
Every Evening at 8 o'clock. Wednesday Afternoon at 2.

THE NANCE O'NEIL SEASON.

LAST NIGHTS OF Shakespeare's Famous Tragedy,
MACBETH.
NANCE O'NEIL.....as.....LADY MACBETH.

Plan, Nicholson's. PRICES—5s., 3s., 2s., and 1s.

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ALFRED DAMPIER,
and the Ladies and Gentlemen associated with him.

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"The Three Musketeers."

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1,
JOHN F. SHERIDAN

as

WIDOW O'BRIEN

in

"Fun on the Bristol."

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RICKARDS' TIVOLI THEATRE, SYDNEY.
Sole Proprietor and Manager, MR. HARRY RICKARDS.

Gigantic Success. Enthusiastic Reception of

MISS LOTTIE COLLINS,

Gigantic Success of the Great English Prima Donna,
MISS ADA WINSTON WEIR.

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SUSIE ANDERSON, SAM LA MERT,
HOWARD CHAMBERS, E. SULLIVAN, FLORIE and
STELLA RANGER, and all our Great Co.

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Splendid Reception of ALBERT WHELAN and WILL WHITBURN. Re-appearance of FERRY, THE FROG and Eva Lee.

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Under the Direction of Mr. George Musgrove.

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Re-appearance of Miss Nellie Stewart in conjunction with Mr. Joseph Tapley, Miss Eunice Owen and celebrities from the English Theatres.

Dress Circle, 7s. 6d.; Reserved Stalls, 6s.; Unreserved Front Stalls, 5s.; Stalls, 3s.; Family Circle, 2s.; Amphitheatre, One Shilling. Plan at Allan's.

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Sole Lessee and Manager... BLAND HOLZ.

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EVERY EVENING.

FOURTH WEEK, AND UNABATED INTEREST IN

The Absent-Minded Beggar.

Popular Prices, 3s., 2s. 6d., 2s. 1s. and 6d. Box Plan at Allan's. CHRISTIE SIMONSENS, Bus. Manager.

Theatrical Troupes, Concert Companies and Others.

TENDERS are invited by the Committee of the Berrigan (N.S.W.) School of Arts, for renting the large hall (seats 800 easily) during Show Week, early in March, 1901. Highest or any tender not necessarily accepted. Tenders returnable by Monday, 3rd December next.

F. N. HAWKINS, Hon Sec.

THE FREEMAN & WALLACE

Electro-Medical & Surgical Institute.

The Two Eminent Specialists who have the Largest Practice in Australia.

SPECIALTIES:

Nervous and Chronic Complaints, Blood and Skin Diseases, Heart, Kidney, Liver, Bladder, Rheumatism, Sciatica, etc., etc.

NINE DIPLOMAS and Certificates of Qualification and Registration by the Government Medical Boards of New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, Great Britain and America, open to inspection at the Consulting Rooms.

It is an acknowledged fact the world-wide over that no single individual or combination of men can be absolute masters of every phase and branch of art, science, medicine, or other professed avocation of a limitless sphere of operation and magnitude. At best the greatest scientists of the day—men like Lord Kelvin and Edison, for instance, whose fame is universally known—class them-



Yours truly...

HOWARD FREEMAN.

Dr. Harmon's College, Washington Cor., Cal., U.S.A.
SYDNEY'S LEADING SPECIALIST.

selves as infants in scientific invention and research, and modestly tell us that they have but a smattering of knowledge of the possibilities, extent, and development of electricity, and only a fringe of imagination of the untold stores of strength and wealth wrapt up in this phenomenal power.

Therefore, it requires no argument to convince the most pronounced of optimists that the field

and importance of their professional work. But to have the privilege of being shown through the building by the Specialists themselves, and to see and learn something of the real character of their wide practice, is a treat that only comes the way of a fortunate individual like the writer.

The instrument-room was, as usual, one of particular curiosity. Laymen always have a penchant for eyeing and examining the polished steel articles with which so many extraordinary acts are performed upon the human body. The collection in this room is in every way up-to-date. Whenever a new instrument comes to the front, and its worth is proved beyond question, it is added to this rare assortment. Another room full of absorbing interest is that devoted to the galvanic batteries, of which there are several magnificent kinds. The noted Gaiffe batteries, the finest French makes, are here in perfection irrespective of their high cost. If any article or mechanical and electric contrivance is found necessary in maintaining the fame of this institution, the price is never allowed to stand in the way.

The correspondence department is a veritable eye-opener. Its sacredness is a bar to a stranger's admission, but a full view of the work going on is had through the glass doors. Half-a-dozen typists are seen driving their machine-writers at electric speed. To the principles only is known the names of the persons throughout Australia who are being treated as skillfully in their homes about the metropolis, and away in the interior, as if they were present in personal consultation at the institution.

The packing-rooms are likewise shut off from curious and prying glances, and the work of one department is a mystery to the others. No better system for holding secret the nature of sufferers' troubles, for safeguarding their interests, and giving due heed to the feelings and sensitiveness of patients, could be imagined. Packages are not plastered with advertising labels; they are put up in such a way that only the names and addresses are in view.

What a practice is here revealed, and what a consolation must it be to these eminent specialists to know that they are permanently curing and



in any one of the great and honored professions of the day is far too vast for the thorough comprehension of the most perfectly brain-endowed man, or body of naturally-gifted men. Yet, in respect of the most delicate and difficult of all professions—that of prescribing for the ills and diseases of mankind—we find doctors, scattered over the globe, off-handedly and without careful, minute, and searching examination and diagnosis—without any knowledge of the past lives of patients—flippantly dashing off prescriptions for every class of complaint, as if a cure was as simple as falling over the proverbial log.

Thanks to the march of civilisation, culture, and education, people are getting to know that modern medical men who are worth consulting confine their practice to a certain class of cases. Realising the utter hopelessness of mastering and curing everything under the sun, and finding that "gullibles" are not so plentiful as they used to be, the wise and progressive men of medicine devote themselves to one or other class of cases, and work out the remedies for them to the best of their skill and ability.

What better and more striking illustration of the success of Specialists in Skin Diseases, Heart, Kidney, Liver Affections, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Nervous Diseases, could the people of this magnificent continent, Australia, have than the enormous practice of the famous practitioners of the Electro-Medical Institute. Their skill, attainments, position, and renowned reputation stamp them as the undoubted masters of the classes of diseases and complaints which have been the study of their professional lives. When we speak of electricity we think of Edison. Why? Because he dwarfs other men in this branch of science. In the same way, when we talk of specialists, we at once associate the names of the Freeman and Wallace Institute. So it is in every branch of scientific medicine; some one or two men stand head and shoulders above their fellows.

It is the aim, object, and devotion of certain doctors to be pre-eminent in some defined class of disease, rather than to tinker with a host of complaints about which they can have but a hazy notion, and superficial knowledge. To use a hackneyed but expressive phrase, they are "Jacks of all trades and masters of none." Never since the time of Ricord, the noted French Specialist, have any men conducted so gigantic and successful a practice as that conducted by the Freeman Wallace Electro Medical and Surgical Institute.

We have only to look at the fine buildings that occupy the corner of Elizabeth and Bathurst streets to gain some idea of the extent

restoring to health and happiness thousands of people whose lives were a burden to them. The young, the middle-aged, and the healthy are treated with the same amount of success. The prodigious nature of the work accomplished by these specialists necessitates—not the stereotyped morning and evening two hours' consultation ticket, but their constant attention at the institution from early morning till late into the night.



Yours truly...

RICHARD WALLACE.

M.D., L.R.C.P., L.F.S.S.

Late Medical Staff, British Army; late Consulting Staff, Homoeopathic Hospital, Melbourne.

"I can assure you," said Dr. Wallace, "we don't put in these long hours because we are fonder of hard work than any other medical men; we do it in the best interests of sufferers. We don't keep them waiting longer than we can help, and we suffer many inconveniences for our patients' sakes."

Noble sentiments thought the writer, as the time came for his departure, and the Specialists returning to their consulting-room. How many doctors in our midst can we bracket in this category? Dinners and drives and conversations are more frequently uppermost in the minds of top-loftical medics than the speedy treatment of sad and suffering patients.

Up to 1840 the Govt. paid for the cleaning of Sydney. Gov. Gipps remonstrated with the Leg. Council and declared it a shame that the cleaning of Sydney's streets and slums should be charged to the whole country. The Governor changed the system, but several members of the Council said the change would sooner or later breed plague. Now, to get rid of plague, the country will again have to pay for the cleaning of Sydney.

The corpse or alleged corpse who leaves his last message in the lining of his hat is spreading. A week or two ago a hat was found floating in the Yarra with the owner's last words on a piece of paper inside the lining. The body was not discovered till a day or two later, but the finding of the hat and the lugubrious communication was promptly reported in the morning papers. Inside a few hours an affluent retired farmer, who had probably gone to mental rest for want of occupation, had written his last

message inside his hat, and thrown himself and the hat into the same river at almost the same place. When he was fished out the newspaper report of the other hat-episode was found in his pocket. Now the Sydney police are also troubled about a hat. It was found on the shore, and in it was a statement that the owner, Mark Maroon, after camping out and starving for a week in the bush at Kerosene Bay, had ended his hunger and his woes in the harbor. Up to time of writing no body could be found, and nobody knew of any outcast camping by Kerosene Bay. Moreover, the name of Mark Maroon reads like a glaring steal from a cheap book about a boy who ran away to sea, and Mark departed from the traditions of the business by leaving his hat on the shore in his over-anxiety that his little episode should get into the papers with all possible speed. In view of the possible spread of this disease, and the large amount of profitless dressing that must follow, it would be a fair thing to put up a police intimation on each wharf: "No Notice taken of Dry Hats."

"My Face of a Deathly Pallor.

Lips as White as Paper.

Climbs the Ladder to Health.

The Case of
Mrs. MINNIE HENRI.

One of the most picturesque spots in the vicinity of Brisbane are Petries Terrace. Here are situated the military barracks, also the Headquarters of the Defence Forces of Queensland. The pedestrian, or he who indulges in the more facile progression afforded to him by the commodious electric trams which traverse the locality, cannot but be struck with the neatness and general air of comfort which characterises the villas and cottages with which the Terrace is studded. So thought our reporter when walking a few yards down Clifton-street, off Petries Terrace; and within a stone's throw of the tram line he knocked at Mr. Henri's pretty cottage. Mrs. Henri answered the knock—a tall, handsome lady, and evidently in possession of the most redundant health and spirits.

"I have called," said the pressman, "to ask a few questions about your recovery from what your neighbours term a strange illness."

"You are welcome to all the information I can give," replied Mrs. Henri, asking the journalist to be seated. "And you are quite right—it was indeed a strange illness. No less than twenty doctors tried their hands at curing me, but all in vain."

"You surprise me?"

"Yes, I was an invalid at the age of seven years, and as I grew older the symptoms of my disease became more pronounced."

"Please describe them!"

"My face was of a deathly pallor. My hands were so bloodless that when held up to the light, instead of a rosy tinge, as is usual in healthy people, a sickly white transparency was alone visible. My gums and lips, too, were awful to look at—almost as white as paper, and if my eyelids were stretched back the same peculiar bloodlessness was to be observed. I was nothing but skin and bone, and the skin all over my body was of a waxy, unhealthy texture, something like parchment."

"How did you keep up your strength?"

"I ate the most nourishing foods procurable; that is, I tried to eat them, but I could never muster up a real appetite, and much of what I managed to get down was returned."

"The doctors said?"

"Oh, they said lots of things, but they never cured me. One of my medical men declared that one of the valves of my heart would not work properly, and he advised me to exercise the greatest caution. He ordered me to take a dark, strong wine—Frontiac, by name—three times a day, and once a day with eggs beaten up in it. He also ordered me quantities of new milk, but all this was to no purpose, I continued to get worse. I slept so little that I was always dead tired out. When I did drop off I often woke suddenly from some terrible dream of falling down a precipice or some such horror. On these occasions I should startle the house with my screaming, and find myself covered all over with a profuse and clammy perspiration. At last I was forced to take morphia lozenges to procure any sleep at all. You know what that means—a last resort."

"Was there anything really wrong with your heart?"

"There might have been then, though I am sure there is nothing the matter with it now," replied Mrs. Henri, with a smile. "When I was at my worst, if I was to walk a few steps anyone by my side could distinctly hear my heart thumping, and sometimes, without any reason that I could trace, I should commence trembling all over in a most remarkable manner. Whilst walking—when I could walk—I was forced to stop every few yards to get my breath. Other people could hear my heart, as I have said, but to me it was like the blows of a steam hammer. Oh, how I envied people who were well and strong!"

"Did you suffer much pain?"

"Indeed I did—in the back and legs. The pain in the back was always with me. In fact, I thought it would stop with me as long as I lived. It was so acute, and sometimes made me scream out, it was so excruciating. The headaches from which I continually suffered made me feel life was hardly worth living. At that time when I wasn't laid up in bed I should be found moping in a chair, where I remained all day, feeling I didn't care what became of me, and not caring so much as to speak to anyone. I was terribly low-spirited, and nothing in the wide world could interest or amuse me."

"You managed to get through it?" suggested the reporter, cheerfully.

"Happily I did," responded Mrs. Henri; "but at the time of which I speak no one expected me to reach my 21st year. 'That girl will die before long,' the neighbours said; and indeed the prophecies seemed very likely to be justified."

"How did you cheat them all?" queried the pressman.

"It was all through a lady who had visited me during my illness, and informed me of a remedy which she thought might cure my wasting disease. She said she had known many cured who were drooping away for death like me she said. The remedy was Clements Tonic. Well, you know what it is. After having tried dozens of medicines as I had, and finding them all useless, one is hardly tempted to try more. But I did try it, luckily. Six large bottles were obtained for me, as it was thought in my case that a thorough trial should be given to the remedy. We looked to that remedy as a sort of last hope."

"Were you disappointed?"

"I should think not. Clements Tonic not only did for me what none of the doctors could do, but it did it quickly. Before one of the bottles was finished I felt considerably better—a most distinct change, which was noticeable even by casual acquaintances who called to see me. As I kept on taking Clements Tonic that sickly, waxy pallor began to give way to a healthier colour. Day by day the people around me could see the blood slowly coming back to my pallid and shrunken lips and gums. Once more I had the blessing of deep, sweet sleep, and what a blessing that is none may know but those who have been deprived of it. A real zest for food came over me, and I almost alarmed my friends by my great appetite. I thought it glorious, for I felt that every bit of food I ate was doing me good. After that Clements Tonic pulled me up the ladder of health from the despairing depths below—hand over hand, so to speak. I was anxious to go out and breathe deep of the fresh air of heaven. Life appeared before me all of a rosy hue. I was in splendid spirits, and in a few weeks, except being a bit thin, I was in perfect health. Soon I began to grow stout, and could walk or work down all my friends who used to pity me in my wasted condition. I have not been ill since, and look at me and you may guess what I owe to Clements Tonic."

Our reporter looked at Mrs. Henri, who was as blooming as a rose, and closed his note book, after asking permission to publish Mrs. Henri's statements.

"You are perfectly welcome to publish in any way you choose," replied that lady.

STATUTORY DECLARATION.

I, MINNIE HENRI, of Clifton-street, off Petries Terrace, Brisbane, in the Colony of Queensland, do hereby solemnly and sincerely declare that I have carefully read the annexed document, consisting of four folios and consecutively numbered from one to four, and that it contains and is a true and faithful account of my illness and cure by Clements Tonic, and also contains my full permission to publish the same in any way; and that I do not receive any payment for the same; and I make this solemn declaration voluntarily, conscientiously believing the same to be true, and by virtue of the provisions of "The Oaths Act, 1867."

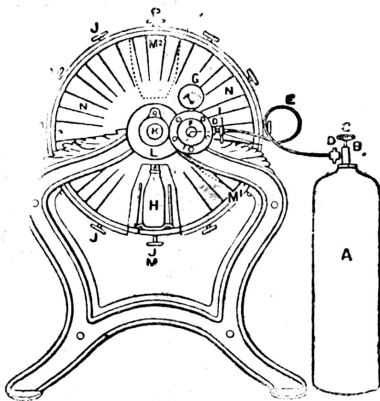
M. Henri

Declared at Brisbane, this 23rd day of August, one thousand nine hundred, before me,

W. J. TROUTON, J.P.

Business Announcements.

THE HOTELKEEPERS' FRIEND.



Soda Water, 1d. per doz.
Lemonade and Ginger Ale, 3d. per doz.
Hotelkeepers make their own supplies of Aerated Waters.

No skilled labor required. Anyone can learn to operate the Machine in ten minutes.

TESTIMONIALS.

"To the Daylesford Mineral Water Co.
"Dear Sirs.—The Machine purchased from you is perfect. THE STUFF TURNED OUT IS SLENDOR. It is the best speculation I have entered into since I joined the LIVERED VICTUALERS.—GEO. NICHOLLS, Royal Hotel, Swan Hill."
Mr. KLEGG, Hotelkeeper, Charlton, says:—"It is worth its weight in gold."

Mr. P. KENNEDY, Coolgardie, says:—"Profits saved by making my own supplies of Aerated Waters with the Machine PAY THE RENT OF MY HOTEL."
Mr. LEWIS, Heidelberg, Victoria, says:—"I have made THOUSANDS OF DOZENS of the best Aerated Waters with the Machine, and it has not required sixpence worth of repairs. No HOTELKEEPER should be without one of them."

Mr. W. ATKINSON, Hotelkeeper, Wentworth, N.S.W., says:—"It is the greatest MONEY MAKER yet discovered for hotelkeepers."

Mr. BURK, Yalga, W.A., says:—"Since getting one of your Machines, and making my own soft stuff, I have saved its price ten times over."

W. H. JONES, Peak Hill, W.A., says:—"Machine great success."

E. DAVIS, Peak Hill, W.A., says:—"Cannot speak too highly of effectiveness and simplicity."

G. N. MURDOCH, Abbots, W.A., says:—"Value of Machine indisputable; quality and cheapness of stuff unquestionable."

T. H. WILLIAMS, Mossman, Queensland, says:—"Highly successful, and recommend to all hotelkeepers."

J. S. DAVIDSON, Bundaberg, Queensland, says:—"Great saving compared to previous cost of stock."

A profitable business awaits pushing men in many small centres of population, where a deeply-felt want exists for a GOOD QUALITY OF AERATED WATERS. OBSERVE THE PROFITS. Call and see these Machines, or write for Circular describing them, also Price List.

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Colds, Influenza, Headache, Catarrhal
Deafness. Book of Treatment, Free.
Price of Mediator (size, 4 inches long, Nickel-plated), and 4 months' treatment, 1 Bottle Compound Inhalant, and 1 tin 10/- Post Free.
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PATERNOSTER'S PILLS.

Prepared by POINGDESTRE & TRUMAN, of 71 Old Kent Road, London.

Renowned for over a century for quick efficacy, as proved by testimonials from all parts of the World. Is sold by all Chemists in the Australian Colonies.

TRUMAN'S NURSERY LOTION.

By one application only, effectually destroys all Parasites of Head or Body.

SOLD IN TWO SIZES, 9d. & 1s. 6d.

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Is a Necessity in Every Home.



BUY a
QUAKER
Bath Cabinet

(Best American Imported), and enjoy the luxury of a TURKISH VAPOR, or MEDICATED VAPOR BATH at home, instead of at public institutions, and save money.

Cures Rheumatism, Sleeplessness, Obesity, Kidney and Skin Diseases.

Price only 25/-, including Heater, and Prescriptions for Medicated Baths. Head and Face Steaming Attachment, 3/6 extra. Cabinet folds flat to 1 inch thickness, when not in use. Call and Inspect. Pamphlets Free.

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BLAIR'S GOUT PILLS.

FOR GOUT, RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO.

These invaluable Pills are recommended to the afflicted with confidence, as one of the results of the improved state of medical science, and the only efficient remedy ever discovered for GOUT and RHEUMATISM, in that they not only cure these disorders, but prevent their development and recurrence.

Sole Proprietors, PROUT & Co., 229, Strand, London, England. Sold by all chemists and stores throughout the Australian Colonies.



USE SPOONER'S

ROYAL NAVY DRESSING, UNIVERSAL CREAM, Black Cream

For Cleaning and Polishing Boots and Shoes. (In bottles) 6d. and 1s.

BLACK OIL
The Best Dressing for HARNESS LEATHER (in bottle), 1s.

Also, Manufacturers of Unvalued EMBROIDERY,

Liquid Blacking,

SADDLE SOAP,

Plate Powders, Harness Dressings,

Etc., Etc.

Sold by all Storekeepers, Boot Shops, Saddlers, etc.



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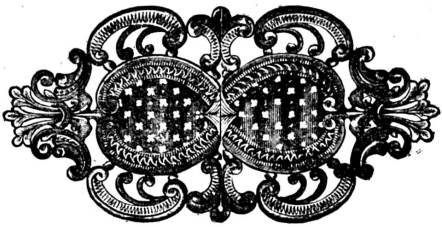
The Question is not whether you can afford to buy, but whether you can afford not to buy from us. Our Prices help you to Economise.



No. E9309.
Gold and Pearl
Scarf Pin,
£1 12s 6d.



No. E7058.—15ct. Gold and Pearl Set Heart and Spray Bracelet, £3 15s.



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No. E9040.
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£1 7s 6d.



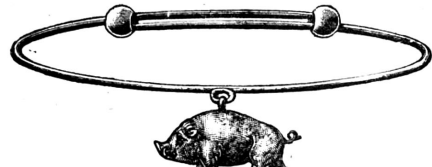
No. E8349.—9c. Gold, Extra Strong Brooch, Safety Catch, 10s 6d.



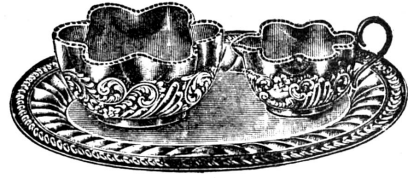
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No. E9305.
Gold and
Turquoise Scarf
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No. E8510.—9ct. Gold "Lucky Pig" Expanding Bracelet, 11s 6d.



No. E2359.—Pretty Silver-plated Sugar and Cream on Tray, £1 7s 6d.



No. E8788.
Gold Pearl and
Ruby Scarf Pin,
£1 2s 6d.



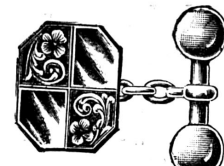
No. E7551.—9ct. Gold Bell Brooch, with Hexagon Cut Amethyst Centre, £1 2s 6d.



No. 200A.—Set Links,
9c. Gold, 18s 6d;
15c. Gold, £1 15s.
Silver, 5s 6d.



No. E5721.—15c. Gold, Elegant Bird Brooch, Whole Pearl, £1 15s.



No. 201A.—Set Links,
9c. Gold, £1 1s; 15c. Gold, £2.
Silver, 6s 6d.



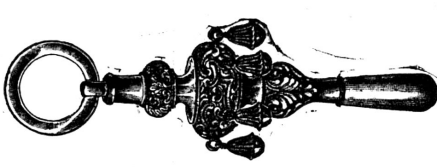
No. 115A.—Latest Design 9c. Gold Brooch, set Two Fine Amethysts. Grand value, £1 5s.



No. E9422.—Cut
Glass and Silver-
Mounted Salts
Bottle,
4s.



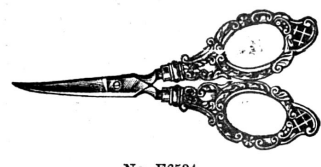
No. E9425.
Silver-plated Glass Lined
Salt Cellar with Spoon, 6s 6d.



No. E7072.—Solid Silver 6-Bell Child's Rattle, Ivory Handle and Ring, 12s 6d.



No. 353.
Silver-plated
Candlestick,
8s 6d.



No. E6534.
Solid Silver Manicure Scissors, Curved
Steel Points, 7s 6d.



No. E9424.
Cut Glass and
Silver
Mounted Salts
Bottle, 3s.



No. 118.—15c. Gold Brooch, set Sapphires and Rubies, £1 12s 6d.



No. 163.
18c. Gold, 5 Fine
White Diamonds,
£5 5s; 2 Diamonds, 3
Sapphires or Rubies,
£3 10s.



Stud, 9c.
Gold, 4s;
15c., 5s 6d.
Silver, 1s.



No. E3005.—9c. Gold Bar Brooch, 5s 6d.
Plain Solid Silver Bar Brooch, 2s.



No. 165.
15c. Gold, Diamond
and Ruby Ring,
£1 5s.



No. 011.—Real New Zealand Greenstone and 9c. Gold Brooch, 11s 6d.



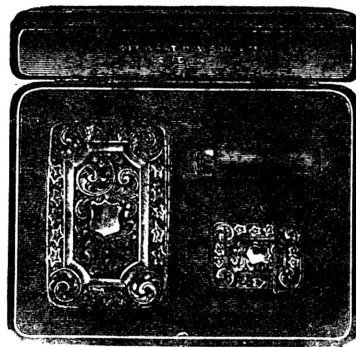
No. 170.—18c. Gold,
5 Fine White Dia-
monds, £8 10s; 2 Dia-
monds, 3 Sapphires or
Rubies, £5 10s.



No. 100.—Ladies' Sterling Silver Card Case, superbly Engraved, Gilt Inside. In Morocco Case, £2 5s. Gentleman's size, £1 1s 6d.



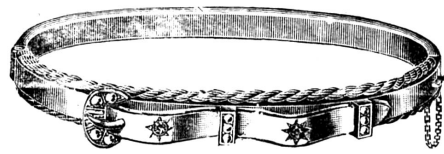
No. 269A.—Set of Solid Silver Manicure Instruments; Scissors, Cuticle Knife, Nail File, and Polisher, in case, £1 10s. 3 Pieces in case, Special Value, 14s 6d.



No. E9701.—Solid Silver Cigarette Case, Match Box and Amber Cigarette Tube in Morocco Case, £1 15s.



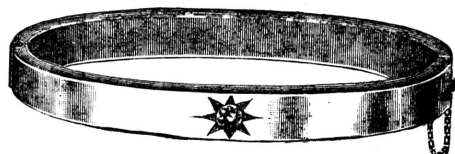
No. 302A.—Pair Gent's Military Brushes, Solid Silver, in Case, £3 3s. Pair of Lady's Brushes, and Comb, Silver-backed, in Case, £4.



No. 141A.—9c. Gold Buckle Bracelet, set Rubies and Pearls, £2 10s.



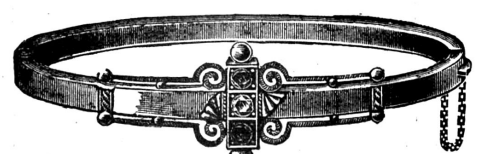
No. 184A.—18c.
Engraved Keeper
Ring, £1 7s 6d.
Lighter, £1 1s.



No. 149A.—15c. Gold Band Bracelet, Set Fine White Diamond, £5 9c. Gold Plain Band Bracelets, no stone, £1 5s, £1 10s, £1 15s. £2.



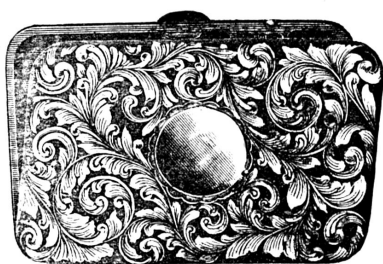
No. 178.—18c.
Wedding Ring, £1 1s.
Heavier, £1 5s, £1 10s,
£1 15s.



No. 150.—15c. Gold Bracelet, 1 Diamond, 2 Rubies, £4 7s 6d.



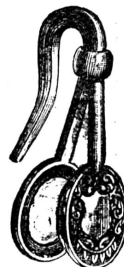
No. 253.—Solid Silver Match Box, 10s 6d; Plain, 8s 6d; 9c. Gold, £2 10s. Others in Silver, 6s 6d, 7s 6d, 12s 6d, 14s 6d. Gold-mounted, 10s 6d, 12s 6d, 13s 6d.



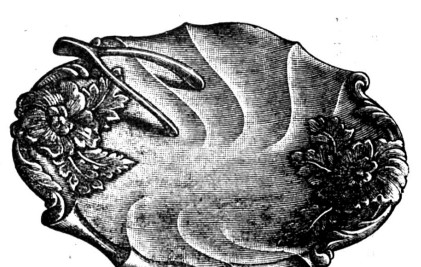
No. 259A.—Solid Silver Cigarette Case, Elegantly Engraved, £1 7s 6d; plain, £1 5s. Size 3 1/2 in. long, 2 1/2 in. wide. Undoubtedly the best value we have ever been in a position to place before our customers. Plain Solid Gold Cigarette Case, £1 10s. Engraved Solid Silver, Gold-mounted, £1 5s, £1 12s 6d, £2.



No. F414.—Handsomely-Embossed Best Quality Silver-plated Salad or Prize Bowl, 7 1/2 inches high, £5 5s.



No. E3234.
Serviette Clip. A
most useful little
invention. Silver,
3s 6d; plated, 1s.



We have a nice lot of Pretty Silver-plated Ash or Pin Trays, 8s 6d each.

All Goods Sent Free on Receipt of Remittance. Write for Catalogue.

STEWART DAWSON AND CO.,

London, Melbourne,
Auckland, Perth.

412 GEORGE STREET and STRAND, SYDNEY, N.S.W.

A Big-Swamp Man in Town.

(FOR THE BULLETIN.)

YOUNG Din Laffey was the son and heir of old Din. "Din's Din" he was called, to distinguish him from Pat Laffey's Din, and Larry Laffey's Din.

A duller, softer or more taciturn youth would be beyond the conception of those who know not the young "cockatoo" in his rawest state. However, he was to fall-in for the Big Swamp on the death of his father.

His sole occupation was tending a few head of cattle to keep them from boxing with neighbouring herds, and his only excitement in life was to watch them fatten upon twigs and scrub.

The time arrived when he was about to pay his first visit to Sydney, so he picked all the leeches off himself and set out for the capital. The huge city frightened him at first, but, on learning some of the ropes, he settled down to a right good time.

It is a marvellous thing regarding the country visitor that, though he may have been breaking-in horses all the year up-country, as soon as he reaches the city he makes for a horse-bazaar, and stops there till his excursion return-ticket expires. If he is a barber from Balgalah, he is always at a shaving emporium; and who ever heard of a country billiard-marker, on a visit to Sydney, going to see the Waxworks while the billiard-saloons were open?

Now, Din Laffey's life, as before stated, was spent entirely among cattle, and here is his programme of wonder-seeing:

Forenoon—Perched on a fence at the Flemington cattle-yards, or kicking about the abattoirs.
Afternoon—Round about the greenhouse-stores.

From infancy Din had possessed the greenhouse habit, which is not, like the frog-habit, to be shaken-off by an effort. He was proof against the "confidence-men," because the spieles couldn't drive the idea of their trick into his head.

One morning there arrived at the hotel where Din was staying one Mat. Gallagher, an old friend and neighbour of his father, and owner of Slate Ridge, which adjoined the Big Swamp. With him was his daughter, Mary Ellen, a long, flat, ungainly gawk of a girl, whose features were distributed about her head in great disorder.

"Din, my boy," said Mat next day, "I'm going up the Hawkesbury to buy some stud stock, an' I'm leavin' Mary Ellen behind. Would you mind showin' her some of the sights of the city till I return to-night?"

Din and Mary Ellen had always disliked each other as much as was possible for such characterless individuals. Nevertheless, in his good-natured docility, Din complied.

"Will you come down and see Bilger's hide-store?" Din asked Mary Ellen that afternoon. With disguised reluctance she assented, only on account of instructions from her father.

They spent a considerable time in silence, mounted on tallow-casks at Bilger's stores, and as

the afternoon wore-on strayed aimlessly up-town. Suddenly a brilliant idea struck Din. "What do you say if we go for a ride in one of them there 'busses'?" he drawled. She didn't mind.

At that moment the Black Maria came bowling along, and Din furiously brandished his gingham to stop it. The policeman on the box merely looked down as he swept past, and smiled superciliously at Din, who blushed like a sunset on a dusty evening. But he braced up his courage and hailed a huge furniture-van. It didn't stop either. Fancying that his conduct had attracted much derisive attention from the crowd, he hadn't the courage to stick up one of the many real 'busses that followed.

He had begun speculating as to how he could lose Mary Ellen without offending her father, when, sauntering along, they suddenly got a back view of an empty carcase-wagon standing in front of a butcher's shop. One of the half-doors of the vehicle was open.

"Ah, here's a 'bus pulled-up," Din reflected. They got in and calmly seated themselves on the ledge.

A lot of time elapsed, and the 'bus still remained stationary.

Mary Ellen hazarded a question. "What's she stoppin' for?"

"Oh, waitin' for the mail-bags to come in from somewhere else, I suppose," snapped Din, pitying the stupidity that could not naturally account for a little thing like that.

After a while the driver skipped out from the shop, slammed the door tight, dropped a heavy iron bar across it, mounted his seat, and started off for Glebe Island. Arrived there, he unharnessed his horses, and went home for the night.

Mat Gallagher paced his room far into the hours of morning. He had always had implicit confidence in his daughter's conduct. To look at her would be sufficient to quell any father's fears; but here it was 3 a.m., and Din and Mary Ellen were both missing. He reflected that Din had been in the big city four or five days—and had probably become a reckless and dissipated rake, like Voltaire or Henry IV., and this conclusion made sleep impossible. From every device on the wall-paper the finger of scorn was pointing at him—at him, Mat Gallagher, of Slate Ridge.

"LIARS!" roared Mat, as the two poor wanderers confronted him next morning with their simple story. "There's only one way out of this—you two must marry. And to think, Mary Ellen, that I intended you for Con Lannigan's Mike!" But both parties strongly demurred, and persisted that the adventure was a harmless one.

"Mary Ellen, go to your room at once!" She flew.

"Now to deal with you!" and Mat approached Dennis Laffey, otherwise Din's Din. Din changed his hotel that very day, chiefly because every time Mat dropped across him he gave him a fresh whaling with his coat-strap.

A few days after, when Din was just recovering from the unpalatable excitement of the whole affair—when his relish for the flavor of green hides was returning; and the abattoirs once more whispered to his soul—he received a fresh shock in this letter from his father:

Dennis,
I yam after hearin' quare things about your goins on; and listen here to me now, if you don't marry the gerril at wanst, let me tell you, as the father that raised you, that I kasts you off from me buzzom, and the devil a

haporth av the Big Swamp 'll ever be the property av you. Settle down now, for the rollin' stone ketches the worrums.

Your father (I'm sorry to say)
Dennis Gallagher.

The howls of scandal which arose around Big Swamp and Slate Ridge were subdued to murmurs by the following announcement in the papers a few days later:

MARRIAGE.

January 20, at —, church by the Rev. —; Dennis, only son of Dennis Laffey of Big Swamp, to Mary Ellen, second daughter of Matthew Gallagher of Slate Ridge.

NARRANGHI BOORI.

An evil consequence of incalculable magnitude likely to follow the Sleath Select Committee inquiry into N.S.W. military affairs will be that applications of M's.L.A. not only for posts or promotions in the Army, but for posts and promotions everywhere, will be granted by many through fear of subsequent harrying and exposure. Sleath, a rejected applicant for military employment, has been able to summon before a committee all and sundry suspected (or not suspected) of rejecting him, and has been empowered, because of his Parliamentary position, to rake their professional armour for a flaw or a stain. If Sleath can do this, so can other M's.L.A. The inference therefore is that officials in the public service, unless they are unusually strong, will grant an M.L.A. whatever he asks, to escape possible trouble.

"AN Australian Surgeon" to THE BULLETIN:—

Re ASHMEAD BARTLETT's Parliamentary indictment of the Army Medical Service in S' Africa. It would be small wonder if the A.M.S. really were useless, since for years it had to struggle against the active enmity of Lord Wolseley, as Commander-in-Chief. This advertising literary warrior chose to assert that the army surgeon was a mere civilian who adorned his recruit form with unmerited gauds, and until some confounded M.P. knocked over the yarn by pointing out that the A.M.S. contains a larger proportion of V.C.'s than the regular so-called combatant officers, the service had a very bad time. As a matter of fact, the medical administration of the British forces in S' Africa has received the highest praise from the leading military surgeons of the world. The peculiar effect of the Mauser bullet was understood from the beginning, and as FREDERICK TREVES has shown, the chance of survival from wounds alone is at least 20 per cent. better than it was 20 years ago. The proportion of amputations in this war was less than one-fourth of those in the Franco-Prussian campaign, and conservative surgery has come to stay in army work. By comparing the rules laid down in quite recent textbooks of military surgery, with actual results noted among returned Australians, the writer feels convinced that the work in the Transvaal was of the highest order. For instance, it was laid down as a principle by surgical authorities that a bullet-wound of the knee opening up the joint required immediate amputation. One man the writer examined reached here with a mere stiff leg from such a wound. Wounds of the abdomen were supposed to be invariably fatal, but writer recently met a man who had been shot through liver and intestines six months before, and who is now as well as ever. Even the shattering effects of soft-nosed Mauser, Lee-Enfield or Lee-Metford bullets, have resulted in cures diametrically opposed to all the principles of surgery as laid down in reputable modern text-books. Of course, the mantled bullet is now recognised as having less smashing power at long ranges than the older model, but this has only come about from the work of the English army surgeons. The Americans in Cuba stuck to the set rules, and often did not attempt to save limbs which might have been conserved. So much for unnecessary amputations. The A.M.S. has been blamed for the high proportion of deaths from enteric fever, but a little thought will show that in the difficulties incident upon hospital transport under

active-service conditions, the necessary quiet is well-nigh impossible except in a base-depot. Putting together the results observed in returned Australians, and the reports and papers from such men as TREVES and ESMARCH and others, which have appeared in the medical journals, writer is convinced that the English Army Medical Service has shown results which cannot be equalled in history.

"Smiler" Hales on Chamberlain, in London DAILY NEWS:—

I have seen so many of the greatest of our men who, out on the African veldt, have been writing history with their bayonets, that naturally I longed to see and hear the man whose brain had held the threads before the guns began to speak.

I wanted to see this man, to catch him off his guard, to watch his face when stirred by the hot lust of political war, to weigh him in the balance. . . . To me the "man" was nothing; the statesman all. I saw him pass amidst a seething mass of men and women, I heard the cheers of friends, the groans of foes, and marked each line of thought that flashed across his face, and knew I stood close to one who was a fighting-man, one of those men who will not own defeat, but when hard hit brace up against the ropes, and hit whilst the lust of living lasts. He could not be a craven, Nature built him out of stuff too stern for that; and as he walked the platform, then turned and faced the mob, there was that about him, in his face and in his pose, which made me think of Sayers in Farnborough field so long ago. The cruel mouth, with downward-curving corners, instinct with savage sarcasm, indexed a mind which neither asked nor offered quarter. The well-turned chin, the shapely forehead, the quivering nostril, the hard-set eyes, the defiant poise of head, the nervous hand, clenching and unclenching as his passions swayed him, the deep lines on face and brow which marked the passage of long stormy years as rents and rippling gashes mark the passage of the storm-tossed waters and the avalanche down mountain sides—all had one tale to tell. He is no common man; such men as he leap from the womb of Fate full-fledged, for good or ill. They make a nation or they break it; they lift a country's flag where all may see and honor it, or they trail it in the dust; they never leave it as they found it. Whatever his faults may be, he is a "man's son," this Birmingham politician. Had he been born Australian he would have carried his way to power amongst the rough-rider forces that the young land owns, and no weakling wins his way beneath the Southern Cross. Had he been a soldier, Britons would have known his name as they do Kitchener's. Had he been a lawyer, our courts would have been enriched by his presence, for he was born to make history. Some men are born to follow precedents, others are born to make them. Mr. Chamberlain is no man's follower. He is no orator. I could name ten better public speakers who move amid the stir and bustle of public life in Australasia. He lacks fire, poetry, imagination, but he is nevertheless a good public speaker, more at home in debate than as a stirrer of the hearts of men. If he had been a barrister he would have been more in his element appealing to the cold intellect of a judge than to the hot hearts of a jury. At times he can be persuasive, smooth as a smile on the lips of beauty; at other moments he is absolutely venomous in his sarcasms. His temper is always very near the surface, and he chafes under interruption like a spoiled girl at a garden-party. He seemed to me to hold the crowd in check more by the magnetic gameness of his personality than by any gift of speech. I have noticed the same trait in many lands, and among many birds and animals. There is a peculiar affinity between the head of a well-bred racehorse, a game-cock, an eagle, and that class of human. It is the "stay there to the end" quality, and I know of few better gifts amongst the many qualities which go to the making of a man. One peculiar contradiction in Mr. Chamberlain's speech struck me very forcibly. All his very soul seems honestly bent upon the enlargement of the British Empire, and what he considers the firm establishment of its glory in lands beyond the sea. Yet he does not scruple to show his contempt for everything Irish, forgetful of the fact that great numbers of the population in all our colonies spring from Irish stock. He holds out one hand in welcome to the Colonies, crying, "Come and join our mighty union; be part and parcel of the grandest confederacy the world has ever known," and with the other hand he strikes the Irish section of our Colonial kindred in the mouth, taunting them with unworthy lineage. Obviously he is a remarkably able politician, but is he a great statesman?

REMOVES HEADACHE BY REMEDYING CONSTIPATION



The noxious matters which Constipation causes to accumulate in the Brain and Nerves are removed by Kutnow's Powder, and the entire system is purified and strengthened.

There are few ailments that cause more suffering and are more conducive to mental and physical prostration than Sick Headache.

Its attacks occur so frequently, and at times with such severity, as to make life a burden to the sufferer. Sick Headache is generally due to the derangement of the system known as constipation.

As a result of this derangement, the waste matters that should be removed from the system remain in the body and get into the blood, whence they are carried to the brain and nerves, which they naturally poison and irritate.

It will thus be apparent that headache cannot be cured by treating it as a brain trouble, and that the so-called headache powders and other preparations that are supposed to act directly on the brain and nerves are of little use, and in some cases positively harmful.

The only remedy for the various forms of headache is in restoring the system to a healthy, active condition. For this purpose nothing will be found more effective than Kutnow's Improved Effervescent Carlsbad Powder, which strengthens and gives renewed activity to the stomach, liver, bowels, and kidneys, and cleanses the system of the noxious matters which, as a result of the sluggishness of these organs, have accumulated in it.

The brain, nerves, and blood are thus relieved of the impurities with which they are loaded; and the various forms of headache, and the nervousness, insomnia, low spirits, &c., which accompany the headache are dispelled.

Kutnow's Powder acts naturally, quickly, and effectively on all the digestive, assimilative, and other organs of the body, cleansing and stimulating the liver, and restoring the stomach, intestines, and kidneys to healthy activity. The result is that the digestion is improved, the nutrition is increased, the action of the system rendered more perfect, the blood purified, the nerve strengthened, the appetite made sharper, and headache, languor, depression, and insomnia banished.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS.

KUTNOW'S POWDER may be obtained in capsuled bottles from all reliable Chemists and Medicine Vendors. See that the Registered Trade Mark, "Hirschensprung" (or Deer Leap), and the autograph facsimile signature, "S. KUTNOW & CO., LD.," are on the label and carton. Only these ensure genuineness. Insist on "KUTNOW'S," and firmly refuse any substitutes; they may be worthless, probably injurious.

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KUTNOW BROS., LD., 853 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.

The Morning Gallop.

[FOR THE BULLETIN.]

The dews upon the grasses lie
In drops of silver sheen,
The gray dawn wraps the Eastern sky
With crimson bars between;
We ride against the morning wind
Our royal trip to take—
Twice round the track on Rosalind
Before the world's awake.

Rich men may keep their beds of down,
And kings their thrones of ease,
A mile beyond the sleeping town
We have no thoughts for these;
We hold the wealth no rich men find,
The gems no kings are worth;
Our throne—the racing Rosalind!
Our realm—the waking earth!

The hot hoofs thunder round the track,
The tugging bit-rings strain,
Three-quarter-pace along the back,
Full-speed and round again;
So all the sins we've ever sinned,
And all good deeds we've done,
Whirl round the track on Rosalind
To meet the rising sun!

The dark may fall for bitter tears,
The day may work us woe,
But when the rosy dawn appears
Our hearts reflect her glow;
Here is the joy no griefs rescind,
The thrill no time can take—
Twice round the track on Rosalind
Before the world's awake!

The white foam on her shoulder creams
Below her breastplate-gear,
We bend above in hopeful dreams,
Outpacing foes we fear;
And not for all the wealth of Ind,
For all the Yukon's gold,
We'd miss that ride on Rosalind
Before the day grows old!

She may not win when all is said—
There's risk 'tween cup and lip;
And she may roll when spurs are red,
And fail beneath the whip;
But whether on our breast be pinned
The victor's badge or nay,
Twice round the track on Rosalind
Makes glad the breaking day!

N.S.W.

WILL OGILVIE.

The Least of Three.

[FOR THE BULLETIN.]

She had been travelling only a few months—less than a year she imagined—though her only method of judging time was by comparing the relative joys of what she knew to be a short span with the relative horrors of what seemed to be a long one. She was tired, so tired, of drudging for a cocky father and mother. The eldest of nine little cookies, and such a poor little wizen eldest too. She had such a serious, careworn, hopeless face for an 18-year-old bush girl. She was tired of running-up scarecrow cows at daybreak, and of futile efforts to drag from them milk which they hadn't got; tired of being stared at by hateful, sad-faced, hungry sheep, whose very look reproached one for living in such a desert; tired of minding Billy, and Tommy, and Mary Ann, and all the rest, and of sewing, and mending, and baking, and scrubbing, and hoeing, and digging. She was weary to death of perpetual nagging and grumbling, with never a word of praise or thanks, though she never lacked for a kick, metaphorical or real, and had never heard of, much less experienced, the feeblest caress. She was destitute of hope; but she craved for change. What wonder if she seized her first and only opportunity? What wonder if she calmly, and as a matter of course, went away with Jim without a word of good-bye!

"It can't be worse," she said; "it might be better. And Jim ain't so bad either. O' course, he swears—so do father. O' course, he boozes—so do father. O' course, he jaws sometimes—so do father and mother *always*. And Jim's a bit o' money occasional—that ain't like father. And he's free with it, too, while it lasts—that ain't like father. Why, father, 'e never 'ad any. Everythink's took out in groceries, or dresses, or 'ats and boots. But Jim 'as his team o' 20 bullocks, and 'e gets 'ard cash too when he lands 'is load. Why, you can 'ear the money go chink, chink, in 'is pocket, an' 'e says: 'Ere's a 'arf-sov., old girl, go and buy yourself somethink'—that ain't like father. Call this a 'ard life? No fear. We're always on the move, and always seein' somethink. Jim and I've been travellin' now for eight months. And only this mornin' Jim says:—

"Why, Jane, you can yoke up them blanky bullocks better'n the best blanky man I ever struck"—that ain't like father; and not long since he says, 'S'elp me, Jane, that's the best dashed damper I ever ate'—that ain't like mother.

"Oh, Jim's all right, and he says as 'ow we'll go to Sydney some o' these days and see the theatre, and see the girls dancin' with nothink on them 'cept only mosquito curtains, and the band playin', and the soldiers marchin', and the guns firin'. My word, that'll be somethink to see!"

And so Jim and Jane passed on and on through a weary stretch of sandy, almost desert-like country, dotted here and there with coarse tufts which were all that could be called herbage. Plod, plod, went the cloven hoofs, the creaking yokes and strained necks telling of a heavy pull, the heads bent sideways and earthwards, and the frequent sniffs speaking plainly of hungry stomachs. On, and on, and on. Each response to the seldom silent thong seemed to drag the very hearts from the played-out beasts. On again and down through the stony entrance to a half-dry, shamed gully with just enough dirty fluid to go round. One more effort; up again, and out into the open. That apology for a water-course, for reasons unknown, is the arbitrary boundary between barren land and an open stretch of forest country.

"Woh! woh back! woh, Balley! woh, Spot!

steady there, yer cock-eyed, blanky crawler—woh now! woh back! woh!"

"There yer are, Jane—no more to-night. We'll get them loafers out now, quick, for it looks precious like a storm, and we'll need to settle down afore it comes."

Then the big sun-burnt arms were raised toward the loading, and seizing a little bundle with as much ease as he would a 50lb. sack of sugar, Jim landed it gently on the ground. A sudden thought seemed to strike him. He took a hurried look on each side, then, spying a shady cotton-bush near by, he once again lifted the little bundle, laid it beneath the shade on some soft grass, and, facing it, said:

"Yer ain't equal to no work to-night, Jane. I'll make everything snug for camp, and we'll get an early start in the morning. Why, it's only another ten-mile stage to Bunboree, and then we'll get old Mother Carn to nurse you up a bit while I push on with the loading."

She looked at him in a sort of dazed surprise, the great round brown eyes speaking of unexpressed gratitude, and stretching out an arm seized his rough hand and kissed it.

"Good old Jim!" she said.

He gave the dishevelled head a clumsy pat, and turned to go.

"Jim," she cried, "yer won't be long with the loading, will yer?"

"Long! ten days at the outside."

"And you'll come back, Jim—*really* you'll come back?"

"Come back? Well, of all the little—— Come back? You and me are spliced for keeps, Jane."

How the wind howled through the tent that night! The lightning circled the horizon with its lurid blue, while the thunder seemed to crash over the very centre of the little canvas cover.

The restlessness of the tired man indicated that something very unusual was happening outside. Time and again he rose from his blankets with a muttered curse, now tethering down more securely a corner of the tent, now peering out furtively through the entrance, looking for a lull. At last he settled down into heavy slumber. And beside him lay a small figure with wide-open brown eyes—the figure of Jane, shuddering now and again as a crash came, counting her beads, and praying in her own crude little way.

At last there was a short lull; and then with redoubled fury came the screeching wind; the lightning seemed more vivid; and suddenly Jane clutched the sinewy arm beside her. Such a blinding glare! a simultaneous crash; and immediately Jane knew a tree had fallen near the tent; then her heart stopped, and she lapsed into unconsciousness.

A great limb of a tree bulged through the old canvas, giving entrance to the crisp morning air and the light of early dawn; that was the first evidence to half-opened eyes of the past night's terror.

Jane raised herself on weak elbows and peered about in the semi-darkness.

Jim slept. Jim was tired. Jim worked so hard. She would not disturb him.

Silently she crept outside, looking round the waggon-corner only to see two big brindle bullocks stretched out in unnatural repose, with something unfamiliar in their glassy eyes.

Hurriedly she ran back to the tent, full of fear of what Jim might say when he knew. She looked inside. He was still sleeping. "It'd be too cruel to wake him," she thought. "We've only ten more miles to go to Bunboree, and eighteen bullocks can easily do that." Then out of very sympathy with Jim she cast herself down beside the tent and cried over so little.

The twittering of small birds in the bushes, the familiar "Caw, caw, caw," of the crows, the red glow in the east, all reminded her that time was on the wing. She was up again with a start.

"I might wake him now," she said.

"Jim?"

A little streak of early sunlight shot across his face, showing a tiny blue mark across Jim's temple. Then she knew the kind of sleep he slept.

"Jim! oh Jim!"

It wasn't a wail. It wasn't a cry. It was not anything that might be expected to come from a girl or a woman. It was simply an appeal—a vain appeal—to the only strong thing she knew, and she so weak, so very, very weak.

"Only another ten mile stage to Bunboree," he said.

Tearless, she dragged him outside. Only herself knew how. She rigged a couple of handy saplings against the tilt of the waggon, and with a strength born of despair rolled him over and over just as she had seen him do when loading other inanimate things. Quietly she yoked the remaining oxen, turned their heads towards Bunboree, mounted the waggon, and let them wander. . . .

A little wheezy, petulant cry, and then a silence.

A jackass, seeing the indolent swagger of the bullocks, laughed ironically and flew away to tell its mate that bullocks worked without a whip sometimes.

Another cry—perhaps a little louder, and stronger, and more impatient.

A big, bold crow, perched on the waggon, flopped away disappointed when he heard that strange noise.

Only another two miles, and then Bunboree quite close. The bullocks sniffed. They seemed to smell Mother Carn's in the distance. Another half mile and they stepped out quite briskly. Another few hundred yards and they pulled up with a sudden jerk—the force of habit. They knew where Jim stopped.

An idle crowd around Mother Carn's watched the approach of eighteen yoked bullocks and a load wandering about driverless. A dissipated, inquisitive crowd it was which gathered round the waggon looking for reasons. And not reasons only, they found, for in the midst of death there was a little life, and though it lay there so perfectly helpless it seemed still to triumph over death.

C. A. BERNAYS.

The absurd leniency long shown to push-assaulters and robbers in Melbourne has culminated, as might have been foreseen, in the death of a victim—one James Vance—who was kicked to death on Cup-eve, in the yard of his city boarding-house, whilst defending his possessions—a few pounds. Five youths are now under arrest on suspicion—and the Beak still fines the assaulter the customary 10s. or so. There will probably be a hanging if the case is sheeted-home, and yet the Vance murder is just the ordinary Melbourne 10s. brutal assault with a kick delivered in the wrong place by accident. It is often written that Melbourne suburban J's.P. are afraid to inflict adequate sentences on larrikins, being in fear of their own lives at the hands of the pushes, but there is no good reason for crediting the larrikins with sufficient public spirit to kill a J.P.

That's The Spot.



Know the spot?

Right in the "small" of the back,

Just above the hips.

Bad place for pain,

But it always comes there

When the kidneys are sick.

Comes in many forms,

Sharp, quick twinges,

Slow, exhaustive aches,

Always starts in the one spot

But it don't stop there—

The ache goes on,

Goes on up the back—

Follows the nerve centres.

You call it all backache;

Ought to call it kidney ache,

Because it comes from the kidneys.

There's a lurking danger in it all.

Never neglect backache.

Never neglect the kidneys' cry for help.

Serious trouble is sure to follow,

Urinary difficulties set in.

Doan's Backache Kidney Pills are for kidneys only.

Doan's Backache Kidney Pills cure backache;

Cure excessive urinary discharges,

Cure retention of the urine,

Cure every kidney ill.

DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS

Endorsed by Sydney People.

A Sydney Woman.

Mrs. Spear, 32 Goodsell-street, St. Peters, this city, says: "For a good while I was in a pretty bad state with my back. This was a dull, constant ache about the kidneys. Sometimes it was much worse than others, when I moved the pains becoming very bad indeed, more particularly when I stooped. It was a most distressing complaint, and I did not like the thought occurring to me that this sort of thing often lasts a lifetime, yet such is the case. Almost a year ago I heard of Doan's Backache Kidney Pills, and resolved to try them for my ailment, so procured some at Newman's Pharmacy, King-street. I am very pleased indeed to inform you that they cured me. I've never had the pains return since I used them. I gave some of these pills to a relation who has derived as much benefit through taking them as I have. I am very glad to be able to state these simple facts since it may lead to others getting benefit from Doan's Backache Kidney Pills."

A Sydney Man.

Mr. William Carroll, an ex-railway guard, of 749 Harris-street, Ultimo, this city, writes: "I strained myself in pushing some heavy trucks, and soon noticed the effect in the small of my back. For three solid months I was unable to do any work, I was laid up. I had a very lame back, and a dull pain through the loins and kidneys, and the secretions became unnatural and irregular. My physician advised Turkish baths. I took them and received some small benefit, but not sufficient to enable me to work properly. I procured some of Doan's Backache Kidney Pills and used them; I found wonderful relief, so much so that I am now able to do heavy work as of old in a thorough manner. I might mention that it is a year ago since I took these pills and I have not been troubled with my back or kidneys since, which firmly convinces me that Doan's Backache Kidney Pills are a true kidney remedy, and I never fail to recommend them among my friends."

But be sure you get DOAN'S—the kind your neighbours endorse. Don't accept a substitute. All Chemists and Storekeepers sell them at 2s. 9d. per Box—Six Boxes, 15s. 3d. If you cannot obtain them locally, they will be posted on receipt of price by the proprietors, Foster-McClellan Co., 76 Pitt-st., Sydney.

Don't Neglect.

A COMMON CASE OF PILES.

IT MAY LEAD TO SERIOUS RESULTS.

When people generally understand that all such fatal diseases as fistula, ulcer of the rectum, fissure, &c., almost invariably begin in a simple case of piles, they will learn the wisdom of taking prompt treatment for the first appearance of trouble in this quarter. Doan's Ointment will certainly cure every form of piles—itching, bleeding, protruding, and blind piles—and hundreds of lives have been saved by using this cheap and effective remedy right at the start, because at such times a single pot will effect a cure, while the old, deep-seated, chronic cases, several pots are sometimes necessary before a cure is effected. Here is a case in point:—

Mr. William Gulliver, of the well-known firm of Gulliver and Curtis, Railway and General Contractors, and whose private address is "Avoca," Bankstown, has written the following unsolicited letter, which we herewith publish in full:—

Messrs. Foster-McClellan Co.,
76 Pitt-street, Sydney,
Feb. 14th, 1899.

Dear Sirs,—In justice to you and suffering humanity, I write to say that I suffered from itching piles for 22 years. I tried many doctors, and pretty well all kinds of patent medicines, but got relief for a short time only. Seeing your Ointment advertised, I bought a pot—and did not use more

than one-half of it, now six months ago—and I am perfectly cured. You may use this as you wish.—Yours gratefully, WILLIAM GULLIVER.

It cannot be repeated too often that Doan's Ointment will cure itching piles. It will Cure them absolutely. But do not take the manufacturer's word for this; ask or write Mr. Gulliver. He knows, for it cured him, and he lives at Bankstown, a suburb 12 miles from Sydney. Is not that the best possible kind of proof? Could there be better?

Doan's Ointment has been tested in so many ways, in hospital work, in private practice, and has proved so successful that a special arrangement has been made by which all readers of THE BULLETIN who have not already tried it may obtain a sample pot, free by mail, by sending us their names and addresses and a penny stamp to pay postage. We know that this Ointment will cure these affections, that it will cure them absolutely, and we want you to know it. It is perfectly unnecessary for anyone to suffer from Piles or Eczema for one moment. Doan's Ointment will cure them absolutely, but do not take our word for it; send a penny stamp for a sample box. The large size box is sold at 2s. 9d. per box (six boxes 15s. 3d.). If you cannot obtain it locally from your chemist or storekeeper, same will be posted on receipt of price by the proprietors, Foster-McClellan Co., 76 Pitt-street, Sydney.

When writing for sample please mention THE BULLETIN.

Was Very Weak

Lost Flesh Rapidly,
Took Quantities of Medicine, Failed all the Time.
Was Quickly Cured with

Ayer's Sarsaparilla



"Some time ago I had a very severe attack of influenza which left me greatly weakened. I lost flesh rapidly and was in a very bad way.

"I took quantities of medicine, but constantly grew worse all the time. Finally, I tried Ayer's Sarsaparilla and began to improve from the start.

"I took about six bottles and was perfectly cured. I have used this remedy in my family a great deal and I know it to be a thoroughly reliable health-giving compound and family medicine."

John Murrell, Railway Station Master, of Sunnybank, Queensland, sends us this letter together with his photograph, which we reproduce above.

This is a strong letter, one which must remove all doubt. It is additional proof that Ayer's Sarsaparilla is

"The World's Greatest Family Medicine."

You ought to profit by it greatly, for if you are weak, have lost flesh, are without appetite, and feel languid and depressed, here is a quick and certain cure.

Perhaps the trouble is with your blood and you are suffering from headache, boils, eruptions of the skin, scrofula, and rheumatism; or if you are suffering from weakness of any kind, here is a prompt and most perfect cure.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Removes Ill Effects of Hot Weather.

AYER'S PILLS—A Vegetable Laxative for the Whole Family.

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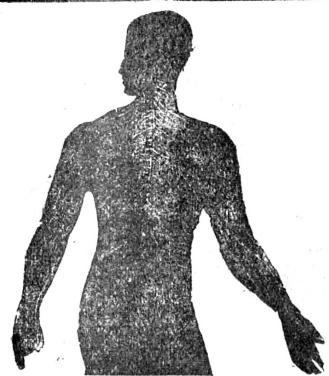
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WONDERFUL, BUDGET SONG BOOK, over 300 latest songs, 1s 3d post free.
G. W. REYNOLDS' COURT OF LONDON SKIRTS, 2s ea. posted.
PHYSIOGNOMY, 1s 3d posted.
HOW TO MESMERISE, 1s 6d posted.
EVERY MAN HIS OWN CARPENTER, 1s 6d posted.

NOTE.—SIR ROBERT BEAR wishes here to notify his Patrons (old and new) that the numerous SPECIALLY INTERESTING AND RARE BOOKS hitherto advertised by him are still obtainable as before. Want of space prevents mentioning any in particular. Hundreds of SPECIAL BOOKS—most of which can only be obtained from him—are advertised in his ILLUSTRATED BIG BOOK CATALOGUE, sent Post Free anywhere.

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